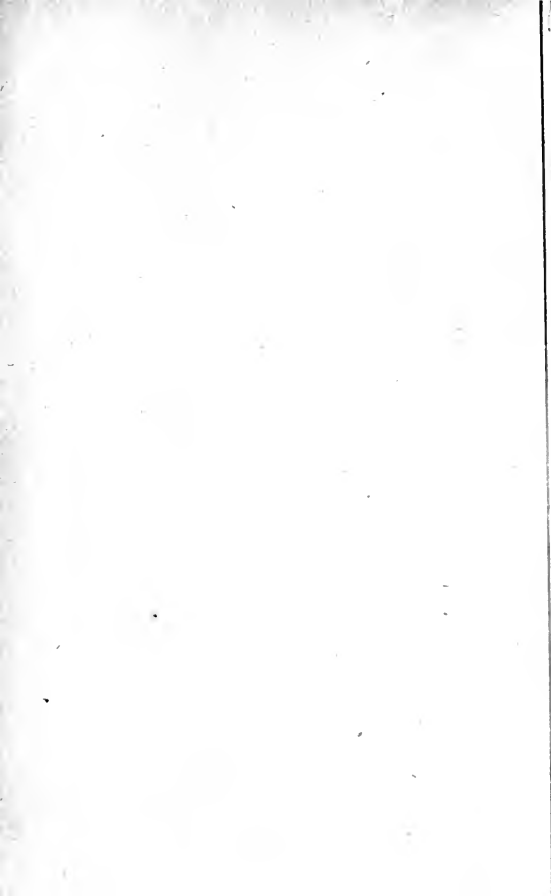
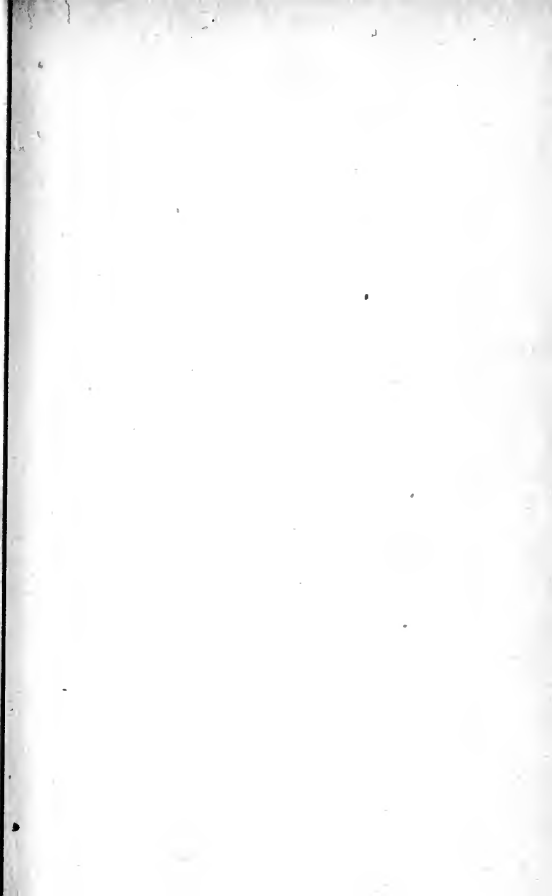


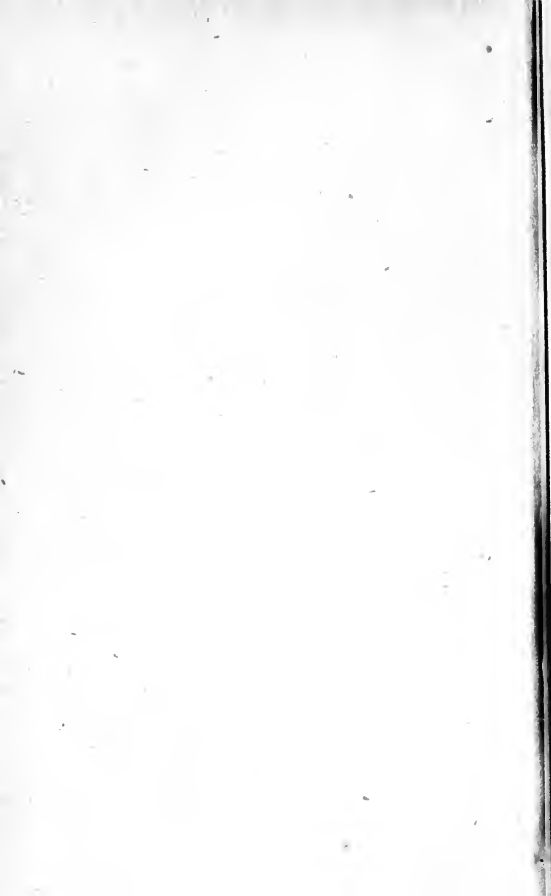


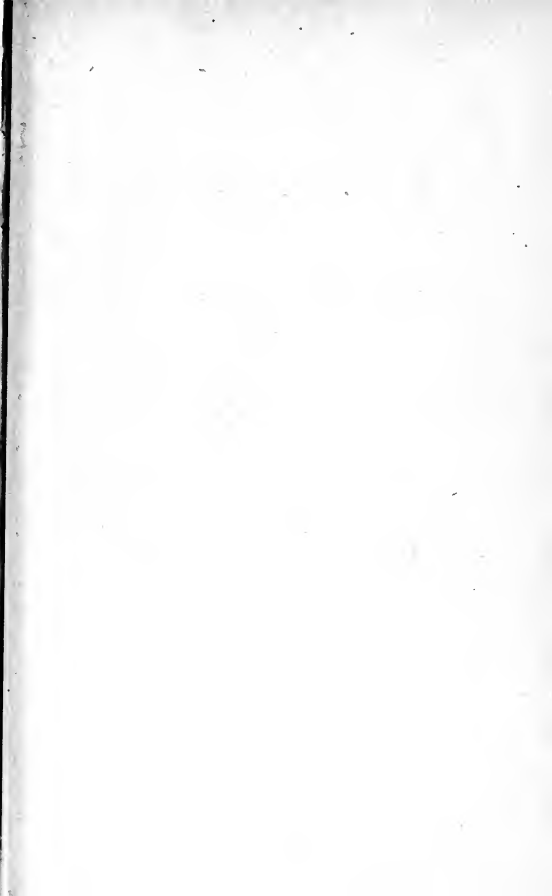
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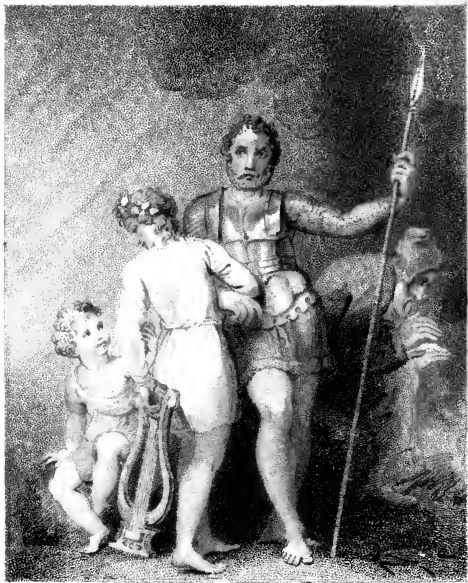












HILL.
The distinction of Ages

Page 278

Drawn by J. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by R. Meadows

~~THE~~ THE
BRITISH POETS:

WITH THE MOST
APPROVED TRANSLATIONS
OF THE
GREEK AND ROMAN POETS,
WITH
DISSERTATIONS, NOTES, &c.

The Text collated with the best Editions,
BY THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, BY THE
MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.
VOLS. LXI. LXII.

CONTAINING THE SELECT POETICAL WORKS OF
LORD LANSDOWNE.
YALDON. PATTISON, &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR J. SHARPE.

1810—1824.

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SELECT POEMS
OF
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.



LORD LANSDOWNE.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF

MR. EDMUND WALLER,

UPON HIS DEATH.

ALIKE partaking of celestial fire,
Poets and heroes to renown aspire,
Till crown'd with honour, and immortal name,
By wit, or valour, led to equal fame,
They mingle with the gods who breath'd the
noble flame. }

To high exploits, the praises that belong,
Live, but as nourish'd by the poet's song.

A tree of life is sacred poetry,
Sweet is the fruit, and tempting to the eye;
Many there are, who nibble without leave,
But none who are not born to taste, survive.

Waller shall never die, of life secure,
As long as fame or aged time endure;
Waller, the muse's darling, free to taste
Of all their stores, the master of the feast;
Not like old Adam, stinted in his choice,
But lord of all the spacious paradise.

Those foes to virtue, fortune, and mankind,
Favouring his fame, once, to do justice join'd;

No carping critic interrupts his praise ;
 No rival strives, but for a second place ;
 No want constrain'd (the writer's usual fate)
 A poet with a plentiful estate ;
 The first of mortals who before the tomb
 Struck that pernicious monster, envy, dumb ;
 Malice and pride, those savages, disarm'd ;
 Not Orphens with such powerful magic charm'd,
 Scarce in the grave can we allow him more,
 Than living we agreed to give before.

His noble muse employ'd her generous rage
 In crowning virtue, scorning to engage
 The vice and follies of an impious age.
 No satyr lurks within this hallow'd ground,
 But nymphs and heroines, kings and gods
 abound ;

Glory, and arms, and love, is all the sound.
 His Eden with no serpent is defil'd,
 But all is gay, delicious all, and mild.

Mistaken men, his muse of flattery blame,
 Adorning twice an impious tyrant's name ;
 We raise our own, by giving fame to foes ;
 The valour that he prais'd, he did oppose.

Nor were his thoughts to poetry confin'd,
 The state and business shar'd his ample mind ;
 As all the fair were captives to his wit,
 So senates to his wisdom would submit ;
 His voice so soft, his eloquence so strong,
 Like Cato's was his speech, like Ovid's was his song.

Our British kings are rais'd above the herse,
 Immortal made, in his immortal verse :
 No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,
 But the celestial Charles's, and just James :

Juno and Pallas, all the shining race
 Of heavenly beauties, to the queen give place;
 Clear, like her brow, and graceful was his song.
 Great, like her mind, and like her virtue strong.

Parent of gods, who dost to gods remove,
 Where art thou plac'd, and which thy seat above?
 Waller, the god of verse, we will proclaim,
 Not Phœbus now, but Waller be his name;
 Of joyful bards, the sweet seraphic choir
 Acknowledge thee their oracle and sire;
 The splieres do homage, and the muses sing
 Waller, the god of verse, who was the king.

TO MYRA¹.

LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

No warning of the' approaching flame,
 Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
 Like travellers, by lightning kill'd,
 I burn'd the moment I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
 The case, so shining to behold,
 Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

¹ Myra is thought by some to have been Mary D' Este de Modena, queen-consort of James the Second; and by others, to have been Frances Brudenell, daughter of Lord Brudenell, first married to the Earl of Newburgh, and secondly to Lord Bellew.

To that my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more ;
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark, that from her beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught ;
Pygmalion so, with fatal art,
Polish'd the form that stung his heart.

TO MYRA.

WARN'D, and made wise by others' flame,
I fled from whence such mischiefs came ;
Shunning the sex, that kills at sight,
I sought my safety in my flight.

But ah ! in vain from fate I fly,
For first, or last, as all must die ;
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That first or last we all must love.

My heart, which stood so long the shock
Of winds and waves, like some firm rock,
By one bright spark from Myra thrown,
Is into flame, like powder, blown.

SONG.

LOVE is by fancy led about
 From hope to fear, from joy to doubt ;
 Whom we now an angel call,
 Divinely grac'd in every feature,
 Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature ;
 Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
 Objects of grief, or of content,
 That the lover's bless'd, or dies :
 Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
 Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
 All in powerful fancy lies.

 LADY HYDE ¹.

WHEN fam'd Apelles sought to frame
 Some image of the' Idalian dame,
 To furnish graces for the piece,
 He summon'd all the nymphs of Greece ;
 So many mortals were combin'd,
 To show how one immortal shin'd.
 Had Hyde thus sat by proxy too,
 As Venus then was said to do,
 Venus herself, and all the train
 Of goddesses, had summon'd been ;

¹ Afterwards Countess of Clarendon and Rochester.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

The painter must have search'd the skies,
To match the lustre of her eyes.

Comparing then, while thus we view
The ancient Venus, and the new ;
In her we many mortals see,
As many goddesses in thee.

LADY HYDE,

SITTING AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S FOR HER
PICTURE.

WHILE Kneller, with inimitable art,
Attempts that face whose print's on every heart,
The poet, with a pencil less confin'd,
Shall paint her virtues, and describe her mind ;
Unlock the shrine, and to the sight unfold
The secret gems, and all the inward gold.
Two only patterns do the muses name,
Of perfect beauty, but of guilty fame ;
A Venus and a Helen have been seen,
Both perjur'd wives, the goddess and the queen :
In this the third, are reconcil'd at last
Those jarring attributes of fair and chaste,
With graces that attract, but not ensnare,
Divinely good, as she's divinely fair ;
With beauty, not affected, vain, nor proud ;
With greatness, easy, affable, and good :
Others by guilty artifice, and arts
Of promis'd kindness, practise on our hearts ;
With expectation blow the passion up ;
She fans the fire, without one gale of hope ;

Like the chaste moon, she shines to all mankind,
But to Endymion is her love confin'd.
What cruel destiny on beauty waits,
When on one face depend so many fates!
Oblig'd by honour to relieve but one,
Unhappy men by thousands are undone.

TO MY FRIEND DR. GARTH,

IN HIS SICKNESS.

MACHAON sick, in every face we find,
His danger is the danger of mankind;
Whose art protecting, nature could expire
But by a deluge, or the general fire.
More lives he saves, than perish in our wars,
And faster than a plague destroys, repairs.
The bold carouser, and advent'rous dame,
Nor fear the fever, nor refuse the flame;
Safe in his skill, from all restraints set free,
But conscious shame, remorse, or piety.

Sire¹ of all arts, defend thy darling son;
O! save the man whose life's so much our own!
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's reclin'd,
And, by restoring Garth, preserve mankind.

¹ Apollo, god of poetry and physic.

TO MRS. GRANVILLE,

OF WOTTON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ; AFTERWARDS
LADY CONWAY.

LOVE, like a tyrant whom no laws constrain,
Now for some ages kept the world in pain ;
Beauty, by vast destructions got renown,
And lovers only by their rage were known :
But Granville, more auspicious to mankind,
Conquering the heart, as much instructs the mind ;
Bless'd in the fate of her victorious eyes,
Seeing, we love ; and hearing, we grow wise ;
So Rome for wisdom, as for conquest fam'd,
Improv'd with arts, whom she by arms had tam'd.
Above the clouds is plac'd this glorious light,
Nothing lies hid from her inquiring sight ;
Athens and Rome for arts restor'd rejoice,
Their language takes new music from her voice ;
Learning and love, in the same seat we find,
So bright her eyes, and so adorn'd her mind.

Long had Minerva govern'd in the skies,
But now descends, confess'd to human eyes ;
Behold in Granville, that inspiring queen,
Whom learned Athens so ador'd unseen.

SONG TO MYRA.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart ?
To gold and title you relent,
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fools in courts be great ;
For pay let armies move ;
Beauty shall have no other bait
But gentle vows, and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due ;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Myra ! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

MYRA SINGING.

THE syrens, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Tied to the mast, Ulysses sail'd unharm'd ;
Had Myra's voice entic'd his listening ear,
The Greek had stop'd, and would have died to hear.
When Myra sings, we seek the' enchanting sound,
And bless the notes that do so sweetly wound.
What music needs must dwell upon that tongue,
Whose speech is tuneful as another's song :
Such harmony ! such wit ! a face so fair !
So many pointed arrows who can bear ?
Who from her wit, or from her beauty flies,
If with her voice she overtakes him, dies.

Like soldiers, so in battle we succeed,
One peril 'scaping, by another bleed ;
In vain the dart or glittering sword we shun,
Condemn'd to perish by the slaughtering gun.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF NEWBURGH,

INSISTING EARNESTLY TO BE TOLD, WHO I MEANT
 BY MYRA.

WITH Myra's charms, and my extreme despair,
 Long had my muse amaz'd the reader's ear :
 My friends, with pity, heard the mournful sound,
 And all inquir'd from whence the fatal wound ?
 The' astonish'd world beheld an endless flame,
 Ne'er to be quench'd, unknowing whence it came :
 So scatter'd fire from scorch'd Vesuvius flies,
 Unknown the source from whence those flames
 arise :

Egyptian Nile so spreads its waters round,
 O'erflowing far and near, its head unfound.

Myra herself, touch'd with the moving song,
 Would needs be told to whom those complaints belong.
 My timorous tongue, not daring to confess,
 Trembling to name, would fain have had her guess :
 Impatient of excuse, she urges still,
 Persists in her demand, she must, she will ;
 If silent, I am threaten'd with her hate ;
 If I obey—Ah ! what may be my fate ?
 Uncertain to conceal, or to unfold,
 She smiles—the goddess smiles—and I grow bold.

My vows to Myra, all were meant to thee,
 The praise, the love, the matchless constancy.
 'Twas thus of old, when all the' immortal dames
 Were grac'd by poets, each with several names ;

For Venus, Cytherea was invok'd ;
Altars for Pallas, to Tritonia smok'd.
Such names were theirs ; and thou the most divine,
Most lov'd of heavenly beauties—Myra's thine.

TO MYRA.

So calm, and so serene, but now,
What means this change on Myra's brow ?
Her aguish love now glows and burns,
Then chills and shakes, and the cold fit returns.

Mock'd with deluding looks and smiles,
When on her pity I depend,
My airy hope she soon beguiles,
And laughs to see my torments never end.

So up the steepy hill, with pain,
The weighty stone is roll'd in vain,
Which, having touch'd the top, recoils,
And leaves the labourer to renew his toils.

TO MYRA.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and joys,
Whom now her smiles reviv'd, her scorn destroys :
She will, and she will not ; she grants, denies,
Consents, retracts, advances, and then flies ;
Approving, and rejecting in a breath,
Now proffering mercy, now presenting death.

Thus hoping, thus despairing, never sure ;
How various are the torments I endure !
Crue. estate of doubt ! Ah, Myra, try
Once to resolve—or let me live, or die.

TO MYRA.

PREPAR'D to rail, resolv'd to part,
When I approach'd the perjur'd fair,
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why does my tongue forbear?

With the least glance, a little kind,
Such wondrous power have Myra's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows,
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injur'd vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

CORINNA.

CORINNA, in the bloom of youth,
Was coy to every lover,
Regardless of the tenderest truth,
No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was her's, all at her feet
Lay prostrate and adoring :
The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair
Her loss of time, and pleasure ;
With willing eyes, and wanton air,
Inviting every gazer.

But love's a summer flower, that dies
With the first weather's changing ;
The lover, like the swallow, flies
From sun to sun still ranging.

Myra, let this example move
Your foolish heart to reason :
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's season.

ADIEU L'AMOUR.

HERE end my chains, and thralldom cease
If not in joy, I'll live at least in peace ;
Since for the pleasures of an hour,
We must endure an age of pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more,
Love, give me back my heart again.

Despair tormented first my breast,
Now falsehood, a more cruel guest ;
O ! for the peace of humankind,
Make women longer true, or sooner kind :
With justice, or with mercy reign,
O love ! or give me back my heart again.

LOVE.

To love, is to be doom'd on earth to feel
What after death the tortur'd meet in hell :
The vulture, dipping in Prometheus' side
His bloody beak, with his torn liver dy'd,
Is love ; the stone that labours up the hill,
Mocking the labourer's toil, returning still,
Is love : those streams where Tantalus is curs'd
To sit, and never drink, with endless thirst :
Those loaden boughs that with their burden bend
To court his taste, and yet escape his hand,
All this is love ; that to dissembled joys
Invites vain men, with real grief destroys.

MEDITATION ON DEATH.

ENOUGH, enough, my soul, of worldly noise,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys ;
What does this busy world provide at best,
But brittle goods that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass ?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty ! Ah, how vain,
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care !
In dust we no distinction see,
Such Helen is ; such, Myra, thou must be.

How short is life ! why will vain courtiers toil,
 And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile ?
 What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
 His crown a pageant, and his life a span ?
 With all his guards, and his dominions, he
 Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
 Are swallow'd, and become forgotten things ;
 One destin'd period men in common have,
 The great, the base, the coward, and the brave, }
 All food alike for worms, companions in the grave. }
 The prince and parasite together lie,
 No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

ESSAY

UPON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS IN POETRY.

As when some image of a charming face
 In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
 He carefully consults each beauteous line,
 Adjusting to his object, his design,
 We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
 But as the just resemblance speaks the dame.
 Poets are limners of another kind,
 To copy out ideas in the mind ; [shown,
 Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
 And nature sits, the object to be drawn ;
 The written picture we applaud or blame,
 But as the due proportions are the same.

Who driven with ungovernable fire,
 Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,

Gigantic forms, and monstrous births alone
 Produce, which nature shock'd, disdains to own.
 By true reflection I would see my face,
 Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?

(1) ' But poetry in fiction takes delight,
 And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
 Leaves truth behind, in her audacious flight:
 Fables and metaphors, that always lie,
 And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
 And every ornament of verse must die.'

Mistake me not : no figures I exclude,
 And but forbid intemperance, not food.
 Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
 So mimics truth, it looks the very same ;
 Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in nature's scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important truths still let your fables hold,
 And moral mysteries with art unfold.
 Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task,
 But the sharp critic will instruction ask.

(2) As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
 Such metaphors appear when right applied ;
 When through the phrase we plainly see the sense,
 Truth, where the meaning's obvious, will dispense ;
 The reader what in reason's due, believes,
 Nor can we call that false, which not deceives.

(3) Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
 Disdaining bounds are yet by rules control'd ;
 Above the clouds, but still within our sight,
 They mount with truth, and make a towering flight ;
 Presenting things impossible to view,
 They wander through incredible to true :
 Falsehoods thus mix'd, like metals are refin'd,
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.

Thus poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs forbidden regions to explore :
 Such vaunts as his, who can with patience read,
 Who thus describes his hero slain and dead :
 (4) ' Kill'd as he was, insensible of death,
 He still fights on, and scorns to yield his breath'.
 The noisy culverin o'ercharg'd, lets fly,
 And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky :
 Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
 And nature suffers in the wild extreme.

The captive Canibal, weigh'd down with chains,
 Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains,
 Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
 He grins defiance at the gaping crowd,
 And spent at last, and speechless as he lies,
 With looks still threatening, mocks their rage, and
 This is the utmost stretch that Nature can, [dies
 And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.

Beauty's the theme ; some nymph divinely fair
 Excites the muse : let truth be even there :
 As painters flatter, so may poets too,
 But to resemblance must be ever true.
 (5) ' The day that she was born, the Cyprian queen
 Had like to' have died, through envy and through
 spleen ;

The Graces in a hurry left the skies,
 To have the honour to attend her eyes ;
 And Love, despairing in her heart a place,
 Would needs take up his lodging in her face².
 Though wrote by great Corneille, such lines as these,
 Such civil nonsense, sure could never please.
 Waller, the best of all the' inspired train,
 To melt the fair, instructs the dying swain.

1 Ariosto.

2 Corneille.

(6) The Roman wit ³, who impiously divides
 His hero and his gods to different sides,
 I would condemn ; but that, in spite of sense,
 The' admiring world still stands in his defence.
 How oft, alas ! the best of men in vain
 Contend for blessings, which the worst obtain !
 The gods, permitting traitors to succeed,
 Become not parties in an impious deed :
 And by the tyrant's murder, we may find
 That Cato and the gods were of a mind.

Thus forcing truth with such preposterous praise,
 Our characters we lessen, when we'd raise :
 Like castles built by magic art in air,
 That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear ;
 But rais'd on truth, by some judicious hand,
 As on a rock they shall for ages stand. [stor'd,

(7) Our king ⁴ return'd, and banish'd peace re-
 The muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord ;
 On the crack'd stage the bedlam heroes roar'd,
 And scarce could speak one reasonable word ;
 Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
 Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage ;
 To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
 Complied to custom, but not err'd by choice ;
 Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
 Almansor's rage, and rants of Maximin ;
 That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
 He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.

First Mulgrave ⁵ rose, Roscommon next, like light,
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight ;

³ Lucan.

⁴ King Charles II.

⁵ Earl of Mulgrave's Essay upon Poetry ; and Lord Roscommon's upon Translated Verse.

With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
 The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
 Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide:
 Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
 May in their lessons learn the road to fame:
 But let the bold adventurer be sure
 That every line the test of truth endure;
 On this foundation may the fabric rise,
 Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.

From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
 Forsaken truth seeks shelter in the grove;
 Cherish, ye muses! the neglected fair,
 And take into your train the' abandon'd wanderer.

EXPLANATORY ANNOTATIONS

ON THE

FOREGOING POEM.

(1) THE poetic world is nothing but fiction; Parnassus, Pegasus, and the Muses, pure imagination and chimera; but being, however, a system universally agreed on, all that has or may be contrived or invented upon this foundation, according to nature, shall be reputed as truth; but whatsoever shall diminish from or exceed the just proportions of nature, shall be rejected as false, and pass for extravagance; as dwarfs and giants, for monsters.

(2) When Homer, mentioning Achilles, terms him a lion, this is a metaphor, and the meaning is

obvious and true, though the literal sense be false; the poet intending thereby, to give his reader some idea of the strength and fortitude of his hero. Had he said, that wolf, or that bear, this had been false; by pretending an image not conformable to the nature and character of a hero, &c.

(3) Hyperboles are of diverse sorts, and the manner of introducing them is different; some are as it were naturalized and established by a customary way of expression; as when we say, such a one is as swift as the wind, whiter than snow, or the like. Homer, speaking of Nereus, calls him beauty itself. Martial of Zoilus, lewdness itself. Such hyperboles lie indeed, but deceive us not: and therefore Seneca terms them lies that readily conduct our imagination to truths, and have an intelligible signification, though the expression be strained beyond credibility. Custom has likewise familiarized another way for hyperboles; for example, by irony; as when we say of some infamous woman, 'she's a civil person,' where the meaning is to be taken quite opposite to the latter. These few figures are mentioned only for example sake; it will be understood that all others are to be used with the like care and discretion.

(4) I needed not to have travelled so far for an extravagant flight; I remember one of British growth of the like nature:

'See those dead bodies hence convey'd with care,
Life may perhaps return—with change of air.'

But I choose rather to correct gently, by foreign examples, hoping that such as are conscious of the like excesses will take the hint, and secretly reprove themselves. It may be possible for some tempers to maintain rage and indignation to the last gasp; but the soul and body once parted there must necessarily be a determination of action.

Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.

I cannot forbear quoting on this occasion, as an example for the present purpose, two noble lines of Jasper Main's, in the collection of the Oxford verses printed in the year 1643, upon the death of my grandfather, Sir Bevil Granville, slain in the heat of action at the battle of Landsdowne. The poet, after having described the fight, the soldiers animated by the example of their leader, and enraged at his death, thus concludes :

Thus he being slain, his *action* fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd, whilst the living slew.

This is agreeable to truth, and within the compass of nature : it is thus only that the dead can act.

(5) Le jour qu'elle nâquit, Venus bien qu'immortelle,
Pensa mourir de honte, en la voyant si belle,
Les graces a l' envi descendirent des cieux
Pour avoir l' honneur d'accompagner ses yeux,
Et l' amour, qui ne pût entrer dans son courage,
Voulut obstinément loger sur son visage.

This is a lover's description of his mistress, by the great Corneille; civil, to be sure, and polite as any thing can be. Let any body turn over Waller, and

he will see how much more naturally and delicately the English author treats the article of love, than this celebrated Frenchman. I would not, however, be thought by any derogatory quotation to take from the merit of a writer whose reputation is so universally and so justly established in all nations; but, as I said before, I rather choose, where any failings are to be found, to correct my own countrymen by foreign examples, than to provoke them by instances drawn from their own writings. *Humanum est errare.* I cannot forbear one quotation more from another celebrated French author. It is an epigram upon a monument for Francis I. King of France, by way of question and answer, which in English is verbatim thus:

Under this marble, who lies buried here?
Francis the Great, a king beyond compare.
Why has so great a king so small a stone?
Of that great king here's but the heart alone.
Then of this conqueror here lies but part?
No—here he lies *all*—for he was all *heart*.

The author was a Gascon, to whom I can properly oppose nobody so well as a Welchman; for which purpose I am further furnished from the forementioned collection of Oxford verses, with an epigram by Martin Lluellin upon the same subject; which I remember to have heard often repeated to me when I was a boy. Besides, from whence can we draw better examples, than from the very seat and nursery of the muses?

Thus slain, thy valiant ancestor¹ did lie,
 When his one bark a navy did defy;
 When now encompass'd round, he victor stood,
 And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
 Till all the purple current dry'd and spent,
 He fell, and made the waves his monument.
 Where shall the next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?
 Thy grandsire's fills the sea, and thine the land.

I cannot say the two last lines, in which consists the sting or point of the epigram, are strictly conformable to the rule herein set down: the word *ashes*, metaphorically, can signify nothing but *fame*; which is mere sound, and can fill no space either of land or sea: the Welchman, however, must be allowed to have outdone the Gascon. The fallacy of the French epigram appears at first sight; but the English strikes the fancy, suspends and dazzles the judgment, and may perhaps be allow'd to pass under the shelter of those daring hyperboles, which, by presenting an obvious meaning, make their way, according to Seneca, through the incredible to true.

(6) *Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

The consent of so many ages having established the reputation of this line, it may perhaps be presumption to attack it; but it is not to be supposed that Cato, who is described to have been a man of rigid morals and strict devotion, more resembling

¹ Sir Richard Granville, Vice-admiral of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, maintained a fight with his single ship against the whole Armada of Spain, consisting of fifty-three of their best men of war.

the gods than men, would have chosen any party in opposition to those gods, whom he professed to adore. The poet would give us to understand, that this hero was too righteous a person to accompany the divinities themselves in an unjust cause; but to represent a mortal man to be either wiser or juster than the Deity, may show the impiety of the writer, but add nothing to the merit of the hero; neither reason nor religion will allow it, and it is impossible for a corrupt being to be more excellent than a divine. Success implies permission, and not approbation; to place the gods always on the thriving side, is to make them partakers of all successful wickedness. To judge right, we must wait for the conclusion of the action; the catastrophe will best decide on which side is Providence, and the violent death of Cæsar acquits the gods from being companions of his usurpation.

Lucan was a determined republican; no wonder he was a free-thinker.

(7) Mr. Dryden, in one of his prologues, has these two lines:

‘He’s bound to please, not to write well, and knows
There is a mode in plays, as well as clothes.’

From whence it is plain where he has exposed himself to the critics; he was forced to follow the fashion to humour an audience, and not to please himself. A hard sacrifice to make for present subsistence, especially for such as would have their writings live as well as themselves! Nor can the poet whose labours are his daily bread, be delivered from this cruel necessity; unless some more cer-

tain encouragement can be provided, than the bare uncertain profits of a third day, and the theatre be put under some more impartial management than the jurisdiction of players. Who write to live, must unavoidably comply with their taste by whose approbation they subsist; some generous prince, or prime minister, like Richlieu, can only find a remedy, In his epistle dedicatory to the Spanish Friar, this incomparable poet thus censures himself:

‘ I remember some verses of my own, Maximin and Almanzor, which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, &c. All I can say for those passages (which are, I hope, not many) is, that I knew they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them; but I repent of them among my sins: And if any of their fellows intrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over those Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. ’Tis not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime, that is not just and proper.’

This may stand as an unanswerable apology for Mr. Dryden, against his critics; and likewise for an unquestionable authority to confirm those principles which the foregoing poem pretends to lay down, for nothing can be just and proper but what is built upon truth.

EPIGRAMS AND CHARACTERS, &c.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FIGURE REPRESENTING THE
GOD OF LOVE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy lord and master see,
Thou wast my slave, thou art, or thou shalt be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess'd.

WOMEN.

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd: we play
A round or two; when us'd, we throw away,
Take a fresh pack; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

THE RELIEF.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair; I urge, be kind:
Flavia, be kind, the remedy's as sure,
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

SENT TO CLARINDA WITH A NOVEL, INTITULED,
'LES MALHEURS DE L' AMOUR.

HASTE to Clarinda, and reveal
Whatever pains poor lovers feel;

When that is done, then tell the fair
 That I endure much more for her :
 Who'd truly know love's pow'r or smart,
 Must view her eyes, and read my heart.

CHLOE.

BRIGHT as the day, and like the morning fair,
 Such Chloe is—and common as the air.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. JOHN DRYDEN,

ON HIS SEVERAL EXCELLENT TRANSLATIONS OF
 THE ANCIENT POETS.

As flowers transplanted from a southern sky,
 But hardly bear, or in the raising die,
 Missing their native sun, at best retain
 But a faint odour, and survive with pain :
 Thus ancient wit, in modern numbers taught,
 Wanting the warmth with which its author wrote, }
 Is a dead image, and a senseless draught,
 While we transfuse, the nimble spirit flies,
 Escapes unseen, evaporates, and dies.
 Who then to copy Roman wit desire,
 Must imitate with Roman force and fire,
 In elegance of style, and phrase the same,
 And in the sparkling genius, and the flame ;
 Whence we conclude from thy translated song,
 So just, so smooth, so soft, and yet so strong ;

Celestial poet! soul of harmony!
 That every genius was reviv'd in thee.
 Thy trumpet sounds, the dead are rais'd to light,
 Never to die, and take to Heaven their flight;
 Deck'd in thy verse, as clad with rays they shine,
 All glorified, immortal, and divine.

As Britain in rich soil, abounding wide,
 Furnish'd for use, for luxury, and pride,
 Yet spreads her wanton sails on every shore
 For foreign wealth, insatiate still of more;
 To her own wool the silks of Asia joins;
 And to her plenteous harvests, Indian mines:
 So Dryden, not contented with the fame
 Of his own works, though an immortal name,
 To lands remote, sends forth his learned muse,
 The noblest seeds of foreign wit to choose;
 Feasting our sense so many various ways,
 Say, is't thy bounty, or thy thirst of praise?
 That by comparing others, all might see,
 Who most excell'd, are yet excell'd by thee.

ODE

ON THE PRESENT CORRUPTION OF MANKIND.

Inscribed to the Lord Falkland.

O FALKLAND! offspring of a generous race,
 Renown'd for arms and arts, in war and peace,
 My kinsman, and my friend! from whence this curse
 Entail'd on man, still to grow worse and worse?

Each age, industrious to invent new crimes,
 Strives to outdo in guilt preceding times:
 But now we're so improv'd in all that's bad,*
 We shall leave nothing for our sons to add.

That idol, gold, possesses every heart,
To cheat, defraud, and undermine, is art ;
Virtue is folly ; conscience is a jest ;
Religion gain, or priestcraft at the best.

Friendship's a cloak to hide some treacherous end,
Your greatest foe, is your professing friend ;
The soul resign'd, unguarded, and secure,
The wound is deepest, and the stroke most sure.

Justice is bought and sold ; the bench, the bar
Plead and decide ; but gold's the' interpreter.
Pernicious metal ! thrice accurs'd be he
Who found thee first ; all evils spring from thee.

Sires sell their sons, and sons their sires betray,
And senates vote as armies fight for pay ;
The wife no longer is restrain'd by shame,
But has the husband's leave to play the game.

Diseas'd, decrepit, from the mix'd embrace
Succeeds, of spurious mold, a puny race ;
From such defenders what can Britain hope ?
And where, O liberty ! is now thy prop ?

Not such the men who bent the stubborn bow,
And learn'd in rugged sports to dare a foe :
Not such the men who fill'd with heaps of slain
Fam'd Agincourt and Cressy's bloody plain.

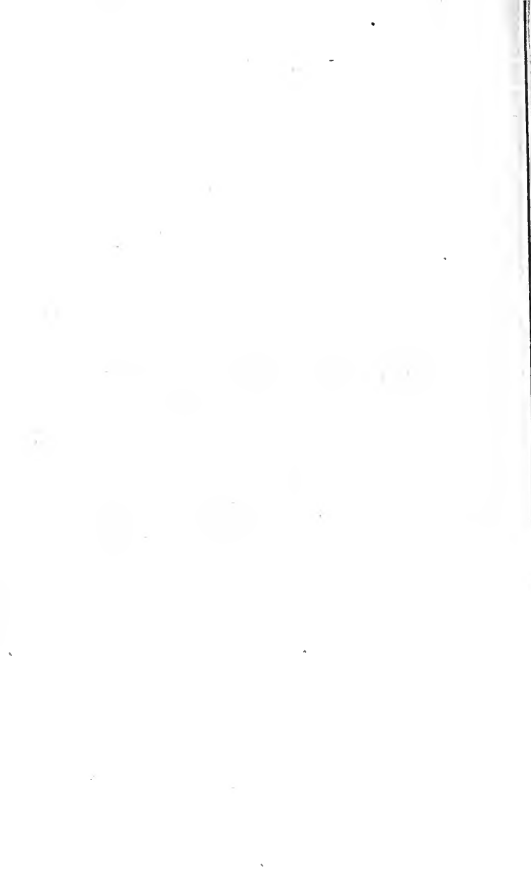
Haughty Britannia then, inur'd to toil,
Spread far and near the terrors of her isle ;
True to herself, and to the public weal,
No Gallic gold could blunt the British steel.

So, at the' approach of death, the cygnet tries
To warble one note more—and singing dies.
Hail, mighty queen! whose powerful smile alone
Commands subjection, and secures the throne :
Contending parties, and plebeian rage,
Had puzzled loyalty for half an age ;
Conquering our hearts, you end the long dispute,
All, who have eyes, confess you absolute.
To Tory doctrines, even Whigs resign,
And in your person own a right divine.
Thus sang the muse, in her last moments fir'd
With Carolina's praise—and then expir'd.

SELECT POEMS

OF

THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.



THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An Ode in Imitation of Casimire.

COULD mournful sighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills unhappy men lament :
Could all the anguish of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but fortune kind ;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away :
To wealth and pleasure every sigh prefer,
And more than gems esteem each falling tear.

But, since insulting cares are most inclin'd,
To triumph o'er the' afflicted mind ;
Since sighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful showers, but nourish grief ;
Then cease, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor lavish such bright streams in vain :
But still with cheerful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a smile.

The generous mind is by its sufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down ;

But when oppress'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and soar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the sun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he shrinks not at the' offensive light,
He's then for empire fit, and takes his soaring flight.

Though cares assault thy breast on every side,
Yet bravely stem the' impetuous tide :
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any loss a nobler day ;
But with kind hopes support thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind :
Amidst afflictions let thy soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better state.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe those tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay ;
Like ravenous age thy charms they waste,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties
But keep thy looks and mind serene, [blast.
All gay without, all calm within ;
For fate is aw'd, and adverse fortunes fly
A cheerful look, and an unconquer'd eye.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of day ! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And midst their native horrors show,
Like gems adorning of the negro's brow ;

Not Heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery ;
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day !
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light !
Thou art the genuine source of it ;
From thy bright unexhausted womb,
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spite of time, thou'rt ever young ;
Thou art alone Heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread ;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.
With gloomy smiles thy rival night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light ;
Not all the wealth she views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad ;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take :
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women cease to fear :
Horror, despair, and all the sons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee, the grateful east their altars raise,
And sing with early hymns thy praise ;

Thou dost their happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below :
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair phoenix from her balmy nest :
No altar of the gods can equal thine, [shrine!
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy

But yet thy fading glories soon decay,
Thine's but a momentary stay ;
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd
with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last :
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state,
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate!

Before the' Almighty artist fram'd the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light ;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it :
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day :
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on, [own.
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its

' Let there be light !' the great Creator said ;
His word the active child obey'd :
Night did her teeming womb disclose ; [rose.
And then the blushing morn, its brightest offspring,
Awhile the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronounc'd it good :
' With night (said he) divide the' imperial sway ;
Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the
day.'

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

DARKNESS! thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original :
Since from thy universal womb [come.
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none ;
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death :
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear :
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night :
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit ;
No substance can thy force repel, [dwell:
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe ;
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their sire they shine with native rays of
light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight ; [bright.
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below :
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete ;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the yield-
ing maid.

Calm as the bless'd above the anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell :
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd :
The pleasures light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold :
Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land ;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd, arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light ;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made ;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch Darkness ! sway'dst these spacious
realms alone.

But, now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night :
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading light its empire must resign,
And nature's power submit to thine :
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon.

(TO THE LORD HUNSDON.)

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious heaven no more allow ?
 No more on its own darling man bestow ?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
 And his great Maker's image bears !
 To toil beneath a wretched state,
 Oppress'd with miseries and fate ;
 Beneath his painful burden groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on !
 Amidst our labours, we possess
 No kind allays of happiness ;
 No softening joys can call our own,
 To make this bitter drug go down ;
 Whilst death an easy conquest gains,
And the insatiate grave in endless triumph reigns.
 With throes and pangs into the world we come,
 The curse and burden of the womb :
 Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
 Our mother's labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
 Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
 By instinct of our future woe :
And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.

Thus we toil out a restless age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the monarch to the slave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the
stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
From our first starting from the womb,
Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
Life like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,
'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boisterous as them, full as inconstant too,
That know not whence they come nor where
they go.

Here we're detain'd awhile, and then
Become originals again?
Time shall a man to his first self restore,
And make him entire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
And yet we impudently say, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wise!
Unriddle me these mysteries:
What is the soul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itself consume;

A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguish that, the whole is gone,
This boasted scene of life is done :
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.
The soul, the' immortal part we boast,
In one consuming minute's lost ;
To its first source it must repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air,
Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its native clay ;
For dust and ashes are its second birth, [earth.
And that incorporates too with its great parent

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
Alas, no part of man can live !
The empty blasts of fame shall die,
And even those nothings taste mortality.
In vain to future ages we transmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit :
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality !
For thee our stock of youth we waste,
And urge on life, that ebbs too fast :
To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly ;
And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
And for a poor reversion wait :
Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endless fame, they know not where
or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes
The present day entirely is our own, [haste !
Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone :
To-morrow, fatal sound ! since this may be our last,
Why do we boast of years, and sum up days ?
'Tis all imaginary space :
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious fate will give,
Posterity 'll to-morrow live, [hence.
Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down :
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are ;
Awhile they flourish on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew :
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day, [away.
Since with night's blasting breath they vanish swift

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare :
'Tis more than frenzy now to spare :
Let cares and business wait awhile ;
Old age affords a thinking interval ;
Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave,
Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuse :
That feed, like oil, the' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering
frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has ingross'd,
When virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost ;

Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
 And our immortal riots be for ever known.
 This, this, is what we ought to do,
 The great design, the grand affair below !
 Since bounteous nature's plac'd our steward here,
 Then man his grandeur should maintain,
 And in excess of pleasure reign,
 Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as restless monarchs fight,
 Who boldly dare invade another's right : [run,
 Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they've
 Ignobly quit the conquests they have won ;
 Those charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
 Pall'd with enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our passions only form our happiness,
 Hopes still enlarge, as fears contract it less :
 Hope with a gaudy prospect feeds the eye,
 Soothes every sense, does with each wish comply ;
 But false enjoyment the kind guide destroys,
 We lose the passion in the treacherous joys.
 Like the gay silk-worm, when it pleases most,
 In that ungrateful web it spun, 'tis lost.

Fruition only cloy's the appetite ;
 More does the conquest, than the prize delight :
 One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
 Our restless wishes cannot be confin'd, [know,
 Like boisterous waves, no settled bounds they
 Fix'd at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who most expects, enjoys the pleasure most,
 'Tis rais'd by wishes, by fruition lost :

We're charm'd with distant views of happiness,
 But near approaches make the prospect less.
 Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight,
 Whilst distance recommends them to the sight :
 Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear ;
 But show their coarse and nauseous colours near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his store
 Increasing still, and would admit of more,
 With eager arms his swelling bags he press'd ;
 And expectation only made him bless'd :
 But, when a boundless treasure he enjoy'd,
 And every wish was with fruition cloy'd :
 Then damn'd to heaps, and surfeited with ore,
 He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

AN ODE

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

BEGIN, and strike the' harmonious lyre !
 Let the loud instruments prepare
 To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
 With joys which music only can aspire !
 Hark how the willing strings obey !
 To consecrate this happy day,
 Sacred to music, love, and bless'd Cecilia.
 In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
 We'll celebrate the virgin's praise :
 Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,
 To her this sacred art we owe,
 Who first anticipated Heaven below,
 And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings
 above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear, [veins.
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our
The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each varied note complies:
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight.
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music's the language of the bless'd above,
No voice but music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess, [love.
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of
'Tis nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breast and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies applied,
In vain all other arts were tried:

His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee :
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name !
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of music found ;
And through their airy paths did trace
The secret springs of sound ;
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays :
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise ;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and bless'd the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach :
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join ;
For music's her reward and care,
Above she enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay :
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our
song.

ON THE
REPRINTING MILTON'S PROSE WORKS,
WITH HIS POEMS.

(Written in his Paradise Lost.)

THESE sacred lines with wonder we peruse,
And praise the flights of a seraphic muse,
Till thy seditious prose provokes our rage,
And soils the beauties of thy brightest page.
Thus, here we see transporting scenes arise,
Heaven's radiant host, and opening paradise ;
Then trembling view the dread abyss beneath,
Hell's horrid mansions, and the realms of death.

Whilst here thy bold majestic numbers rise,
And range the' embattled legions of the skies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearse
Heaven's lasting triumphs in immortal verse :
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Insults the best of princes, best of men,
Our admiration turns to just disdain,
And we revoke the fond applause again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy state,
Thou shar'dst their nature, insolence, and fate :
To harps divine, immortal hymns they sung,
As sweet thy voice, as sweet thy lyre was strung.
As they did rebels to the' Almighty grow,
So thou profan'st his image here below.
Apostate bard ! may not thy guilty ghost
Discover, to its own eternal cost,
That as they heaven, thou paradise hast lost !

}

TO THE MEMORY

OF A FAIR YOUNG LADY, 1697.

WHEN black with shades this mourning vault appears,

And the relenting marble flows with tears ;
Think then what griefs a parent's bosom wound,
Whose fatal loss enrich'd this hallow'd ground.

Strew lilies here, and myrtle wreaths prepare,
To crown the fading triumphs of the fair :
Here blooming youth and charming beauties lie,
Till earth resigns them to their native sky ;
Like china laid for ages to refine,
And make her body like the soul, divine.

Unmingled may the fragrant dust remain,
No common earth the sacred sweets profane ;
But let her urn preserve its virgin store,
Chaste and unsullied as she liv'd before !

FABLES.

THE BLIND WOMAN AND HER DOCTORS.

A WEALTHY matron, now grown old,
Was weak in every part :
Afflicted sore with rheums and cold,
Yet pretty sound at heart.

But most her eyes began to fail,
Depriv'd of needful light :
Nor could her spectacles avail,
To rectify their sight.

Receipts she tried, she doctors fee'd,
And spar'd for no advice
Of men of skill, or quacks for need
That practise on sore eyes.

Salves they daub'd on, and plaisters both,
And this and that was done :
Then flannels, and a forehead cloth,
To bind and keep them on.

Her house, though small, was furnish'd neat,
And every room did shine
With pictures, tapestry, and plate,
All rich, and wondrous fine.

Whilst they kept blind the silly soul,
Their hands found work enough !
They pilfer'd plate, and goods they stole,
Till all was carried off.

When they undam'd their patient's eyes,
And now, ' Pray how's your sight?'
Cries t' other, ' This was my advice,
I knew 'twould set you right.'

Like a stuck pig the woman star'd,
And up and down she run :
With naked house and walls quite scar'd,
She found herself undone.

' Doctors, (quoth she) your cure's my pain,
For what are eyes to me?
Bring salves and forehead cloths again,
I've nothing left to see.'

The Moral.

See, injur'd Briton, thy unhappy case,
Thou patient with distemper'd eyes :
State-quacks but nourish the disease,
And thrive by treacherous advice.

If fond of the expensive pain,
When eighteen millions run on score :
Let them clap mufflers on again,
And physic thee of eighteen more.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a farmer in the west,
As we're in story told ;
Whose herds were large, and flocks the best
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
And Towser by his side,
Early and late he tun'd his throat,
And every wolf defied.

Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning skill'd,
Intrusted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

' Towser, (quoth he) I'm for a fair ;
Be regent in my room ;
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all safe at home.

' I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
Right worthy such a place :
No wily fox shall thee deceive,
Nor wolf dare show his face.'

But ne'er did wolves a fold infest,
At regent Towser's rate :
He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
And frequent breakfasts ate.

The Farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report ;
But, coming on him by surprise,
Just found him at the sport.

' Ingrateful beast, (quoth he) what means
That bloody mouth and paws ?
I know the base, the treacherous stains,
Thy breach of trust and laws.

' The fruits of my past love I see ;
Roger, the halter bring ;
E'en truss him on that pippin tree,
And let friend Towser swing.

' I'll spare the famish'd wolf and fox,
That ne'er my bounty knew :
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This neckcloth is your due.'

The Moral.

When ministers their prince abuse,
And on the subjects prey :
With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,
To send them Towser's way.

THE OWL AND THE SUN.

A SAUCY buffle-headed owl
One morning on the sun fell foul
Because it made him blind :
But by his sophistry you'll guess
Him not of the Athenian race,
But a more modern kind.

The morn was fragrant, cool, and bright,
The sun illustrious with his light,
Dispensing warmth to all :
Madge on a pinnacle was got,
Sputtering and booting like a sot,
And thus began the brawl :

‘ D’ye hear, you prince of red-fac’d fools !
Hot-headed puppy ! foe to owls !

Why this offensive blaze ?
Behind some cloud go sneak aside,
Your carbuncles and rubies hide,
And quench that flaming face.

‘ When I’m a taking the fresh air,
Whip in my eyes you come full glare,
And so much rudeness show !
I wonder when the modest moon
Would serve an owl as you have done,
Or tan and burn one so !’

Bright Phœbus smil’d at what was said,
And cried, ‘ ’Tis well, Sir Logger-head ;
You’ve neither sense nor shame !
Because a blinking fool can’t bear
An object so transcending fair,
The sun must take the blame.

‘ Shall I the universe benight,
And rob the injur’d world of light,
Because you rail and scowl ;
When birds of the most abject sort
Deride and grin you for their sport,
And treat you like an owl !’

The Moral.

Who libel senates, and traduce the great,
Measure the public good by private hate :
Interest’s their rule of love ; fierce to oppose
All whom superior virtue makes their foes.

Thy merits, Rochester ¹, thus give offence;
 The guilty faction hates discerning sense: [find,
 This Harley ², Seymour ³, Howe ⁴, and Mackworth ⁵
 Great eye-sores to the fond rapacious kind;
 But, whilst in holes addressing owls repine,
 Bright as the sun their patriot names will shine.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
 For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace;
 His lands in royal bounties gave,
 And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His ministers whole realms obtain'd;
 And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
 His manors beg'd, and forfeits gain'd,
 With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The boar, to show a subject's love,
 Crav'd for the public good a boon,
 His ancient forest to improve,
 By felling trees, and cutting timber down.

' Alcoves and shady walks, (quoth he)
 Are laid aside, become a jest;
 Your vistas lofty, wide, and free,
 Are *à la mode*, and only in request.'

¹ Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

² Afterwards Earl of Oxford.

³ Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset.

⁴ John Howe, Esq. of famous memory.

⁵ Sir Humphrey Mackworth.

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous boar
A desert of the forest made :
Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the savage race ;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the lion shook,
And vow'd the boar should dearly pay ;
' I hate (quoth he) a down-cast look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

' Unhappy groves, my empire's pride !
Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine !
The rage of tempests ye defied,
Condemn'd to perish by a sordid swine.

' Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can so great a loss suffice !
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend chucky for a sacrifice.'

The Moral.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride,
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride ;
Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.
Like druids then your forests sacred keep,
Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,
And spoil the public for their private use ;
But no rapacious hand should dare deface
The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

THE FOX AND FLIES.

As crafty Reynard strove to swim
The torrent of a rapid stream,
To gain the further side ;
Before the middle space was past,
A whirling eddy caught him fast,
And drove him with the tide.

With vain efforts and struggling spent,
Half drown'd, yet forc'd to be content,
Poor Ren a soaking lay ;
Till some kind ebb should set him free,
Or chance restore that liberty
The waves had took away.

A swarm of half-starv'd haggard flies,
With fury seiz'd the floating prize,
By raging hunger led ;
With many a curse and bitter groan,
He shook his sides, and wish'd them gone,
Whilst plenteously they fed.

A hedge-hog saw his evil plight ;
Touch'd with compassion at the sight,
Quoth he ' To show I'm civil,
I'll brush those swigging dogs away,
That on thy blood remorseless prey,
And send them to the devil.'

' No, courteous sir,' the Fox replied,
Let them infest and gore my hide,
With their insatiate thirst;
Since I such fatal wounds sustain,
'Twill yield some pleasure midst the pain,
To see the blood-hounds burst.'

The Moral ; from Nostradamus.

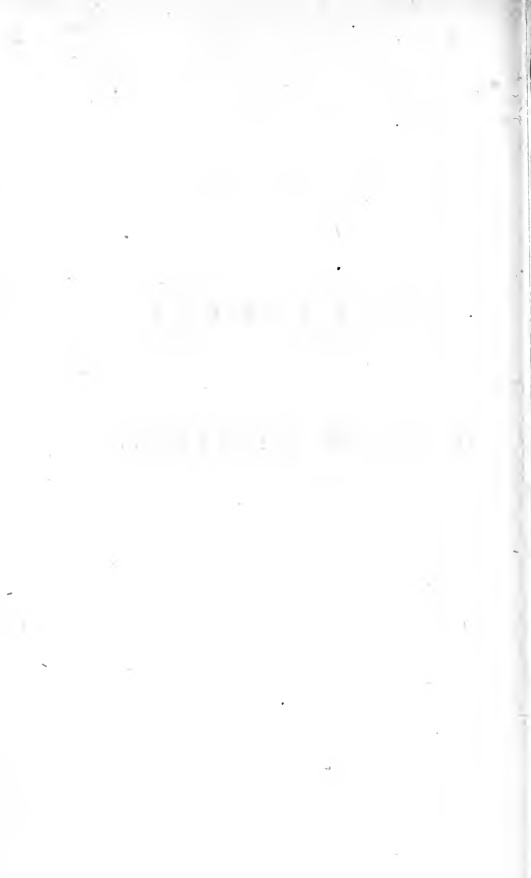
‘ Le sang du Juste à Londres fera faute
 Brusser par feu, &c.’

Thus guilty Britain to her Thames complains,
 ‘ With royal blood defil’d, O cleanse my stains !
 Whence plagues arise ! whence dire contagions
 come !

And flames that my Augusta’s pride consume !’

‘ In vain, (saith Thames) the Regicidal breed
 Will swarm again ; by them thy land shall bleed :
 Extremest curse ! but so just Heaven decreed !
 Republicans shall Britain’s treasures drain,
 Betray her monarch, and her church profane ;
 Till, gorg’d with spoils, with blood the leeches
 burst,
 Or Tyburn add the second to the first.’

SELECT POEMS
OF
WILLIAM PATTISON.



WILLIAM PATTISON.

THE COLLEGE LIFE:

TO A FRIEND.

Sid. Coll. Cantab. March 15, 1724-5.

SIR,

FROM sacred shades, and academic groves,
Where, lost in thought, a musing fancy roves ;
What kind endearing numbers shall I send,
To meet the critic in the fondling friend ?

Here learned solitudes salute our eyes,
And the gay scenes in real raptures rise ;
Through classic shades majestic domes aspire,
And dimly from the piercing eye retire.
Deep through the groves old Cam serenely flows,
Free from the prattling naiads' babbling noise.
His nymphs in gentle silence move along,
And hear their murmurs in some softening song ;
Till, by the forcing torrent borne away,
They mourn because they can no longer stay
Poetic hills the wide horizon bound,
And wall the learned paradise around.
But yet—though all things with my soul agree,
Pa'd are my joys, and tasteless without thee ;

These visionary pleasures but renew
The real happiness I found in you ;
Where venerable Cowley's sacred shade
The sweetest scene of solitude has made ;
When stretch'd at ease, amusingly we lay,
How tunefully the minutes danc'd away.
Oh ! soothe me, fancy, with some pleasing dream,
And gently waft me to Ituna's stream—
Hark ! the soft, balmy, breathing breezes blow—
Hark ! Hederinda's warbling murmurs flow—
Here oft I left the busy world behind,
And found the better part, in you refin'd.

But would you know how I divide my time,
Betwixt my studies, business, and my rhyme?

Wak'd, by the promise of a day, we rise,
And with our souls salute the dawning skies ;
All summon'd, to devotion's faue repair,
And piously begin the day with prayer ;
Thence, led by reason's glimmering light, descry
The dark recesses of philosophy ;
Through classic groves the wily wanton trace,
And logically urge the puzzling chase.

But when the sounds of the presaging bell
Noon's pleasurable invitation tell ;
Moods, methods, figures, swim before my sight,
And syllogisms wing their airy flight.
Confus'd the fairy vision flits away—
And no ideas, but of dinner, stay.

Thus, fabled hags, at midnight's solemn noon,
With magic spells enchant the labouring moon ;
But when the cock proclaims the springing light,
Each horrid phantom disappears in night.

Now, those, whom recreating toils invite,
Pour'd on the plain, indulge their lov'd delight ;

Now flies aloft in air the whirling ball,
Anxious, the learned rabble wait its fall;
Pursu'd by wafting caps the fury flies,
Rises in height, and lessens in the skies.

Thus healthfully refresh'd, we leave the plain;
For pleasure, oft repeated, is but pain.
Next we survey the vast capacious ball,
And take long journies o'er the learned wall;
Or from her tender birth Britannia trace, [race.
And all her glories center'd in great Brunswick's
The dark original of time renew,
And bring three thousand wondering years to view.

Now to the muses' soft retirements fly,
Or soar with Milton, or with Waller sigh;
Each favourite bard o'er pays my curious view,
For who can fail to please, who charms like you?

To find us thus, Apollo takes his way
To soothe the sultry labours of the day;
The tuneful muses charm his listening ears,
And in soft sounds he bears away his cares.

Thus, dearest Florio, thus, my faithful friend,
In learned luxury my time I spend;
Till lengthening shades the setting sun display,
And falling dews lament the falling day;
Then, lost in thought, where aged Cam divides
Those verdant groves that paint his azure tides,
With musing pleasure I reflect around,
And stand enchanted on poetic ground.
Straight to my glancing thought those bards appear,
That fill'd the world with fame, and charm'd us here:
Here Spenser, Cowley, and that awful name
Of mighty Milton, flourish'd into fame;
From these amnsing groves, his copious mind
The blooming shades of paradise design'd.

In these retirements, Dryden fann'd his fire,
 And gentle Waller tun'd his tender lyre ;
 Hail! happy bards, whilst thus I think I hear
 Your tuneful melody improve my ear,
 With reverence I approach each sacred shade,
 Perhaps by your creating numbers made.
 Delusion helps my fancy as I walk,
 Hears waters murmur, and soft echoes talk ;
 Through the dim shade its sacred poet sees,
 Or hears his music in the wafted breeze.

Here Locke and Newton through the world were
 known,
 And made unravell'd nature's works their own ;
 Too soon we lost those favourites of the sky,
 Yet Florio may the double loss supply.
 Haste, then, my friend, nor let me mourn your stay,
 Lo! the world suffers by your long delay—
 Let prosperous fortune on your will attend,
 And in your happy wishes bless your friend.

THE JEALOUS SHEPHERD,

A PASTORAL.

It happen'd once upon a summer's day,
 When lads and lasses go to making hay ;
 The weary mowers laid themselves adown,
 To take a bottle and a nap at noon ;
 When Bootyslub, (for so was call'd the swain
 That languish'd under Dorothy's disdain)
 While others slept, by love was kept awake,
 To mourn his fate, and mend his Dolly's rake.
 ' Dolt as I am, (complains the love-sick lout)
 Not to consider what I am about!

Here I employ my little stock of art,
 But who, alas! shall mend my broken heart?
 None can that work perform but Dorothy,
 And that will ne'er be done by cruelty;
 For still she persecutes me with disdain,
 Laughs at my woes, and banters all my pain.

' Ah, Dolly! Dolly! can you be so dull,
 To leave your lover for a foppish fool?
 A butterfly the cabbages destroys,
 On you a butterfly his breath employs—
 I say no more—my meaning you may guess—
 Perhaps you had been pleas'd, had I said less.

' But yet there was a time, or else I dream'd,
 When Bootyslub in your good graces seem'd;
 Then, if you knew I kiss'd a lass at town,
 How have I seen you pout, and fret, and frown!
 Nay, once you told me, that I need not roam,
 For charity should still begin at home.
 These jealous hints, or I mistake them, prove
 The greatest and the surest signs of love;
 Yet, if you lov'd, methinks you cou'd not be
 So kind to Floripert, so cross to me.

' Remember, how, to jealousy betray'd,
 You scolded at the parson's pretty maid;
 When with inquiring looks you pass'd the house,
 And catch'd me keeping up the damsel's cows;
 Your scornful eyes with jealous fury burn'd,
 On her they glanc'd, and then on me they turn'd;
 I took the hint, and fear'd what might ensue,
 So, stooping, seem'd to buckle up my shoe,
 Then left the lass, and sneak'd away to you. }
 Alas! alas! that I your love believ'd!
 I lov'd, and in my turn am thus deceiv'd;

Nor dare I of my cruel fate complain ;
Or, if I do, alas ! 'tis all in vain.
For ever curs'd be that detested day,
When from the last May-fair we took our way ;
Remember how you forg'd a false excuse
Your easy-natur'd lover to abuse.
No fondling father call'd you back again,
A better reason ! 'twas your fondling swain ;
And if I meet him e'er alone, I vow,
I'll surely beat the puppy black and blue.
I mark'd the watchful coxcomb all the day,
And kept him from his meditated prey ;
Invited him to exercise the ball,
And bravely give, or bravely ward a fall :
So should we both our pleading merits show,
And you, though blind, the difference might know :
But all I urg'd, I urg'd, alas ! in vain,
Nor would he glory give, nor could he gain.

‘ Ah, Dolly ! Dolly ! where were all your vows,
When cheese-cakes lur'd you to the tavern-house ?
Your vows were as your cheese-cakes sweet, yet
weak !

And can you both alike together break ?
But if you do so—you, with equal ease, [please.
Can make new vows, and cheese-cakes, when you

‘ And could you then your Bootyslub forget,
And in another's lap so kindly sit ?

Around his neck your fondling arms you flung,
And learn'd the silly catches which he sung.

Whilst unconcern'd at home you hear me sing,

Or tunelessly torment the rosin'd string ;

Your favour every way I try to gain,

But dance, or fiddle ; sing, or pipe ; in vain.

‘ Oh ! learn at last a flatterer to hate,
And think on Susan Silly’s cruel fate :
Her pride poor honest Hobbinol despis’d,
And vainly Tommy Taudry’s folly priz’d.
But now, too late, she sees herself undone,
Her portion squander’d, and her honour gone—
What better canst thou hope from such a flame?
But love refuses what my rage would name.

‘ How chang’d is Dolly now, from what she was
When first—Ah, had I never spied the lass !
The very time I perfectly can tell,
For love remembers every thing too well !

‘ Sure, I can ne’er forget the Sunday morn,
Though from her memory so soon ’tis worn :
A goodly bible in my hand I took,
And very gravely thought to read my book ;
When through the window by a luckless chance,
Heedless, I cast a customary glance ;
’Twas there I saw the pretty Dolly walk,
Fair, and upright as roses on their stalk :
So trimly was the tidy damsel dress’d,
That, spite of all the flowers, she seem’d the best.
Sometimes to smell a pretty rose she stopp’d,
Pleas’d with the smell, the pretty rose she cropp’d ;
Then in her snowy breast the favourite plac’d,
Her sweeter breast the blushing favourite grac’d ;
But then ! how did I wish myself between
Her swelling bosom and the flower, unseen ?
But as I wish’d, I found a pleasing smart,
I know not how, begin to melt my heart :
Nay, all my limbs with such a shivering shook,
That I the chillness for an ague took.
Ah, had it been one, I had felt less harm,
For I can cure an ague with a charm !

Now, all my spells and charms but trifles prove,
Far stronger are the magic charms of love.

‘ But when I found she smil’d to see me look,
I, pleas’d as well, soon laid aside my book,
And, boldly blithsome, to the garden went ;
Where she, as well as I, knew what I meant ;
Yet seemingly my searching sight to shun,
Behind an apple-tree the gipsy run ;
But soon I found the amorous deceit,
And forc’d a kiss, to reconcile the cheat :
But forc’d it so, that when she seem’d to strive
To keep it most, the more she seem’d to give.
Remember then, my lovely faithless maid,
What oaths, what vows, what promises you made ;
Think for your own, if not your lover’s sake,
How bad it is a binding oath to break.

‘ But while I thus these silly tales repeat,
I find myself already in a sweat :
What shall I do ? too well she knows my love,
And her coy coldness does the scorner prove. [valed ;

‘ Well then—when shadows, lengthening o’er the
Call forth the milk-maid, with her cleanly pail,
To my old sweet-heart Cic’ly will I go,
And more than all my former kindness show ;
Conduct the girl along the crowded mead,
And, to tease Dolly, through the pasture lead ;
Perhaps I’ll whisper out some secret place,
And kiss her too before her jealous face ;
Then let her rival cry, and frown, and fret,
And in my cruelty her own forget.
Then let her be as much, or more afraid
Of Cic’ly, than she was the parson’s maid.
So shall my scorn and counterfeit disdain
Revive her love, if any love remain.

Sid. Col. April 5, 1725.

TO MR. SAUNDERS,

OCCASIONED BY THE BREAKING OF THE GLASS OF
MR. EUSDEN'S PICTURE.

OFT have I thought thy wonder-working art
Could more than nature's outward form impart,
But now my eyes convinc'd the truth believe,
For lo! the picture more than seems to live;
Pleas'd to decide mistrusting reason's strife,
Breaks through the glass, and startles into life.

A

SESSION OF THE CAMBRIDGE POETS.

By a vacant preferment Apollo thought fit
To settle the bays, and establish a wit; [grace,
For his trusty friend Roche, by much merit and
Had obtain'd in Elysium the laureat's place;
Accordingly, to the fam'd borders of Cam,
Descended the god, with a goddess hight Fame,
The figure she wore, as Dan Virgil declares,
Was illumin'd with eyes, and becluster'd with ears,
(And faith, as you'll find, she had need of them all,
To pick one good poet, and hear every call).
A trumpet she blew, for a trumpet she bore,
As the laudable custom informs us of yore:
Thick as bees, when they swarm to the tinkling of
brass,
The bards flock around her, and darken the place;

Each pretender, for such was Apollo's command,
Brought his works, and conducted his muse in his
hand :

But, good Lord ! how his godship at first was amaz'd,
To find the chaste Nine to such numbers were rais'd !
However, to banish immodest suspicions,
He order'd a silence, and heard the petitions.

B——ll¹ first, as the candidates jostled along,
With a gait most affected, emerg'd from the throng.
Apollo observ'd somewhat odd in his look,
And, giving a beck, thus the goddess bespoke :
' Pr'ythee, what's that same fellow ? Some half-wit-
ted beau ?

I don't know as ever I've seen him till now.'
' Nor can I remember, I think, (replies Fame)
To have heard of his worth, or so much as his name :
But odds I will lay, by those papers there brought,
'Tis the same, who the place in the Memoirs has
bought².'

' Say you so, (cries Apollo) and is he so vain ?
Yet pshaw ! 'tis the only place that he can gain.'
The bard now elate with ambition appear'd,
Propos'd his pretence, and desir'd to be heard ;
When Apollo straight bid him his labours produce,
And, for his authority, bring him his muse.
More hasty, than wisely, the labours were shown,
But, alas ! for the muse, the sly gipsy was flown,

¹ A junior bachelor of Trinity College, who, in a translation of a poem printed in the University, at his own cost, impudently begged pardon for the word *emerged* in its proper sense.

² It is credibly reported, that he gave a certain sum for the mention of his performances in the Memoirs of Literature.

For her birth it was mortal, nor could her feign'd
power

Stand the test of the godhead she mimick'd before;
O'eraw'd by the deity no longer could stay,
But, like Spenser's false Florimel, faded away!

De V——l in the tumult ran bawling aloud,
And swore that he ought to be heard by the god,
And heard too he was, for the god cut him short,
And ask'd 'what pretensions could draw him to
court?'

'What pretension!' cries he; but the godhead replies,
'Before you are witty, pray learn to be wise,
And if, as they say, you are lunatic grown,
For I hear you converse with my sister, the moon;
In secret confinement, a purge or two try,
And let your own essay bum-fodder supply.'

Next Ch——y roll'd onward, a bard of renown,
For bulk and bombast supereminent grown,
Of lampoons and pindarics huge bundles he brought,
But the burden was light, because barren of thought;
From railing at friends, falsely smiling he came,
Detraction his pleasure, ambition his aim.
But Apollo soon knew him, notwithstanding all art,
(For your gods, at first sight, can discover the heart,)
And told him, that pride, and inhuman backbitings,
Were the worst of all evils—except his own writings;
'Ay, I see, (cries the god) I see your excuse—
But hang it, that's nothing in shape of a muse!—
I suppose that it's term'd, by you mortals here,
satire, [nature.

But we gods have thought fit to bename it ill—
Besides, such a bulk for high flights was ne'er made
well——

And I mortally hate the remembrance of Shadwell.'

Little R——th took the hint, and right archly
 declar'd,
 That if body diminutive distinguish'd the bard,
 Then his cause it was just,—but to humour the joke,
 With an affable air, thus the deity spoke :
 And told him, ' he could not heroics right suit,
 For his body, at full length, was scarce more than
 one foot.'

'Ho, Ward! (cries the god) as he saw him stand by,
 Come forward a little, and don't be so shy—
 I know you are modest; but, harkee, between us,
 Here, look ye, this token, 'twas sent you by Venus—
 For her ladyship told me, some few days ago,
 She came down in the form of a nymph³ that you
 know,
 And, pleas'd with a copy or two of your verses,
 Presents you this myrtle—'twas wreath'd by the
 Graces—
 Here, take't,—'tis as good as my laureat's place is.'

Hulse next he beheld with poetical rage,
 And told him, 'twas pity he was not at age;
 'Nor mind (cries the god) those dull fools, that de-
 sire to
 Eclipse that bright merit—they ne'er can aspire to;
 Just so, in a morning, I see, as I rise,
 Black fogs and dull vapours usurping my skies'—
 But two dramatists here, the mere scum of the gang,
 Broke the simile short, and began to harangue;
 'Four acts of a play (cries the one) I have writ,
 And had I a plot, then the work were complete;
 My characters'—'Go, (cries the god) scribbling elf,
 And learn first to get thee a good one thyself.'

³ Mrs. F—er.

As Pattison stood unconcern'd in the crowd,
Apollo beheld him, and call'd him aloud;
Declaring his manners, though perhaps not his wit,
His identical self to a nicety hit;
Alike their employments, alike their delight,
Both rambled all day, and both tipp'd all night;
Both us'd the same haunts, both pursued the like
game,

And Laura and Thetis but differ'd in name.
Now the bard, without doubt, the reason acquir'd,
But Woman, and Fate, both against him conspir'd,
For, unhappily! just as he drew up more nigh,
A pretty tight damsel came tripping it by;
No longer the laurel attracted his eyes,
They were fix'd on a far more desirable prize—
His highness he thank'd; but resigning his lays,
Declar'd, that a nymph was far better than bays.

Apollo, now tir'd with debates and confusion,
Was glad soon to draw his affairs to conclusion,
And, sick at the numbers still swarming around,
Thrice Tayr he call'd, but no Tayr was found:
'Not here?' (cries the god) oh! I guess at his stay—
He stole a few poems of mine t'other day—
But, howe'er, I forgive him the cunning device,
And since his are my labours, be his too my prize.'

1725-6.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

As in my silent study late I sate,
Intent on poets' poor precarious state,
Around my sight a sudden dimness play'd,
And ting'd the taper with a blewy shade;

When to my eyes appear'd that watchful pow'r
Which measures out the sandy-streaming hour ;
A human form the meagre phantom wore,
And on its brow a faded laurel bore,
On me were fix'd its looks, whilst thus it spoke,
And sounds like these the solemn silence broke.

‘ At length the time is come to tell a truth
To thee, to thee alone, O fated youth !
Then mark my story well—in happier days,
Like thine my bosom panted after praise ;
Foe to the grave fatigues of life, I strove
To grow immortal in a myrtle grove :
Lost there, I lavish'd out my little store,
Destin'd to live poetically poor ;
What slender gains my labours brought I spent,
And through the glass my luscious profit went ;
From thence, with fictitious inspiration warm'd,
A vain eternity's reversion charm'd ;
My fate I bless'd—for future fame reserv'd !
For that I gloried ! and for that I—starv'd !
Thence by some powerful transmigration turn'd,
In these repentant streams my folly mourn'd ;
Here, as you see, my fleeting minutes pass,
Still, as of old, devoted to the glass.
As once too humble for proud rooms of state,
In homely cottages I seek my fate,
And find my vast poetic promis'd land
All dwindled to this little barren sand ;
With which advise, ye youthful sons of rhyme,
In abler studies to employ your time ;
Warn'd by my fate, to learn, for learn you must,
That all your fame, like mine, but turns to dust.’

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

In my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too soon my soul the well-known name confess'd,
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast ;
Through my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.

O Eloisa ! art thou still the same ?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame ?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven ?
Alas ! I thought you disengag'd and free,
And can you still, still sigh and weep for me ?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine ?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave ;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls ;
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose,
Opposing love, alas ! how vain are vows !
In fruitless penance here I wear away
Each tedious night, each sad revolving day :
I fast, I pray ; and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart.
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent, but still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, my Eloisè, art there,
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
No longer by its wandering fires misled ;

In learn'd disputes, harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel, I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise,
Have quench'd each milder sparkle in my eyes ;
Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace :
O Eloisa ! would the fates once more
(Indulgent to thy wish) this form restore,
How wouldst thou from these arms with horror start,
To miss those charms, familiar to thy heart !
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard, but love of thee :
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
Have Abelard the gay, the young, remov'd,
And, in the hermit, sunk the man you lov'd.

Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed,
The thorny paths of penitence I tread ;
Lost to the world, from all its interest free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee ;
Ambition, with its train of frailties, gone,
All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.

Amidst the blaze of day, and dusk of night,
My Eloisa rises to my sight ;
Veil'd, as in Paraclete's sea-bath'd towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours ;
I hear her sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows ! O convents ! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart ;
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow ;
Low to the earth, my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.

Forgiving power! your gracious call I meet,
Who first empower'd this rebel heart to beat!
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame :
O change the temper of this throbbing breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest!
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope, remove
The fatal traces of voluptuous love ;
Voluptuous love from his soft mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.

Are these the wishes of thy inmost soul?
Would I its softest tenderest peace control?
Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy heart resign
To the cold substance of the marble shrine?
Transform'd like these pale saints that round me
move,

O bless'd insensibles ! that knew not love!
Ah ! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
Adieu, false honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules, but tender love, supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes ;
I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
And through my veins with treacherous influence
dart !

Inspire me, Heav'n ! assist me, grace divine !
Aid me, ye saints ! unknown to crimes like mine !
You, while on earth, all pangs severe could prove,
All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love.
An holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt ;
A sympathizing grief alone can cure,
The hand that heals, must feel what I endure.
Thou, Eloisè, alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside in peace ;

Restore me to my long lost heaven of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast:
If crimes, like mine, could an allay receive,
That bless'd allay, thy wondrous charms must give.
Thy form, which first my heart to love inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and soft as summer air;
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,
Bless'd by my fate, I gaz'd and was undone!
There died the generous fire, whose vigorous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and led me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could
My heart, insensible to all but love! [move,
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
And vain philosophy oppos'd to you.

A train of woes we mourn; nor should we mourn,
The hours that cannot, ought not to return;
As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd!
To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the holy fire;
Teach you to injur'd Heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart!
That mine, with pious undissembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there!
Alas, I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine;
Too sure I find (whilst I the fortune prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love)
On black despair, my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has greater pangs than guilt.

Ah ! yet my Eloisè, thy charms I view,
Yet my sighs break, and my tears flow for you ;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain ;
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent in vain !
Haste, Eloisa, haste, thy lover free ;
Amidst thy warmer prayers, O think of me !
Wing with thy rising zeal my groveling mind :
And let me mine, from thy repentance find :
Ah ! labour, strive ; thy love, thyself control ;
The change will sure affect my kindred soul :
In bless'd consort our purer sighs shall grieve,
And, Heaven assisting, shall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
Faintly the' unequal combat you sustain :
If not to Heaven you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes :
If still thy heart thy wonted passions move,
And thy tongue prompts thy tender soul to love ;
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.

When that kind power this captive soul shall free,
(Which, only then, can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep ;
Then, Eloisa, then, thy lover view,
See, these quench'd eyes, no longer fix'd on you,
From their dead orbs that tender utterance flown,
Which first on yours my heart's soft tales made
known.

This breath no more, at length to ease consign'd,
Pant, like light aspens quivering with the wind ;
See, all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And thou, amazing scene ! belov'd no more :

Behold the destin'd end of human love,
But let the sight thy zeal alone improve ;
Let not thy conscious soul, with sorrow mov'd,
Recal how much, how tenderly you lov'd !
With pious care thy fruitless grief restrain,
Nor let a tear thy sacred veil profane ;
Nor e'en a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let thy breath with sacred rapture glow ;
Let love divine, frail mortal love, dethrone,
And to thy mind immortal joys make known :
Let Heaven, relenting, strike thy ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the bless'd pursuit, renew :
So, with thy crimes, shall thy misfortunes cease,
And thy wreck'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

TO THE

LAST (KING GEORGE'S) GUINEA.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHAT call, bright monarch ! can engage thy breast,
To leave thy loyal subject thus distress'd ?
Who knows, my guardian-aid, when thou art gone,
What foreign tyrant will usurp thy throne ?
When want, rebellious, arrogates thy reign,
What equal power shall faction's rage restrain ?
Too well, alas ! my future state I see,
I can but sigh, and only think of thee !

So, when thy bright original repairs
To foreign realms, with equal griefs and cares :

Britannia mourns: and, anxious for her fate,
 Implores some favourite to protect the state;
 Wisely, as still, the monarch makes his choice,
 And for his Walpole joins the general voice.

O couldst thou there advance an equal claim,
 Repos'd in him, our safety were the same!
 Auspicious thought! and with what ease may he,
 Who has secur'd three nations, succour me.

TO AN

OLD LADY THAT USED TO PAINT.

KNELLER, with animated art, could trace
 The magic wonders of a lovely face;
 His nice creating fancy could impart
 Fire to each charm, and flames to every heart;
 Yet all this skill could but at best command
 A fancied goddess at the second hand.

You, brighter nymph, can greater wonders show,
 And all this superficial art outdo;
 What if his hand a seeming life could give,
 Your greater wonder more than seems to live!
 His nymph, at best, could only raise our fire,
 But you create, and satisfy desire.

PRESENTING

WALLER'S POEMS TO A LADY.

MADAM,

ACCEPT the softest sweetest strains,
 That ever breath'd a dying lover's pains;
 That ever yet could unsuccessful prove,
 When arm'd with all the eloquence of love;

And if you find some tender moving part
Soften your soul, and steal upon your heart ;
(For sure the most obdurate maid must blame
The rigid coyness of the cruel dame) :
Then, lovely Laura, think, you faintly feel
The symptoms of a flame I dare not tell ;
Think, then, you hear your suppliant lover sigh,
But generously, more than see him die ;
And if you kindly listen to his pain,
Successful Waller has not sung in vain.

THE

MORNING CONTEMPLATION.

As I range these spacious fields,
Feast on all that nature yields ;
Every thing conspires delight,
Charms my smell, my taste, my sight ;
Every rural sound I hear
Soothes my soul, and tunes my ear.
Yonder azure hills arising,
Peeping through the wide horizon ;
Strive for the priority,
Which shall first salute my eye :
Gentle winds, each sweet adorning,
Breathe the wholesome breath of morning
Birds on blossom'd hawthorns sing
Jocund carols to the spring ;
Hopping o'er the fragrant lawn,
Merrily salute the dawn,
And, with their music, seem to chide
Man's ingratitude and pride.

O venerable Solitude !
Best of blessings, chiefest good !
Chiefest good ! for in you is
Every part of happiness :
No racking passions here control
The peaceful surface of my soul ;
Nothing can my bliss destroy,
Whilst I thus myself enjoy.
Ere the heavens or earth were made,
Or their vast foundations laid ;
Ere angels yet were taught to sing,
To tune the lyre, or touch the string ;
In godlike pomp the great Three-One
Reign'd in their solitude alone.

Tell me, all ye mighty wise,
Ye governors of colleges ;
What deeper wisdom can you know,
'Than easy nature's works here show?
All the lonesome night ye pore
Philosophic sages o'er :
To what prodigious vast account
Can all your mighty works amount?
The wise man was as wise as you,
And yet his wisdom was—he nothing knew.

Come, ye covetous ! ye proud !
Come, ye wise fantastic crewd !
And as your follies ye discern,
Nature's plain instructions learn.

See, this river, as it goes,
With what eloquence it flows !
How clear the water, and how fine !
How deep, how rapidly serene !
But should it, fearful of decay,
Stagnate, and stop up its way ;

No longer would its streams appear
Wholesome, delicate, or clear :
But buried in a quagmire sink,
Or in a choking deluge, stink.

Believe me, life's the very same,
The very image of this stream :
If of future fortune fearless,
If of present changes careless,
It uninterrupted goes,
How sweet ! and how serene it flows !
But if stop'd with these restraints,
Present ills, and future wants ;
If anxious doubts, and clogging care,
Betray our reason to despair ;
Life's dull enjoyment only cloy,
And painfully itself destroys.

View this revential shade !
Sacred to retirement made !
What surprising sweets surround me !
What varieties confound me !
Bless'd in this obscure abode,
I think myself almost a god !
I think myself so too the more,
Because I'm out of envy's power !
And if angels envious be,
They alone dare envy me ;
And doing so, they let me know
I am happier here below.

Where is self-enamour'd pride,
Tinsel vanity beside ?
In what gilded rooms of state,
Shaking with the storms of fate,
Do they now luxurious lie,
Bound in purple slavery ?

Can their artificial flowers
 Rival these delightful bowers?
 Compar'd with Nature's charms, how faint
 Is their mimic-colour'd paint!

I, the living forest have,
 They, the empty shadows crave;
 Yet, in spite of all their theft,
 I too have better shadows left.
 Behold this little scrubby thorn,
 Of verdure destitute, forlorn,
 As if it were e'en Nature's scorn.

}

Yet this, is of much more possess'd,
 Than any tyrant of the east;
 Is richer; nay, is happier far
 Than oriental monarchs are:
 Can, with equal grandeur, show
 Its brilliant head with diamonds glow:
 And, contented, knows next day
 Doubly will the loss repay,
 If fortune snatches it away.

}

Princely honours thus remain,
 And thus they flee—but ne'er return again.

But this flowery meadow walking,
 To this prattling echo talking;
 As along the stream I pass,
 Gazing on my floating face;
 Lo! the rustling winds arise,
 To snatch the prospect from my eyes:
 The mimic form that fury braves,
 And proudly triumphs o'er the waves;
 Yet though with every wave 'tis tost,
 The reflection is not lost.

Virtue wages such a strife,
 In this turbulent stream of life;

Rack'd with passions, tost with fears,
 Vex'd with jealousies and cares :
 But a good unspotted soul,
 Though subject, yet knows no control,
 Whilst it turns on virtue's pole.

But, lo ! the clouds obscure the sun,
 Swift shadows o'er the waters run !
 Trembling too, my shadow flies,
 And by its very likeness dies.

Hence learn, reflecting Pattison,
 How silent fate still hurries on,
 How suddenly you must be gone !
 And as you now can tell no more
 The likeness that your visage wore,
 On the surface of the flood,
 Where but now you gazing stood ;
 So, as soon as you shall die,
 And resign mortality,
 The delusive breath of fame
 Shall forget your very name.

ON CRASSUS.

DON CRASSUS, plum'd with Bacularian pride,
 A cap, a gown, and eke a robe beside,
 Pedantically saunters up and down
 To satisfy the misbelieving town,
 Proud of himself—but prouder of his gown.
 And well he may so ; for the dapper fellow
 Is but poor Fustian, though his gown's Prunello !

CHLOE REPROVED.

As Chloe, conscious of her pretty face,
Kiss'd the reflected goddess in the glass;
'And shall these charms,' she cries, 'these matchless
charms,

To-night be buried in a husband's arms?
No!—since the gods indulgent give me power,
I'll reign, at least, the tyrant of an hour!
She said, and to the glittering toilet flew,
Heighten'd each charm, and ev'n diviner grew;
A thousand arts, a thousand airs she tries,
And thus computes the conquests of her eyes.

'With scorn, Honorio's passion I resign,
Brillantis, dear Brillantis! shall be mine;
Conquer'd Sireno shall these charms adore,
Sylvander, and an endless thousand more.'

Thus spoke the proud premeditated bride,
And the Cosmetic-oracle reply'd.

'Beware, fair maid, beware, nor strive to prove
The dangerous varieties of love;
But think how brittle are those charms you boast,
And think how soon that beauty may be lost.

For this (take notice what I say)

Depend on, to your sorrow,
That if you change your mind to-day,
I'll change your face to-morrow.'

UPON A NEEDLE.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A LADY EMBROIDERING.

THIS little instrument of art,
Methinks, resembles Cupid's dart;
As the silken wound it gives,
With enlivening beauty lives;
So the pointed shafts of love,
On my heart, their power prove,
And, as the vital threads they pierce,
Animate a spring of verse,
Whilst the flowers of poetry
Arise, these brighter flowers to see.

Yet, though thus like, both darts appear,
In the main point they differ far;
For, but consider their employs—
This creates, but that destroys!

TO LAURA.

WHEN Paris saw the bright celestial Three,
And view'd those beauties, now reviv'd in thee,
Hadst thou, my Laura, seen the grand dispute,
Hadst thou contended for the glittering fruit;
Heaven's queen had found her princely presents vain,
Nor proffer'd empires you alone could gain;
Pallas, abash'd, had own'd, with sweet surprise,
The silent eloquence of magic eyes;

Such eyes had smil'd the fairest of the fair,
And Venus own'd a brighter Venus there.
Though Venus shone with each alluring grace,
Her charms had only gain'd a second place :
Thine ! thine had won the shepherd's noble part,
Though her's the apple, thine had been his heart.

TO THE SAME,

WEEPING.

If Laura weep for those her eyes have slain ;
Then smile, my fair, and we'll revive again.

TO HER RING.

BLESS'D ornament ! how happy is thy share,
To bind the snowy finger of my fair !
O could I learn thy nice coercive art,
And as thou bind'st her finger, bind her heart !

Not eastern diadems, like thee, can shine,
Fed from her brighter eyes with beams divine ;
Nor can their mightiest monarch's power command
So large an empire, as thy charmer's hand.

O could thy form thy fond admirer wear,
Thy very likeness should in all appear ;
My endless love, thy endless round should show,
And my heart, flaming, for thy diamond glow.

ON WOMEN.

BRIGHT, as those glittering worlds that roll above,
Are women, when in virtue's orb they move ;
But then, like stars once fall'n, their light they lose,
Unheeded fade, and turn to slime, like those.

TO MR. HEDGES,

ON READING HIS LATIN ODE TO DR. BROXHOLME.

UNSKILL'D in Greek and Roman tongue,
Which words are short, and which are long,
To thee these home-spun lines I send,
Not as a scholar, but a friend.

Here I might show from wise example,
In work elaborate and ample,
That Homer, though he writ in Greek,
Writ what his mother taught him speak ;
Horace and Virgil's learned Latin,
Was what, when boys, they us'd to prate in.
That all fam'd bards, except the Dutch,
(If there were ever any such)
Have writ the poems, they excel in,
In the same tongue they learn'd to spell in.

To thee alone, with greatest ease,
'Tis granted, in all ways, to please ;
And, by a gift from heaven miraculous,
All linguas are to thee vernaculas :
That Horace self had scarcely known
Thy thoughts, or language, from his own.

Many a lad returns from school,
A Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fool;
In arts and knowledge still a block,
Though deeply skill'd in hic, hæc, hoc.
Heavy they tread the up-hill way,
O'er craggy rocks, and foundering clay,
Till, weary with their road, they stop
Just at the mountain's lofty top;
Still pouring on the barren ground,
View not the beauteous prospect round;
Which, hid beneath the summit, lies
Conceal'd from low and vulgar eyes,
And which alone can amply pay
The toil and drudgery of the way:
From hence they might with transport view
All that the ancient sages knew;
What they perform'd, and what they thought,
How Tully spoke, and Cæsar fought;
While manners of a world unknown
Should guide their youth, and form their own;
While bright examples lead to fame,
And vicious teach to fly their shame.

Yet we might spare the mighty pains
In searching ancient dark remains;
Since greater worthies rise at home,
And Britain scorns to yield to Rome.
Augustus' reign, renown'd for peace,
For learning, wit, and wealth's increase;
No more we envy, while our land
Is doubly bless'd from George's hand.
Ammon's success, and Cæsar's mind,
To form victorious Marlbro' join'd;
Demosthenes', and Tully's fame,
Must yield to Walpole's greater name;

Faction, and strife, to hear his voice,
Are dumb, and cease their jarring noise :
Whole senates bow their yielding minds,
Like woods before the southern winds ;
Free from deceit, and servile art,
He speaks the dictates of his heart ;
His tongue enchants, his counsel leads ;
Peace enters first, then wealth succeeds :
His virtues through the land confess'd,
While thus he soothes us to be bless'd.

If to new scenes we turn our view,
And learning, arts, and wit pursue ;
Our land can furnish men of fame,
To' eclipse the Greek and Roman name.
Locke shall instruct and form our youth,
And teach their understandings truth.
Vice shall look pale, and virtue thrive,
Humanity and friendship live ;
While Addison our morals rules,
And proves all villains to be fools.
Newton shall lead our ravish'd souls
Through boundless worlds beyond the poles ;
From star to star direct our way,
As certain, and as fix'd as they.
Examples were but vain to prove,
Our nation's boast, our country's love.
A land of patriots, brave and free,
While all mankind are slaves—but we!

To what a height true wit can reach,
Let Waller, and let Congreve teach ;
And if we needs must write by rules,
Without the' assistance of the schools,
In flowing verse, and lines well-wrought,
What Horace, what Quintilian thought,

Join'd with a little mother-wit,
Roscommon, and our Pope have writ.

The fair, who best the muse inspire,
Who warm the heart, and tune the lyre,
Superior to all former dames,
Inhabit now the banks of Thames :
The' Egyptian queen, the ancient's boast,
For whom the well-fought world was lost ;
'Tell me, dear Hedges, thou canst tell,
(Thou know'st the dead and living well)
Could she her haughty charms compare
With her, who represents her here ?
Old Homer's theme, the Grecian dame,
Who set whole nations in a flame,
No more had been the beauteous prize,
Had they beheld Lavinia's eyes :
The Greeks for her alone had strove,
And Paris had been false to love.

Thus taught, and thus inspir'd, I write
What friendship and what love indite ;
Free from each modern witling's vice,
Envy and slander, flattery, lies,
To please our pride, or gain our end,
Each jest should sacrifice a friend ;
While one's ill-nature joins to praise
What t' other's malice dully says ;
In peace my harmless minutes pass,
'Twixt business, beauty, and a glass ;
Nor want I aught my soul to cheer,
But thee, to join in pleasure here ;
Thus may I live, till life shall end,
And love my mistress, country, friend !

TO A FRIEND,

DISSUADING HIM FROM LOVING A CERTAIN LADY.

IF aught a kindly caution can impart,
Be this, not love, imprinted on thy heart ;
Let every line a well-known truth commend,
And where you doubt the poet, trust the friend ;
Let vanquish'd reason re-assume the field,
And to the true, the fictitious goddess yield.

What Homer feigns, when fierce Tydides strove,
Inspir'd by Pallas, with the queen of love ;
But shows the weakness of vain beauty's art,
Whilst wisdom's sacred influence arms the heart :
Yet, green in age, unvers'd in female wiles,
Each specious show our easy sight beguiles ;
Gay courting scenes the early path adorn,
And blooming beauty paints our youthful morn ;
Our heedless pleasures with false objects rise,
Blind to the blackening cloud, and gathering skies.
But, ah ! methinks I hear thee, sighing, say,
Such charms invite ! so flowery smiles the way !
Resolv'd, fair beauty's lovely maze I'll run—
Who might not thus ? who would not be undone ?—
O stay, rash youth ! beware, be timely wise,
Lurk'd in that labyrinth another monster lies !

How weak were female snares, how vain each
wile,

Did not our eyes our hood-wink'd minds beguile !
Like gross idolaters, we form the power,
Then the dull image, as a god, adore ;
Breath'd in soft sighs, our pleading souls impart,
And, for the victim, sacrifice our heart :

Hence, Celia rules, the tyrant of thy breast,
In all the seeming Deity confess'd ;
Hence, when she speaks, there's music in the sound,
Hence, when she looks, her eyes like lightnings
wound :

But, to thy reason's eye, the scene display,
And the proud phantom-goddess fades away ;
No more her immortality remains,
Unless preserv'd in thy immortal strains.

Grant we, thy Celia's charms superior shine,
Or, in the lover's language, look divine ;
Yet, is each charm to her alone confin'd ?
Or canst thou judge, by partial passion blind ?
Still, will each faithful, love-alluring grace,
Beam in her eye, and brighten up her face ?
So, the blue summit of some mountain's height,
Wrapt in gay clouds, deludes the distant sight ;
But, as with gazing eyes we draw more near,
Fades the false scene, and the rough rocks appear.

Nor outward form thy easy thought control,
But be the look an index to the soul ;
For, when old Nature fram'd the faithless fair,
From every work the goddess cull'd a share ;
In heavenly beauty bade her face excel,
But made her heart the treasury of hell :
Hence, pride, and lust, and jealous fury grow,
The springs of sorrow, and the seeds of woe !
Thus brothels with a painted angel shine,
Whilst latent devils, ambush'd, lurk within.

Nor think, my Damon, that I rashly blame
Thy too good nature, thy too generous flame ;
Like thine my victim'd heart the pangs has bore,
But (ah, delightful change !) endures no more ;

Yet, O! (for oft the thought disturbs my rest)
 'Tis hard to heal a love-envenom'd breast;
 So soft each arrow steals upon our heart,
 It glides a feather, but it grows a dart.
 Yet, wouldst thou from increasing ills be free,
 Pursue my precepts, and resolve like me;
 When the false syren singles out her man,
 Tips the lewd leer, or flaps the flirting fan:
 O shun the' infection swift, victorious, fly,
 She smiles a ruin, and she looks a lie!
 But, must some lovely, some divinely fair,
 Sweeten this draught of life, and soothe thy care;
 Let the gay muse relieve thy sickening pain,
 And form a brighter Venus of the brain: [grieve,
 'Then shalt thou scorn those charms that made thee
 And by the fair illusion learn to live.

So Israel's sons, by poisonous serpents stung,
 Aloft in air a mimic serpent hung;
 Fix'd on the sight, the sad afflicted train
 Gaz'd into health, and look'd away their pain.

Sidney-Coll. Feb. 19. 1725-6.

TO A

WRETCHED POETASTER;

THAT WENT INTO MOURNING, TO COUNTERFEIT
 HIS SISTER'S DEATH.

In vain, poor fustian fop, you dress and write,
 Begot in nature's scorn, and wit's despite;
 For sure she made thee only for a rule
 To form a coxcomb, and a canting fool;

In vain you tag dull miserable rhyme,
 And make it with your shambling legs to chime;
 The muse you may pursue in nature's spite,
 But never overtake her towering flight;
 In this you're only right, so smart in black,
 For then, you show your soul, upon your back.

As the sly peasant hangs a breathless crow,
 To scare the vermin from the corn below;
 So fortune sets thee in a world¹ of wit,
 To keep fools, like thyself, from tasting it.

Of old, we read Amphion's sacred song,
 Could draw dull blocks and senseless stones along;
 The same effect among thy books we see,
 For they draw blocks, as dull, in drawing thee.

Thy wit and money both are of a length,
 Both stol'n, dependant on each other's strength;
 But soon thy sister shall resume her breath,
 And to thy muse, and thee, give surer death,
 Then, those black ensigns of her wish'd-for fate,
 May mourn thy transient wit, and lost estate.

Wrote at Appleby School, 1723.

SONG.

"TWAS in the solemn noon of night,
 As I lay by a murmuring stream,
 Betray'd by fancy's sweet delight,
 Amus'd by an amorous dream;
 When straight I heard, or seem'd to hear,
 From an ivy's dark reverend shade,
 A solemn sound assault mine ear,
 And heavily pierce the thick glade.

¹ Meaning his books.

But soon a faint pale form appear'd,
Like a shade on a moon-shiny wall;
To its gor'd breast its hand it rear'd,
And utter'd this sorrowful call.

' O pity me, kind hearted swain!
For you knew, ah too well! the false maid;
She lov'd me first, first sooth'd my pain,
She sooth'd it, but then she betray'd!

' Depress'd with anguish, rage, and grief,
I fatally sought out this grove,
Here rashly cut the thread of life,
And ended all hopes of my love!

' But yet, though beauty cannot please,
And, though I'm now tasteless of charms,
'Twill rob me of eternal rest,
To think her enjoy'd in thy arms.

' Yet once, I think, thou wert my friend,
Till the friend in the rival was lost,
O kindly let the rival end,
Nor further torment a poor ghost!

' For this a restless shade I rove,
Be warn'd by my pitiful fate!
Betimes, betimes, renounce your love,
Nor ponder this lesson too late!

' So may good angels guard thy sleep,
But I to the false-hearted maid
Will glide, and through the curtains peep;
There show her the man she betray'd.

‘ She cannot, sure, she cannot see
So wretched an object unmov’d!
At least, I think, she’ll pity me,
More truly than ever she lov’d.

‘ Farewell—but, go to yonder cave,
Where my bones to the ravens lie bare;
Inhume them kindly in a grave,
And my fame from aspersers, O clear!’

I trembled as the spectre spoke,
And, starting, awak’d with the fright,
While the hoarse night-bird’s hollow croak
Presented the shivering sprite.

A sudden chillness freez’d my breast,
My soul in a terror was fled;
Fainting, I sunk, benumb’d, oppress’d,
And dream’d that Beliza was dead.

When soon, for now the dawning light
Be-jewell’d the dew-dropping vale,
A youth came posting through the night,
To tell me the fore-boded tale.

The maid was dead—my fears were just,
I arose, and soon found out the cave;
Prepar’d an urn, then mix’d their dust,
And weeping laid both in a grave.

TO MR. MITCHELL,

UPON HIS POETICAL PETITION TO THE HONOURABLE
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BACK, scribbler, to thy Caledonian plains,
Cold as thy genius, barren as thy brains ;
To those inhospitable mountains show
A cursed rhyming itch they never knew ;
Nor think to read thy lectures here ; for know,
We never take dictators from the plough :
Then peaceably betimes resign thy quill,
Scotland to British power is subject still.

While Congreve with a just politeness warms,
While easy Pope with flowing music charms ;
While witty Swift shall every muse adorn,
And Dennis scourge the fools he does not scorn ;
While Philips' verse delights the list'ning swains,
And Steele declines the praise his merit gains ;
While Fenton's sadly-pleasing numbers move,
And Granville kindles up a nobler love :
While happy we these tuneful bards can hear,
No foreign jargon shall debauch our ear.

Yet, warm'd by British heat and British lays,
Thou striv'st to turn thy libel into praise ;
Thus Egypt's streams in muddy currents run,
And ripen into monsters, by the sun.
In vain thou'rt sanctified with Milton's name,
Not even Homer should protect thy shame ;
In Pope, that mighty Greek thy baseness knows,
And Zoilus and Homer still were foes.

Murderers like thee to an asylum fly,
Not to show zeal, but hide their infamy :
And with convicted villains may'st thou go,
Guilty of robbery, and murder too ;
For trace thy steps, and presently we find
The hand that robb'd Pack's Garden of the Mind ;
Murdering each sweet, disguising it for thine,
And making mortal what he made divine.

TO MR. POPE,

DEAR SIR,

AND sure that fond, familiar name,
May hint, that friendship is my generous aim ;
O, then this frankness of my heart excuse,
And with a smile confirm the blushing muse ;
Ambitious hope ! yet say, to bless our eyes,
Thy mighty Homer should again arise,
Wouldst thou not pant, the wondrous man to see ?
Speak from thy inmost soul !—then censure me !
And as aloft in laurell'd state you sit,
And view below the subject sons of wit ;
O, teach those arduous ways through which you came,
And lead her through the flowery paths of fame !
A child, as yet no certain steps she takes,
But now and then a wild excursion makes ;
Mocks the grave dictates of her guardian art,
Steals from her sight, and plays a wanton's part.
Though cross'd myself in every glorious aim,
'Tis hope, at least, to be allied to fame :
And whilst the witty and the fair commend,
It hints some merit to be call'd thy friend.

Fir'd at that word, against my fate I'll strive,
And dare to emulate that praise I'd give.
What though I fail the bold attempt to gain,
Mean were the thought, to think it made in vain.
The richest ore shines useless, unreveal'd,
And smallest talents should not be conceal'd,
For sure the muse that generous verse inspires,
Which friendship dictates, and affection fires;
Warm'd by a faint reflexion of thy flame,
My bosom kindles at immortal fame;
But well I know the rashness of my youth,
Perhaps these lines confirm the fatal truth!
No sordid views could ever yet seduce
The virgin-chasteness of my youthful muse;
Let venal bards in state-promotion play,
There sport like atoms in the stream of day!
I never made a wealthy idiot laugh,
Or, Israel-like, ador'd a golden calf;
But when I see true worth conspicuous shine,
I burn to make the bright alliance mine;
Superior to the formal world's control,
Pride in its charms, and claim a kindred soul;
O! then this token of my zeal receive,
For next to merit praises, is to give.

TO THE
COUNTESS OF HERTFORD,

MADAM,

IF the following lines (the result of my misfortunes this morning) can engage your ladyship's encouragement to the poems I propose afterwards, it will be no small recommendation to their public appearance; and, a very great favour to their author,

Your ladyship's most devoted,
and most humble servant,

WILLIAM PATTISON.

FAIR patroness of gentle arts, excuse
This rude address of an unhappy muse;
A muse, bereft of every worldly view!—
Unknown she comes—but then she comes to you!
And if a stranger's soul, distressful, sigh,
Tun'd by kind sympathy, our souls reply;
Explore the cause through a long train of ills,
And, pitying, share those woes the sufferer feels:
'The loss of fortune, friends, or fame divine,—
O grievous loss! and must I call it mine?
And must I still reflect those happier hours,
When, peaceably retir'd, in Granta's bowers
I lay, the pleasing paths to learning plan'd,
And, Moses-like, just saw the promis'd land?
Just saw—but, O my soul! I live to mourn
The joyous scene, that can no more return!
Distress!—and have my boundless griefs reveal'd
The thought—ambition labouring had conceal'd!
In vain; for when we dictate from the heart,
Nature will speak at every pause of art;

And like a bashful virgin, half express'd,
 In spite of all the woman, blush the rest—
 Though pangful-martyrs smile upon their grief
 To man, yet sigh to him who sends relief.
 Whence then, my muse, thy blush? and why thy
 'Tis not the world—alleviate thy fears; [tears?
 Remember well, that virtue, still the same,
 Sounds the soft earnest of immortal fame!
 Though want itself might feed her famish'd eye,
 And sorrow sweeten into harmony.
 O how I long to change this mournful strain,
 But when fate frowns, the muses smile in vain!
 Doom'd by the sad severity of fate,
 And must I bound my glory with my hate?
 It must be so—like Noah's dove distress'd,
 In vain I wander up and down for rest,
 From spray to spray I traverse every tree,
 And offer up my greenest branch to thee!

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD CARTERET.

WITH an indulgent smile, my lord, excuse
 This sadly true prediction of the muse;
 And may this single specimen of woe¹
 Speak for the rest, and all its author show:
 Nor blushing let me mourn my youthful hours,
 As vainly spent in the Parnassian bowers.
 By nature prompted, and a slave to fate,
 I strove to please the witty and the great;
 Presumptuous hence, nor without hopes, I come
 To you, and from your taste await my doom;

¹ The 'Hour-glass,' subjoined to Proposals for publishing his poems. See p. 77.

From thence implore the sanction of your name,
To be my passport through the gates of fame :
So, miners first the bullion ore refine,
Then beg their monarch's stamp, to make it current coin.

EFFIGIES AUTHORIS¹.

OPPRESS'D with griefs, with poverty, and scorn,
Of all forsaken, and of all forlorn,
What shall I do? or whither shall I fly?
Or what kind ear will hear the muse's cry?
With restless heart from place to place I roam,
A wretched vagrant, destitute of home ;
Driv'n from fair Granta's shade by fortune's frown,
I came to court the flatterer in the town.
Three tedious days detain'd me on the road,
Whilst the winds whistled, and the torrents flow'd,
On my devoted head ; the gusty breeze
Shook the collected tempest from the trees ;
For shelter, to the shades I ran in vain,
The shades, deceitful, delug'd me with rain :
Thus when fate frowns upon our happier days,
Our friend, perhaps, our bosom friend, betrays.
But as vicissitudes control our fate,
And griefs and joys maintain a doubtful state,
So now the sun's emerging orb appears,
And with the spongy clouds dispels my fears,
In tears the transient tempest flits away,
And all the blue expansion flames with day.

¹ This melancholy portrait seems to have been presented to the Earl of Burlington.

My gazing eyes o'er pleasing prospects roll,
And look away the sorrows of my soul;
Pleas'd at each view some rueful thought to draw,
And moralize on every scene I saw;
Here, with inviting pride blue mountains rise,
Like joys more pleasant to our distant eyes;
In golden waves there tides of harvest flow,
Whilst idle poppies intermingling grow;
How like their brother fops, an empty show!
In every bush the warbling birds advance,
Sing to the sun, and on the branches dance;
No grief, no cares, perplex their souls with strife,
Like bards, they live a poor but merry life:
In every place alike their fortunes lie,
Both live in want, and unregarded die:
With like concern they meet approaching death,
In prison, or in fields, resign their breath.

Musing, I saw the fate I could not shun,
Shook my grave head, and pensive travell'd on:
But as Augusta's wish'd-for domes arise,
Peep o'er the clouds, and dance before my eyes;
What thoughts, what tumults fill'd my labouring
breast,

To be conceiv'd alone, but not express'd;
What intermingled multitudes arose,
Lords, parsons, lawyers, baronets, and beaus,
Fops, coxcombs, cits, and knaves of every class,
While some the better half, some wholly ass;
On either side bewailing suppliants stand, [hand,
Speak with their looks, and stretch their wither'd
In feeble accents supplicate relief,
And by their sorrows multiply my grief;
Mov'd by their wants, my fortune I deplore,
And deal a tribute from my slender store:

With joy the favour they receive, and pray
That God the bounteous blessing may repay !
Thus, providently wise, the labouring swain
O'er the plough'd furrows strews the fertile grain :
The grateful plain o'erpays his bounteous care
With tenfold blessings, and a golden year.

Now, lost in thought, I wander up and down,
Of all unknowing, and to all unknown ;
Try in each place, and ransack every news,
To find some friend, some patron of the muse :
But where ? or whom ? alas ! I search in vain,
The fruitless labour only gives me pain ;
But soon each pleasing prospect fades away,
And with my money all my hopes decay.

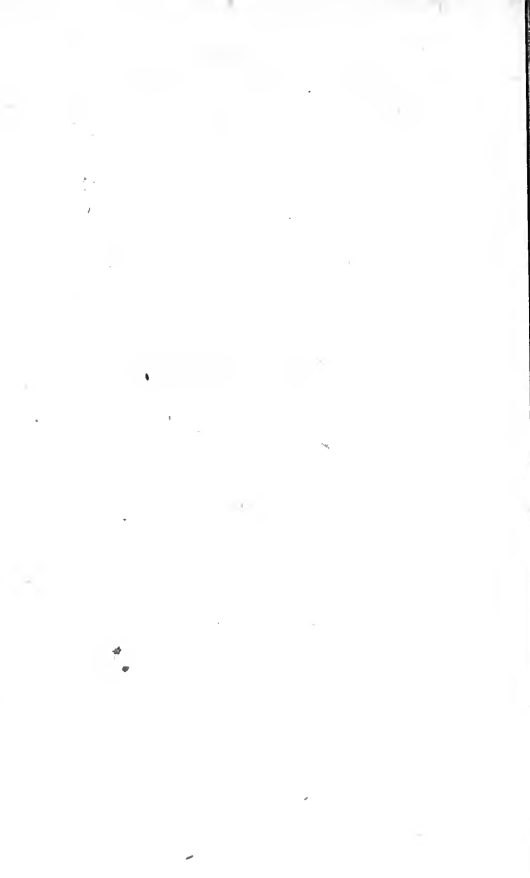
But now the sun diffus'd a fainter ray,
And falling dews bewail'd the falling day,
When to St. James's Park my way I took,
Solemn in pace, and sadden'd in my look :
On the first bench my wearied bones I laid,
For gnawing hunger on my vitals prey'd ;
There faint in melancholy mood I sate,
And meditated on my future fate.
Night's sable vapours now the trees invade,
And gloomy darkness deepen'd every shade ;
And now, ah ! whither shall the helpless fly,
From the nocturnal horrors of the sky ?
With empty rage my cruel fate I curse,
While falling tears bedew my meagre purse ;
What shall I do ? or whither shall I run ?
How 'scape the threatening fate I cannot shun ;
There, trembling, cold and motionless I lay,
Till sleep beguil'd the tumults of the day.
Yet though this mortal body was resign'd,
Tormenting objects terrified my mind,

Despairing forms, too dreadful for the light,
Danc'd on my eyes, and play'd before my sight ;
Here, worn with sorrow, Poverty appear'd,
In every ghastly form by mortals fear'd :
And now, to make my wants the more deplor'd,
Prepar'd a plenteous table richly stor'd.
My hand I stretch'd, impatient of delay,
When lo ! the fictitious treat dissolv'd away ;
Despair arose, and shook a deadly dart,
Then aim'd the thirsty arrow at my heart ;
Inly I quiver'd, trembled for my life,
Lost in tumultuous agony and grief.

But now a kind, though visionary shade [glade,
Gleam'd through the gloom, and brighten'd all the
On its fair head a branching laurel grew,
And, though before unseen, the form I knew ;
While thus it spoke—' Poor youth, thy fate I mourn,
And weeping make thy miseries my own :
But patiently resign—I bring relief,
For as I caus'd, 'tis just I cure thy grief.
Then hear—when morning's beamy rays arise,
And shoot refulgent glories through the skies ;
To Chiswick's pleasurable bowers repair,
To guide your wandering path be Thames's care ;
In those fair hospitable shades you'll find
Great Burlington, the muse's surest friend ;
Fam'd Burlington, as humble as he's great,
Pride of the court, and bulwark of the state :
To him this visionary tale disclose,
His soul will melt in pity at your woes.
To him retune your long neglected lyre,
And let his virtues every line inspire ;
Farewell,' it said—when as the morn appear'd,
To the warm rays my dewy head I rear'd,

Amaz'd, half drowsy, waken'd in a fright,
I ponder'd on the vision of the night;
When thoughtless in my pocket I reveal'd,
A latent sixpence happily conceal'd,
Surpris'd with transport stood my bristled hair,
On wings I seem'd to fly, and tread in air;
To the first house I took my speedy flight,
There wrote this recent vision of the night:
The wondrous tale in snowy foldings bound,
Then seal'd the passport with a waxen wound.
When, prompted by my genius, swift as thought
To Chiswick's bowers my rueful story brought;
Where now, with doubtful hopes and fears, I wait
Your bounteous lordship's pleasure at your gate.

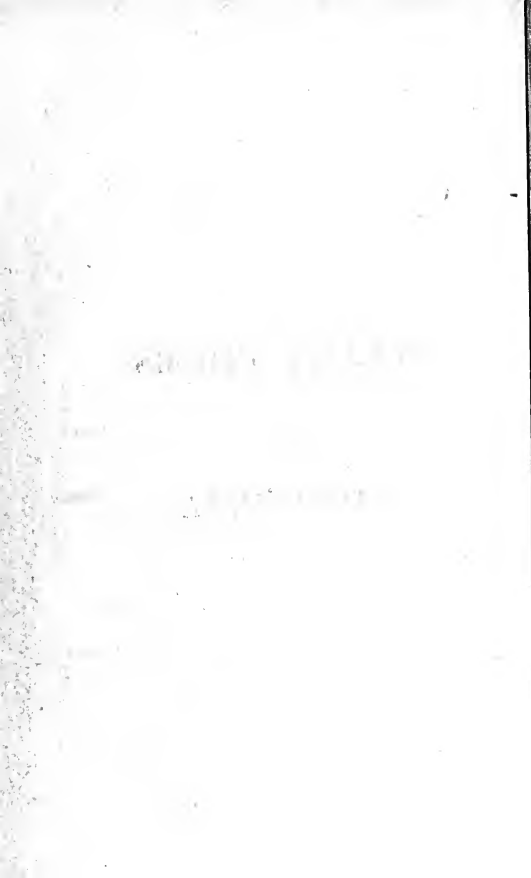
W. PATTISON.



SELECT POEMS

OF

AARON HILL.



AARON HILL.

TO MR. POPE.

THE glow-worm scribblers, of a feeble age,
Pale twinklers of an hour, provoke my rage;
In each dark hedge we start an insect fire,
Which lives by night and must at dawn expire.
Yet such their number, that their specks combine,
And the unthinking vulgar swear they shine.

Poets are prodigies, so greatly rare,
They seem the tasks of heaven, and built with care.
Like suns unquench'd, unrivall'd, and sublime,
They roll immortal o'er the wastes of time:
Ages in vain close round, and snatch in fame,
High over all still shines the poet's name:
Lords of a life, that scorns the bounds of breath,
They stretch existence—and awaken death.

Pride of their envied climes! they plant renown,
That shades the monarch's by the muse's crown:
To say that Virgil with Augustus shin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.

So, when three thousand years have wan'd away,
And Pope is said to've liv'd when George bore sway,
Millions shall lend the king the poet's fame,
And bless, implicit, the supported name.

TO THE
EXCELLENT DAUGHTERS

OF A DECEASED LADY.

WHY should ye thus, to prove but vainly kind,
Add a weak body to a sickly mind?
Could but your pious grief recal her breath,
Or tears of duty win her back from death,
We would not blame the passion you express,
But share it with you, if 'twould make it less !

But oh ! when certain death's uncertain hour
Exerts his known, his unresisted pow'r ;
When we are summon'd from our cares below,
To joys which living merit must not know ;
When souls, like your dear mother's, quit their clay,
And change earth's darkness for eternal day :
From their bliss-circled seats, perhaps, they view
These humbler regions, which themselves once knew,
And, swell'd with thoughts which make the angels
kind,
Pity the pledges they have left behind.

'Tis true, the loss you mourn is vastly great,
But in that loss your country shares your fate ;
The public good her wishes would have done,
Made every man in every land her son :
Thence, lovely mourners ! give us leave to prove,
We ought to share your grief, who shar'd your
mother's love.

Yet may all parties make their sorrow less,
And you, and we, concern enough express ;

You may with comfort calm your ruffled mind,
To think your mother left her cares behind ;
And we, though losers, should be thankful too,
Since we are still left rich, possessing you.

AN EPIGRAM,

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES ON A MONUMENT IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

How lost this pomp of verse ! how vain the hope,
That thought can dwell on Craggs, in view of Pope !
When upon Rubicon's fam'd bank is shown
Cæsar's press'd foot, on the remember'd stone ;
No traveller once asks the quarry's name, [came ;
Whence the coarse grit by chance distinguish'd
But thinks with reverence, here great Julius trod,
And hails the footstep of a Roman god !

SONG.

OH ! forbear to bid me slight her,
Soul and senses take her part ;
Could my death itself delight her,
Life should leap to leave my heart.
Strong, though soft, a lover's chain,
Charm'd with woe, and pleas'd with pain.

Though the tender flame were dying,
Love would light it at her eyes ;
Or, her tuneful voice applying,
Through my ear my soul surprise.
Deaf, I see the fate I shun ;
Blind, I hear I am undone.

HINT FROM SOME OLD VERSES,

ON A STONE IN STEPNEY CHURCH WALL.

Two thousand years, ere Stepney had a name,
In Carthage walls I shar'd the punic fame;
There to the strongest added strength I lent,
And proudly propp'd the world's best ornament.
Now to cold Britain a torn transport thrown,
I piece a church-yard pile unmark'd, unknown:
Stain'd, and half sunk in dirt, my sculpture lies,
And moulders, like the graves which round me rise.
Oh! think, blind mortals! what frail dust you claim,
And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, power, and fame;
Short praise can fleeting hopes like yours supply,
Since times, and tongues, and towers, and empires
die.

EPITAPH ON*SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

MORE than his name were less.—'Twould seem to
fear,
He who increas'd Heaven's fame could want it here.
Yet when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found are first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And time and Newton's name together die.

WRIT ON A

BLANK LEAF OF AN OBSCENE POEM.

THE sacred Nine first spread their golden wings
 In praise of virtue, heroes, and of kings :
 Chaste were their lays, and ev'ry verse design'd
 To soften nature, and exalt the mind.
 Loosely the moderns live, and loosely write,
 And woo their muse, as mistress, for delight.
 Thick in their lays obscenities abound,
 As weeds spring plenteous in the rankest ground :
 All who write verse, to taint a guiltless heart,
 Are vile profaners of the sacred art.
 Cloy'd, the sick reader from the work retires,
 And ere the writer dies, his fame expires.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF MISS ———.

CARE, be banish'd far away—
 Fly, be gone, approach not here :
 Mirth and joy demand this day,
 Happiest day of all the year !
 Summers three times seven have shone,
 All outshin'd by Delia's eyes :
 Winters three times seven are gone,
 All whose snows her breast supplies.
 Dance we then the cheerful round,
 Music might have stay'd away ;
 She but speaking, organs sound:
 She but smiling, angels play.

'Tis her birth-day—let it blaze ;
Born to charm, and form'd for bliss ;
Live she lov'd a world of days,
Every day as bless'd as this !

Let her beauty not increase ;
Too, too strong, already there ;
But let Heaven augment her peace,
Till she's happy as she's fair.

RONALD AND DORNA :

BY A HIGHLANDER, TO HIS MISTRESS.

(From a literal Translation of the Original.)

COME, let us climb Skorr-urran's snowy top ;
Cold as it seems, it is less cold than you :
Thin through its snow these lambs its heath-twigs
crop ;
Your snow, more hostile, starves and freezes too.

What though I lov'd of late in Skie's fair isle ;
And blush'd—and bow'd—and shrunk from
Kenza's eye ;
All she had power to hurt with was her smile ;
But, 'tis a frown of your's for which I die.

Ask why these herds beneath us rush so fast
On the brown sea-ware's stranded heaps to feed?
Winter, like you, withholds their wish'd repast,
And, robb'd of genial grass, they browse on weed.

Mark with what tuneful haste Sheleia flows,
To mix its widening stream in Donnan's lake ;
Yet should some dam the current's course oppose,
It must, perforce, a less lov'd passage take.

Born, like your body, for a spirit's claim,
Trembling, I wait, unsoul'd, till you inspire :
God has prepar'd the lamp, and bids it flame ;
But you, fair Dorna, have withheld the fire.

High as yon pine ; when you begin to speak,
My lightening heart leaps hopeful at the sound ;
But fainting at the sense, falls, void and weak,
And sinks and saddens like yon mossy ground.

All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear,
Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you ;
Ev'n Heaven itself would your sweet likeness wear,
If with its power, you had its mercy too.

THE SINGING-BIRD.

POPE, in absence of his pain,
Easy, negligent, and gay,
With the fair in amorous vein,
Lively as the smiling day,
Talk'd and toy'd the hours away.

Tuneful, o'er Belinda's chair,
Finely cag'd, a linnet hung ;
Breath'd its little soul in air,
Fluttering round its mansion sprung,
And its carols sweetly sung.

Winding, from the fair one's eye,
On her feather'd slave to gaze ;
' Meant (cried Pope) to wing the sky,
Yet, a captive all thy days,
How dost thou this music raise !

' Since a prisoner thou can'st sing,
Sportive, airy, wanton, here,
Hadst thou liberty of wing,
How thy melody would cheer !
How transport the listening ear !'

' No, (replied the warbling song,
Rais'd—articulate, and clear)
Now, to wish me free were wrong ;
Loftier in my native sphere,
But with fewer friends than here.

' Though with grief my fate you see,
Many a poet's is the same ;
Aw'd, secluded, and unfree ;
Humble avarice of fame,
Keeps 'em fetter'd, own'd, and tame.

' To our feeders, they and I
Lend our lives in narrow bound ;
Perch'd within our owner's eye,
Gay we hop the gilded round,
Changing neither note nor ground.

' For, should freedom break our chain,
Though the self-dependent flight
Would to heaven exalt our strain,
Yet unheard and out of sight,
All our praise were forfeit by't.'

All the kind passions, wanting one, she'll own ;
But that one wanting all the rest are none.
Would love and she disperse the threatening storm,
Let her believe, and trust, and break through form :
Let her command thy stay to know success,
Nor fear the godlike attribute—to bless :
Born to distinguish her from womankind,
To court her converse, and to taste her mind ;
Fram'd for her empire, with her image fill'd,
Charm'd by her form, and in her temper skill'd ;
Piercing her timorous heart's most secret thought,
And knowing, and adoring each dear fault,
How art thou pain'd—to find her softening will
Held against love by every guard of skill !
How art thou doom'd to lengths of opening woe,
Should she feel love—yet fear to tell thee so !

If she distrusts thy truth—all hope must fall ;
Doubting her power, she disbelieves thee all.
And none who doubts her lover dares to love.
Go, then—to climes cold as her heart remove ;
A distant fate thy gloomy choice prefers,
Present thou can'st not live and not live hers.

Farewell, kind, cautious, unresolving fair !
To hear thee bless'd will charm amidst despair.
'Tis death to go—'tis more than death to stay,
Rest will be soonest reach'd the first dark way.
Ne'er may'st thou know a pain ; still cheerful be,
Nor check life's comforts, with one thought of me.

SONG.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May;
How can empty sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me;
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky:
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

TO MR. JAMES THOMSON,

ON HIS ASKING MY ADVICE TO WHAT PATRON HE
SHOULD ADDRESS HIS POEM, CALLED 'WINTER.'

SOME peers have noble skill to judge, 'tis true,
Yet, no more prospect bounds the muse's view:
Firm, in your native strength, thus greatly shown,
Slight such delusive props, and stand alone;
Fruitless dependance oft has prov'd too late,
That greatness dwells not always with the great.
Patrons are nature's nobles, not the state's,
And wit's a title no broad seal creates:
E'en kings, from whose high source all honours
flow,

Are poor in power when they would souls bestow:
He who stoops safe beneath a patron's shade,
Shines, like the moon, but by a borrow'd aid:
Truth should, unbiass'd, free and open steer,
Strong as heaven's heat, and as its brightness clear;

Heedless of fortune ; then look down on state,
Balanc'd within by merit's conscious weight :
Divinely proud of independent will,
Prince of your wishes, live a sovereign still.
Oh ! swell not then the bosoms of the vain ;
With false conceit you their protection gain,
Poets, like you, their own protectors stand,
Plac'd above aid from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a lord's unlasting name,
Shall lend her soundness depth to float your fame :
On verse like yours no smiles from power expect,
Born with a worth that doom'd you to neglect.
Yet, would your wit be prais'd—reflect no more,
Let the smooth veil of flattery silk you o'er,
Aptly attach'd, the court's soft climate try ;
Learn your pen's duty from your patron's eye.
Ductile of soul each pliant purpose wind,
And, following interest close, leave doubt behind :
Then shall your name strike loud the public ear,
For through good fortune virtue's self shines clear.

But, in defiance of our taste—to charm,
And fancy's force with judgment's caution arm,
Disturb with busy thought so lull'd an age,
And plant strong meanings o'er the peaceful page,
Impregnate sound with sense, teach nature art,
And warm ev'n winter, till it thaws the heart :
How could you thus your country's rules transgress,
Yet think of patrons, and presume success !

VERSES,

WRIT FOR AND SENT TO A WIDOW GENTLEWOMAN, ON
OCCASION OF HER SON'S MELANCHOLY, UPON THEIR
LOSSES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LIFE.

WELCOME, ah ! welcome, life's last friend, decay !
Faint on, tir'd soul, and lapse, unmourn'd, away ;
Now I look back, asham'd at hope's false blaze,
That shone delightful on my happier days ;
In their true colours now, too late, I see
What youth, and pride, and mirth, and praise,
must be !

Bring, then, great curer, Death ! thy dark relief,
And save me from vain sense of hopeless grief.
Shut me for ever from the suffering scene,
And leave long voids for silent rest between ;
Thy hand can snatch me from a weeping son,
Heir to my woes, and born to be undone !
Place me where I no more his wrongs shall hear,
Nor his told sorrows reach my shelter'd ear.

Thus while I mourn'd, retir'd from hated light,
Sleep came, and hid affliction in the night ;
The night, instructive to my bold complaint,
In a long dream did that sad march repaint,
That pomp of tears which did for Sheffield flow,
Who lately blacken'd half our streets with woe.
' There, (cried a pointing seraph) look ! compare !
And blush, forgetful of your light despair !
What has this mother lost, as far distress'd
Beyond her sex, as late beyond 'em bless'd !
Son of her soul ! her child, by mind and birth,
Bright by her fires, and guardian of her worth ;

Promise of virtues to the rising age!
Yet, ah! how blasted is the lov'd presage!
Think of her loss, her weight of woe bemoan,
And, humbly conscious, sigh not for your own.¹

ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. VI.

PART OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LET shining charity adorn your zeal,
The noblest impulse generous minds can feel:
But have a care you take this virtue right,
And shun the glare of the proud hypocrite.
Mistaken men! who, fond of public fame,
Disgrace the act, while they affect the name!
On earth, vainglorious zeal may meet regard,
But heaven nor owns it, nor vouchsafes reward.

Thou, on the contrary, whose pitying breast
Would, as it ought, give ease to the distress'd;
Scarce tell thy right hand what thy left will do,
But be at once resolv'd and silent too.
Secret as night thy pious alms convey;
For God, who sees by night, rewards by day.

So, when thy soul approaches God in pray'r,
Be not deceiv'd, as those false zealots are,
Who daily into crowded temples press,
And there, with feign'd devotion, heaven address;
But when thou pray'st all public notice shun,
And, private, to thy inmost closet run:
There, close and earnest, to thy duty fall,
And God will show thee that he hears thy call.

Swell not thy forms of prayer with wild desires;
Excess of fuel chokes the brightest fires;

The erring heathen so mistake their way,
And think they best are heard who most can say.
But shun thou this, and know God's piercing eye
Sees all thy wants, before thy words come nigh.
From rising malice guard thy yielding will,
Nor proudly dare to take revenge for ill :
Thou must forgive, that God may pardon thee ;
For none who pities not, shall pitied be.

Misled by avarice, seek not wealth to gain
By hoarding treasures which are got in vain :
Deceitful riches, which the moth destroys,
Which rust consumes, or the bold thief enjoys !
In heaven's high storehouse let your heaps be laid,
A wealth which no destroyer can invade ;
No moth there enters, rust corrupts not there,
Nor plundering thief alarms the owner's care :
Safe, therefore, in that place your treasures lay ;
For where your riches are, your heart will stay.

Secure of heaven's regard, live free from care,
Nor toil, life's common comforts to prepare :
Banish vain forecast for thy needful gain,
Nor let meat, drink, and clothing, give thee pain.
Observe the fowls—they neither reap nor sow,
Yet find their wants supplied where'er they go :
Look on the lilies of the ripening field,
No toil of theirs does those sweet colours yield ;
Yet was not Solomon, when dress'd to please,
So gloriously adorn'd as one of these.
If, therefore, God so feeds the feather'd train,
So clothes the grass, which withers on the plain,
How much more careful will he be of you,
O faithless man ! who yet distrusts him too ?

THE GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, Amanda, gently bending,
Sweetly pensive loves to lean,
O'er the groves her sight extending
Through the walks that shoot between.

' Plac'd (says she) within this window,
Screen'd, I distant charms survey,
Taught by poor deceiv'd Olindo,
Nothing's safe that looks too gay.

' Here I view, in soften'd shadings,
Amorous flower to flower incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When with hanging heads they pine

' Here I smell the fragrant breezes,
Safe from evening's chilly blast;
Here the noonday sunshine pleases,
Fearless when 'twill overcast.

' Hence I hear the tempest rising,
See the grovy greatness shake;
Every distant ill despising,
While I every good partake.

' So commanding life's gay garden,
Let me thornless wear the rose;
Choice like mine let fashion pardon,
Tasting charms, but shunning woes.'

EPILOGUE,

FOR A LADY WHO ACTED EUDOCIA, IN THE SIEGE OF
DAMASCUS, REPRESENTED AT THE DUKE OF BED-
FORD'S AT WOOBURN.

I've heard of maids, who first resolve too fast,
And then weigh arguments, when facts are past;
Young, though my reason is not so, it stray'd;
But first found pleadings for the part I play'd.

Play'd, said I—second thought that word re-
tracts;

Fancies and follies play, but passion *acts*:

Passion! the spring that all life's wheels employs,
Winds up the working thought—and heightens
joys: [blame;

Passion! the great man's guide, the poor man's
The soldier's laurel, and the sinner's flame.

Passion! that leads the grave, impels the gay,
Bids the wise tremble, and the fool betray.

Ev'n at this hour, what's here our pastime made,
Gives the court business, and the kingdom trade;
When factions quarrel, or when statesmen fall,
Each does but act his part at passion's call.

Like our's, to night, Lord Passion sets their task;
Their fears, hopes, flatteries, all are passion's mask.
The world's wide stage, for this one practice, fill'd,
Sees some act nobly, others play unskill'd.

Triflers and smarts, who toy time's dream away,
Sots, beaux, and hounds of party, these but play;
Sons of their country's hope, sublimely rack'd
For others' rest.—These do not play, but act.

Who play the poorest parts?—the bought, the
The light believer, and the perjur'd swain; [vain,

The dull dry joker, the coarse ill-bred bear,
 The friends of folly, and the foes of care. [just,
 Who act their parts with praise?—the firm, the
 Who sell no sentiments, and break no trust;
 The learn'd, the soft, the social, and the kind,
 The faithful lover, and the plain good mind.

Such the best actors—form'd for honour's stage!
 Who play no farces, and disgrace no age:
 But copying nature, with true taste, like ours,
 Please, and are pleas'd, and wing the guiltless hours.

MODESTY.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
 So modest ease, in beauty, shines most bright:
 Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
 And she who means no mischief, does it all.

TO A LADY,

WHO SENT BACK THE TOP OF A SWEET-BRIAR BRANCH,
 AND RETAINED THE WORST END OF IT.

WHILE the way of the world is, to keep all the
 best,
 And then, in due form, oblige friends with the rest,
 You, ma'am, who would lend even trifles a grace,
 Teach your meanings to borrow a smile from your
 face;
 And, polite to your pain, when a present you send,
 Give the thorn to yourself, and the rose to your
 friend.

Yet let my will's reluctant pride submit,
 And learn to love the lot that Heaven found fit.
 All I can lose, God gave—and, when 'tis flown,
 Whom does he wrong, who but resumes his own?

Should I in fruitless agony complain?
 Fretting my wound but multiplies my pain :
 While they, who patiently embrace distress,
 Teach shame to satisfy, and grief to bless.
 Whate'er has been, 'tis madness to regret;
 Whate'er must be, shocks least when braveliest met.
 Learn then, my soul, thy course resign'd to run,
 And never pray thy will—but, God's be done !

COPIES

FOR CHILDREN TO LEARN TO WRITE.

THE body's beauty dwells in shape and face,
 The soul's in mildness, modesty, and grace ;
 The first but charms an earthly lover's eye,
 The last draws angels from beyond the sky ;
 One, for a moment, man's frail heart procures,
 The other makes your God for ever yours.

ADVICE TO THE VIRGINS,

TO GUARD AGAINST FLATTERY.

FAIREST, forgive the too officious lay,
 That sends the muse you charm to smooth your way;
 I, though admiring, act no lover's part,
 Nor bid soft sounds seduce your listening heart :

Candidly touch'd, my pen's obtrusive fear
Nor dares to shock, nor aims to soothe your ear ;
Needless, 'tis true, to bid such nymphs beware,
Who every grace and virtue make their care :
Yet modest excellence will oft descend
To thank unwanted caution in a friend.
A faithful pilot, fervent in his fears,
And, trembling, anxious for the worth he steers.
'Twere mortal pain to see such beauty mourn,
By bold distress, or impious falsehood, torn.
Love's gay delusion tempts a thousand ways ;
Now wounds with softness, now destroys with
praise.

Thy veil, O flattery ! hides a traitor's heart,
And gives up confidence—a prey to art :
Unbridled youth, to consequences blind,
Indulging body, hears no call of mind.
Feeble discretion, so by warmth o'errun,
Does, with a peacock's feather, fan the sun.
Beauty, that trusts too fast, is beauty's bane,
A self-betrayer, that embraces pain.
Oh, hear suspicious when the lover sues !
She most attracts who longest can refuse.
Poise the tried terms on which his hope depends,
Prop'd on the parent's counsel, and the friend's :
So, leaning safe, and wanting space to stray,
Love's guardian angels crown your nuptial day.
Or should the gilded hypocrite at last
Show, that he meant your spotless fame to blast ;
Fly the found tempter, each low lure despise,
And lift your heart's wrong'd wish above surprise.
Nature, that form'd you loveliest, doubly kind,
'To like perfection rais'd your conquering mind,
Fram'd you to truth, to virtue turn'd your taste,
For honour dress'd you, and for reverence grac'd.

Freedom regain'd, pursue the shining track,
And leave the base repentor to his rack.
Then bless the verse, that from such ruin sav'd
An artless conqueror, by success enslav'd :
Now happy, painless hours, shall unperplex
The best-lov'd pattern of the loveliest sex.

THE GNAT.

WHILE in the Mall my Celia shone,
And drew the world to gaze,
A wanton gnat came buzzing on,
To gambol in her blaze :

Enliven'd by her lucid beams,
And urging bliss too nigh,
The' attractive beauty's powerful streams
O'erwhelm'd him in her eye.

The glowing orb swift catching fire,
Now heat was mix'd with light ;
The wing, that durst so high aspire,
She rubb'd to dust in spite.

Meanwhile the clouded sight shone dim ;
Her sun through mists appears ;
Moist anguish rose above the brim,
And flow'd away in tears.

O gnat ! too happy thus to die !
My Celia weeps thy fate ;
She kills me every day—yet I
No pity can create.

Mysterious sex! by custom led,
Mere trifles most to prize :
O, truth, to turn a lover's head !
They murder men, and weep for flies.

THE HAPPY MAN.

HIGH o'er the winding of a clifly shore,
From whose worn steep the backening surges roar ;
FREEMAN—sweet lot ! in quiet plenty lives ;
Rich in the unbought wealth which nature gives ;
Unplanted groves rise round his shelter'd seat,
And self-sown flowers attract his wandering feet ;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far-seen fields wave with domestic corn.

The grateful herds, which his own pastures feed,
Pay their ask'd lives, and in due tribute bleed.
Here, in learn'd leisure, he relaxes life
'Twixt prattling children and a smiling wife :
Here, on dependent want he sheds his care,
Moves amid smiles, and all he hears is pray'r.
The world lies round him like a subject soil,
Stor'd for his service, but beneath his toil.

Hence, in a morning walk, his piercing eye
Skims the green ocean to the circling sky ;
And marks at distance some returning sail,
Wing'd by the courtship of a flattering gale.
The fearless crew, concluding danger o'er,
With gladdening shouts salute the opening shore ;
They think how best they may their gains employ,
And antedate their scenes of promis'd joy.
Till a near quicksand checks their shorten'd way,
And the sunk masts point through the rising spray.

Freeman starts, sad ! revolves the changeful sight,
Where misery can so soon succeed delight ;
Then shakes his head in pity of their fate,
And, sweetly conscious, hugs his happier state.

THE PICTURE OF LOVE.

Love is a passion by no rules confin'd,
The great first mover of the human mind :
Spring of our fate ! it lifts the climbing will,
Or sinks the soften'd soul in seas of ill :
Science, truth, virtue, sweetness, glory, grace,
All are love's influence, and adorn his race ;
Love, too, gives fear, despair, grief, anger, strife,
And all the' unnumber'd woes which tempest life.

Fir'd with a daring wish, to paint him right,
What muse shall I invoke to lend me light ?
Something divine there lives in love's soft flame,
Beyond our spirit's power to give it name !
How shall I paint it then ? or why reveal
A pleasure and a pain which all must feel ?

Soul of thy sex's sweetness ! aid my hope,
Pride of my reason, and my passion's scope !
Thou whose least motion can delight inspire !
And whose sweet eye-beams shed celestial fire !
Thou, at whose heav'n-tun'd voice the dead might
wake !

And from whose face we fatal learning take,
Teach me thy godlike power the heart to move,
Smile on my verse, and look the world to love !
Far, ye profane, from my chaste subject fly,
Nor stain its brightness with a tainted eye ;

What, if a thousand ills the wanton prove,
Whose earth-born heat usurps the name of love?
Lovers, indeed, are cast in no coarse mould,
How few have yet been form'd, though time's
grown old!

No wild desire can this proud bliss bestow,
Souls must be match'd in heaven, though mix'd
below.

As fire, by nature, climbs direct and bright,
And beams, in spotless rays, a shining light;
But if some gross obstruction stop its way,
Smokes in low curls, and scents the sullied day:
So love itself, untainted and refin'd,
Borrows a tincture from the colour'd mind;
The great grow greater, while its force they prove,
But little hearts want room and cripple love.

Cautious, ye fated, who frequent the fair!
Your breasts examine, nor too rashly dare,
Curb your untrusted hearts while yet they're free,
Love is resistless when you feel 'tis he.

Small is the soul's first wound from beauty's dart,
And scarce the' unheeded fever warms the heart.
Long we mistake it under liking's name,
A soft indulgence that deserves no blame;
A pleasure we but take to do her right,
Whose presence charms us, and whose words delight;
Whose sweet remembrance broods upon our breast,
And whose dear friendship is with pride possess'd.

Excited thus, the smother'd fire at length
Bursts into blaze, and burns with open strength:
That image which before but sooth'd the mind,
Now lords it there, and rages unconfin'd,
Mixing with all our thoughts it wastes the day,
And when night comes, it dreams the soul away.

Pungent impatience tingles in each vein,
And the sick bosom throbs with aching pain.

Absent from her, in whom alone we live,
Life grows a bankrupt, and no bliss can give;
Friends are importunate, and pleasure's lost,
What once most charm'd us, now disgusts us most:
Fretful, to silent solitude we run,
And men, and light, and noisy converse shun;
Pensive, in woods, on river's sides we walk,
And to the' unlistening winds and waters talk;
How next we shall approach her, pleas'd we weigh,
And think in transport all we mean to say:
Tenderly bowing, thus will we complain,
Thus court her pity, and thus plead our pain;
Thus sigh at fancied frowns, if frowns should rise,
And thus meet favours in her softening eyes.

Restless, on paper we our vows repeat,
And pour our souls out on the missive sheet:
Write, blot, restore—and, in lost pieces rend
The mute entreaters, yet too faint to send;
Unbless'd, if no admission we procure,
'Tis heaven at distance to behold her door!
Or to her window we by night repair,
And let loose fancy, to be feasted there;
Watch her lov'd shadow as it glances by,
And to imagin'd motions chain our eye;
Has she some field, or grove, or garden bless'd?
Pleas'd, we retread the paths her feet have press'd;
Near her, by chance, at visits or at plays,
Our rushing spirits crowd in speaking gaze;
Light on her varied airs our eye-balls ride,
Blind, as the dead, to the full world beside.

If bless'd by some kind letter from her hand,
The cherish'd flame is into madness fann'd;

Trembling we half devour the sacred prize,
And lend our thoughts and lips to aid our eyes;
No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
For aught once warm'd by her enlivening touch.

These are the sweet effusions of desire,
When absence wounds us, or when wishes fire;
But when in presence we our vows address,
Who can the tumults of the soul express?
Boundless desire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
Stormy by turns the veering heart employ;
Sickening in fancy's sunshine, now we faint,
And license wounds us deeper than restraint:
Fix'd in her opening door surpris'd we stay;
Dumb and depriv'd of all we meant to say:
Our eyes flash meanings, but our rooted feet
Pause till due reverence saints the hallow'd heat:
Soft tremblings seize us and a gentle dread,
Speechless our thought, and all our courage fled.

Slowly reviving, we from love's short trance
Softly with blushful tenderness advance;
Bowing we kneel, and her given hand is press'd,
With sweet compulsion, to our bounding breast;
O'er it in ecstasy our lips bend low,
And tides of sighs 'twixt her grasp'd fingers flow:
High beats the hurried pulse at each forc'd kiss,
And every burning sinew aches with bliss:
Life in a souly deluge rushes o'er,
And the charm'd heart springs out at every pore.

The first fierce rapture of amazement past,
Confusion quits us, and desire grows fast;
We sit, and while her gaz'd-at beauties rise,
A humid brightness sparkles from our eyes;
Modest disquiet every action wears,
And each long look the mark of passion bears!

Disorder'd nature no cold medium keeps,
Transport now reigns, and dull reflection sleeps :
All that we feel, or wish, or act, or say,
Is above thought, and out of reason's way ;
Joy murmurs, anger laughs, and hope looks sad ;
Rashness grows prudent, and discretion mad :
Restless we feel our amorous bosom burn,
Now this way look we, and now that way turn.
Now, in sweet swell of thought, our lifted eyes
Lose their low languor, and attempt to rise ;
Now sinking suppliant seek the charmer's feet,
And court wish'd pity in their glanc'd retreat,
Oft, in fix'd gaze, they dwell upon her face,
Then start astonish'd from some dazzling grace ;
Now in bold liberty fly out unbid,
Now aw'd, 'scape inward 'twixt the closing lid.

If we dare speak, and would our wish pursue,
The words fall feathery, like descending dew ;
The softening accents ev'n in utterance die,
And the tongue's sweetness here out-charms the eye,
Till mingled sighs the fainting voice confound ;
But lovers meanings speak, though robb'd of sound.

Is there no more ? oh ! yet the last remains :
Crown of our conquest ! sweetener of our pains !
There is a time when love no wish denies,
And smiling nature throws off all disguise ;
But who can words to speak those raptures find ?
Vast sea of ecstasy, that drowns the mind !
That fierce transfusion of exchanging hearts !
That gliding glimpse of heaven, in pulsive starts !
That veiny rush ! that warm tumultuous roll !
That fire, which kindles body into soul !
And on life's margin strains delight so high,
That sense breaks short, and while we taste we die.

By love's soft force all nature is refin'd,
'The dull made sprightly, and the cruel kind :
Gently the stubborn passions learn to move,
And savage hearts are humaniz'd by love ;
Love in a chain of converse bound mankind,
And polish'd and awak'd the rugged mind ;
Justice, truth, pity, openness of heart,
Courage, politeness, eloquence, and art,
That generous fire with which ambition flames,
And all the' unsleeping soul's divinest aims,
Touch'd by the warmth of love, burn up more bright,
Proud of the godlike power to give delight !

Thus have I vainly strove, with strokes too faint,
Love in his known and outward marks to paint ;
Unmindful, that of old they veil'd his face,
And wisely cover'd what they could not trace.
Lovely creator of my soul's soft pain,
Pity the pencil that aspir'd in vain :
Vers'd in love's pangs, and taught his power by you,
Skill'd, I presum'd that what I felt I drew :
But I have err'd ; and, with delirious aim,
Would picture motion, and imprison flame.
He who can lightning's flash to colours bind,
May paint love's influence on the burning mind !
Then, when we master him and give him law,
Then may we chain him, and his image draw :
But who would bind this god, must captive take
A power, which all mankind can captive make :
I am too weak of heart, yet I can tell
Those who dare seize him, where he loves to dwell.
I see him now ; in his own heaven he lies,
Close at sweet ambush in Miranda's eyes.

ADVICE TO THE POETS.

Too long provok'd, immortal muse, forgive ;
 Rouse a dead world, and teach my verse to live.
 Not the low muse, who lends her feeble fire,
 To flush pale spleen, or light up loose desire ;
 But that bright influence, that expansive glow,
 Which first in angel's numbers learn'd to flow :
 Ere time had struck eternity with shade,
 Or day, or night, or space, or form, was made :
 Tun'd the rais'd notes at which creation grew,
 And worlds, and stars, and suns, and heavens, shot
 new.

She, she, the muse—Oh, ne'er to be defin'd ;
 Thou flame of purpose ! and thou flow of mind !
 Thou path of praise, by heaven's first favourites trod !
 Thou voice of prophets ! and thou breath of God !

I feel her now—the' invader fires my breast ;
 And my soul swells, to suit the heavenly guest :
 Hear her, O Pope ! she sounds the' inspir'd decree,
 Thou great archangel of wit's heaven ! for thee.

Let vulgar genii, sour'd by sharp disdain,
 Piqu'd, and malignant, words low war maintain,
 While every meaner art exerts her aim,
 O'er rival arts, to lift her question'd fame ;
 Let half-soul'd poets still on poets fall,
 And teach the willing world to scorn them all.
 But let no muse, pre-eminent as thine,
 Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
 Stung by wit's wasps, all rights of rank forego,
 And turn, and snarl, and bite, at every foe.
 No : like thy own Ulysses, make no stay ;
 Shun monsters, and pursue thy streamy way.

Wing'd by the muse's god to rise sublime,
What has thy fame to fear from peevish rhyme?
Shalt thou, decreed till time's own death to live,
Yet want the noblest courage—to forgive?

Slander'd in vain, enjoy the spleen of foes:
Let these from envy hate; from interest those!
Guilt, like the first, your gratitude requires,
Since none can envy, till he first admires:
And nature tells the last, his crime is none,
Who to your interest but prefers his own.

Disgrac'd by victory where we strike too low,
And meanly furious stretch the stooping blow,
Pride, that provokes revenge, misleads it too;
Return of slander is the weak man's view:
The wise expect it with a cold disdain;
And, while they not receive, retort the pain.

Should ev'n hot rashness erring javelins throw,
And strike our friendly breast, suppos'd a foe:
How nobler still to undeceive than blame;
And chasten insult with the blush of shame?
Never, ah! never shall that worth be found,
Which neither malice nor mistake can wound!

Thus far might every strength of heart extend;
Thus far can ethic springs our tempers bend:
Thus far the thoughts of saints or kings may rise,
And each known greatness of earth's usual size:
But far more towering still the poet's fires,
Whose breast a ray from God's own heart inspires!

Heroes and saints rise rare—yet still they rise;
And time's full stream each common art supplies.
Philosophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,
And painting's charms, and music's force attain'd;
But when the deathless poet is to shine,
Long labouring ages swell the slow design.

At length he comes ; the birth of time appears,
And heaven smiles satisfied, a thousand years.

Strange greatness, this ! with which compar'd,
priest, saint,

King, hero, and philosopher, sound saint !
He's none of these, whom time shall poet call,
But more than either, and creates them all.

Learn, poets ! learn, the' importance of your name ;
And, conscious of your power, exalt your aim.
Soul-shaking sovereigns of the passions, you
Hold wider empire than the Cæsars knew.
While clamorous rhetoric but suspends the mind,
And whispering morals sigh, unheard, behind ;
While frail philosophy but starts designs,
And revelation's light too distant shines,
Ardent and close, the muse maintains her sway,
And the consenting wishes make her way :
Ev'n pride's rash plunge, the poet's curb endures ;
And every passage to the heart is yours.

Scorn, then, the servile imitator's name,
Nor, humbly splendid, wear cast coats of fame :
Lean not, sustain'd—a weight no muse allows !
Pilfering the faded bays from classic brows ;
Nor creep contented in the modern way ;
A dry, dull, soft, low, languid, tiresome lay !
But, strongly sacred, and sublimely warm,
Strike the aw'd soul, and the touch'd passions charm ;
Till the stern cynic, softening at your strain,
Feels himself mov'd, and hugs the pleasing pain.
While lazy lovers from their languor start,
And gain a conquest, though they lost a heart.

Such wondrous change can harmony command !
For Heaven lent nature to the poet's hand ;

Gave him the passions' boundless power to know ;
And, like a god, distribute joy and woe : [spring,
Taught the tun'd nerves at each known sound to
And bound obedient to the warbling string ;
Bade the blood's current in compliance roll ;
And the charm'd spirits rush in tides of soul. [lent,

Ye, who feel strong this power that Heaven has
Be your rais'd hearts with equal ardour bent :
Dare to praise virtue, though unprais'd before ;
Lance your keen satires at oppressive pow'r :
Be worth obscure by your bright genius sought,
And gild its paleness in your sun of thought :
Lift it to notice ; give it strength to move,
And teach dull greatness how to know and love.

With nerves of thought invigorate manly themes ;
Nor idly sport in fancy's empty beams.

Let no base flattery tempt your verse astray,
Nor a light laughter a low taste display.
In wit's cold shallows wade, for shame ! no more,
Her soundless ocean tempts you from the shore :
Up her vast steeps launch with intrepid climb,
And swim, through ages, down the stream of time.

Though faint, through modish mists, religion
shines,

Oft let her sacred soarings lift your lines :
Oft let your thoughts take fire at that first flame,
From whose bright effluence inspiration came.
The' Almighty God, who gave the sun to blaze,
Voic'd the great poet for his Maker's praise :
First, for his glory, form'd the world's extent ;
Then form'd a language for that glory meant.
Hence have all towery minds, sublimely fir'd,
With in-born strength to their own heaven aspir'd ;

While conscious pertness, for such heights unfit,
Safe to slight subjects pins its puny wit. [glows?

Lives there a man, whose breast with honour
Who, wrong'd by friends, forgives and pities foes ;
Who, still deserving, never gains success,
But lives oppress'd, by shunning to oppress ?
Who can all grief for his own woes restrain,
Yet melts in generous tears at others' pain ?
Teach him, O muse ! to wish no monarch's sway,
Greater in want, than in dominion they ! [mind,
For oh!—what difference ! 'twixt the' effulgent
That longs for light, lest others should be blind,
And him, who, wanting nothing, grasping all,
Seems great himself, because all round look small !

Or does a softer subject suit your mind ?
Fond of the fair, and to their interest kind ;
Pity some maid, whom modest wishes move,
Unbless'd by fortune, yet inspir'd by love ;
Fair without followers, without art sincere,
Prais'd without hope, and without conquest dear :
There let the muse the rights of beauty prove ;
For all are equal by the laws of love !
There let the muse persuade on virtue's side,
And teach lame love to leap the bars of pride :
The pains of passion let the muse impart,
And to soft yieldings mould the stubborn heart.

Are there, whose rais'd distinction sweetly shines,
And whom high fortune fills with high designs ?
Who, greatly blessing all o'er whom they rise,
Smile on the' inferior world with friendly eyes ?
Or whom the love of useful arts inspires ?
Or whom faith, gratitude, or friendship fires ?
Or whom, by charity's soft glowings warm'd,
All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd ?

These, and all these, deserve the muse's strain ;
At once adorn, and are adorn'd again.

Shines there a captain, form'd for war's control,
Born with the seeds of conquest in his soul ;
By envy driven to trust his in-bred store,
And, still the less supplied, renown'd the more ?
'Gainst foes and friends, at once compell'd to guard,
But hardest press'd by those for whom he warr'd ;
Victor alike, supported or betray'd,
And obstinate in his oppressor's aid ;
Pointing superior from the heights he won,
To teach his rash supplanters what to shun.
Disclaiming vengeance, while secure of fame,
And griev'd, not angry, at his country's shame :
Fearless of flattery here, confess the great,
And to wrong'd glory lend the muse's weight.
'To crowns and senates hold a daring light,
And, spite of M——'s, do a M——right.

Should wit's high guardians e'er their charge
neglect,

Nor watch her waning, nor her growth protect ;
Cold and unmov'd, see tragic warmth decay,
And epic splendour fade, unfelt, away ;
While, in their place, low tastes the land defame,
Jests without words, and laughter without shame !
Poets expell'd the stage, supremely theirs,
And the bays withering round the heads of play'rs ;
Then should the muse indignant wake the throne,
And the whole thunder of her voice be shown.

O that all verse would senseless sound expel,
And the big subject bid the numbers swell !
But ah ! far short the' unsolid tinklers rise,
Nor soar, but flutter, in the muse's skies !

Shame on your jingling, ye soft sons of rhyme !
 Tuneful consumers of your reader's time !
 Fancy's light dwarfs ! whose feather-footed strains
 Dance in wild windings through a waste of brains !
 Yours is the guilt of all, who, judging wrong,
 Mistake tun'd nonsense for the poet's song.
 Provoking dulness ! what a soul has he
 Who fancies rhyme and measure poetry !
 He thinks profanely, that this generous art
 Stops at the ear, with power to shake the heart.

For twice nine centuries, why has partial fame,
 O'er worthier Romans, swell'd the' Augustan name ?
 O'er Julius, nobler, and of mightier mind ?
 O'er ev'n Vespasian, darling of mankind ?
 What but the muse this lasting difference made ?
 Pleas'd poets lent the world's great lord their aid :
 And from their grateful praise consent first grew,
 That he, who rais'd the arts, surpass'd them too.

Think, ye vain statesmen ! whose self-pointed aims
 Die with your dust, nor save your buried names ;
 Think on the crowds of busy ciphers lost,
 Who once, like you, their sovereign's smiles engross'd !

Cloudily bustling fill'd a realm alone, [throne :
 And, with state curtains, screen'd the darken'd
 'Twixt crowd and subject, stood an envied wall,
 Bought, built, clear'd, clouded, and decided all :
 Yet, dead for ever, in dumb graves are laid,
 And rest, forgotten, with the noise they made.

No Richelieus they—nor knew the poet's pow'r,
 Nor, skill'd to plant, invok'd the genial show'r :
 Hence their dry names in happy haste decay,
 And every barren glory fades away.

In peace such themes demand the poet's fire,
Such subjects raise the' exalted art still higher :
But, if provok'd too far, some wavering state,
Push'd and insulted in perplex'd debate,
Feels her slow patience blush—and, tir'd at length,
Weighs her mean wrongs against her mighty strength;
If then wish'd war the' exerted genius warms,
And glowing verse would rouse a realm to arms,
Then the joint muses animate the song,
And the whole godhead pours the sound along ;
Then the big notes in tun'd excitement roll,
Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted soul :
Courage impatient burns in ev'ry breath;
And a taught bravery leaps the lines of death.

These are the seasons, O, yé muse-inspir'd !
When states unwarlike may to war be fir'd ;
Then powerful verse should long-lost heroes raise,
And kindle glory at the catching blaze :
Arthur's great ghost, unresting and asham'd
That William's bravery saw the brave defam'd,
Shining, redeem'd in honour of our land,
Would smile to 'scape the knighted torturer's hand,
Then might our great third Edward's awful shade,
Hem'd with ris'n standards dreadfully display'd,
Pale from his tomb in epic strides advance,
And shoot cold horror through the heart of France.
Wide o'er the reading world extend alarms,
And warn proud states to shun Britannia's arms.

Or, since the muses' sons in courts are known,
And, pleas'd, pay homage round a reigning throne ;
Why are they slow to sing the Saxon fame,
From whose long lineage sovereign Brunswick came?
When their white courser, by brave Hengist born,
Did first in Albion war's wav'd pomp adorn :

While German aids thy cliffs, O Britain, scal'd,
To triumph, where ev'n Rome's great help had fail'd!
To save, and give forgetful England name;
To plant a race, that know not whence they came;
To lend us language to express our fires,
In grateful railings at our German sires.

Thus, O ye happy few! for glory born,
Whose starry wreaths your country's fame adorn,
Waste not on vulgar themes your breathing fire,
But tune, for generous ends, your living lyre:
Teach the mistaken world a juster rate,
To court your praises, and to dread your hate.
Then, when kind Heaven inspires the vast sublime,
And your verse lives, and claims the stamp of time,
History shall die, and scarce preserve a name,
While poets flourish in immortal fame.

How have endanger'd balancers of state
Liv'd in light ignorance of the muse's weight!
How might a guided stage men's wills prepare,
To brook tame peace, or wish reluctant war!
How might the subtle scene our passions wind,
And the watch'd arms of young sedition bind!
How timely might this powerful art persuade!
How make light lovelier, and illumine shade!
Ease statesmen's labours, animate their aims,
Adorn their actions, and embalm their names.

Should W——'s¹ self, unconscious of the muse,
Provoke her vengeance, or her reverence lose,
In vain were votes! she could his power defy,
And bid his blacken'd memory never die;
Shade his best virtues, widen each mistake,
And his hop'd fame from unborn ages take.

¹ Probably, Sir Robert Walpole.

Or she could force unwilling praise to climb,
And float him topmost, on the tide of time;
Bid millions bless him, ages after death,
And give new life in a charm'd people's breath:
When no skill'd antiquary finds his bust,
And his proud buildings shall be lost in dust.

Pardon, ye living lights! where'er you shine,
Ye bless'd elect! ye prophets of the nine?
Pardon that I, whom fainter flames inspire,
Have thus presum'd to point your heavenly fire:
To make the great more great, requires your skill;
I want the power, nor ev'n possess the will.
While to myself I live obscurely bless'd,
Look round the busy world, and hug my rest;
Plac'd below greatness, and above distress,
I pity power, and hold fast happiness;
Pursue no interest, no mean prospect raise,
Reject no censure, and invite no praise.

THE STATESMAN.

SEE'ST thou yon mountain, so immensely high,
Around whose sky-crown'd head raw tempests fly!
How, louring darkly o'er the shadow'd plain,
It hangs the genuine seat of horror's reign!
Its craggy sides hold thin a sterile soil,
Which, promising no harvest, tempts no toil!
No grazing cattle crop subsistence there,
Nor flower-fed breezes feast the hungry air!
No soft meandering current glides along,
To court the meadows with its murmuring song;
No lofty spires a wandering glance invite,
Nor ~~wind~~-shook woods arrest the ravish'd sight!

All rough and wild, it rears its rocky head,
Severely awful, and unlovely spread :
From its cold top, soil-sweeping torrents flow,
Form'd by unfruitful floods of native snow !
Sorrow sits brooding on its furrow'd face,
And desolation covers all the place.
See'st thou all this, fond youth? so charm'd with
state ?

Such is the envied bliss that gilds the great :
Such are the barren honours they enjoy ;
For such distinction, they their cares employ.
They move our pity, while they tempt our sight ;
High above all indeed, but fruitless in their height.

TO A LADY,

DESIRING TO KNOW WHAT LOVE WAS LIKE.

LOVE is a treacherous heat, a smothering spark,
Blown up by childrens' breath who shun the dark :
At first, the fire is innocently bright,
Glow's gently gay, and scatters warm delight ;
But left neglected and unquench'd too long,
The nourish'd flame grows terrible and strong ;
Till, blazing fierce, it spreads on every side,
And burns its kindler with ungrateful pride.

ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

APRIL 25, 1737.

TWENTY lost years have stol'n their hours away,
Since in this inn, ev'n in this room, I lay :
How chang'd ! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all, and blank despair !
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light ?
Ah, no !—nor yet is day so far declin'd,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.

'Tis that I miss the' inspirer of that youth ;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth :
Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that, view'd with her, inspir'd before,
Now seen without her, can delight no more :
Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.

Pensive and cold, this room in each chang'd part
I view, and, shock'd, from every object start !
There hung the watch, that beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away :
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name ;
'Tis gone ! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass, she dress'd at, keeps her form no more ;
Not one dear footstep tunes the' unconscious floor ;
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here !
I wonder, and retract a starting tear ;

Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight :
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.

Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires !
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires !
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste ex-
plore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath ?
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death ?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form thy whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life !
Is it for this, that, toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year ?
Oh take me, death ! indulge desir'd repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.

Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copied mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die !
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace :
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

THE FRENCH PROPHEETS.

PROPHECY, no—'tis luxury of soul !
No cataracts down religion's rivers roll !
Her streams, though deep, are ever smooth and clear,
And from their bottoms all things plain appear.
On superstition's sea these vessels ride,
Foul with the dashings of her muddy tide.
What marks, what tokens, can they boast from
 heav'n?

Knowledge is still with inspiration giv'n !
While these the dusky paths of ignorance tread,
And impudently prophesy for bread !
With counterfeited shocks of soul they swell,
And in forc'd sweats, convulsive falsehoods tell.
To heights like this religion would not fly ;
Ev'n zeal grows madness, when 'tis screw'd too high.

Now law, methinks, most wholesomely severe,
Might truth's fair garden from this rubbish clear ;
Which, long despis'd, may strike too vigorous root,
And into groves of godly error shoot !
'Twere easy, now, to sweep loose weeds away,
Which may destroy the flowers by short delay.

So, in the bottom of some goodly plain,
Flows a small rill, increas'd by casual rain ;
Near which, with careful steps and sounding hands,
Some cautious clown with needless terror stands ;
Loth to attempt a nimble passage o'er,
While still the swelling stream increases more ;
Till faint essays protracting time in vain,
The rising river drowns the cover'd plain.

Then, staggering with affright, he gazes round,
And, forc'd to pass, at last mistakes his ground ;
Till, deeply wading toward the wide miss'd shore,
The current sweeps him, and he's seen no more.

TO MIRANDA,

AFTER MARRIAGE ;

With Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education.

SINCE every day with new delight I see
These lively little images of thee,
I would their tender minds to virtue bow,
And have 'em never less belov'd than now.
Take then, thou gentle partner of my care,
A glass, to show thee what these infants are :
By this just light direct their opening way,
Lest road-met folly lead their steps astray :
First, teach them what to Heaven's high throne they
owe,
Then—whence on earth the wise man's comforts
flow :
Teach them, while fortune smiles, to use her right ;
And nobly scorn her, when she takes her flight.
The rare-found charms of friendship let 'em know,
And learn, that love's soft dress is lin'd with woe.
Form with progressive care the widening mind,
And, growing, bid 'em leave the world behind :
Till, having learn'd whate'er becomes the free,
You lastly teach them, how to charm like thee !

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED UNMARRIED.

RIPE in virtue, green in years,
 Here a matchless maid lies low :
 None could read, and spare their tears,
 Did they but her sweetness know.

Humbly wise, and meekly good,
 No earthly lover's arms she bless'd ;
 But, full of grace, her Saviour woo'd,
 And hides her blushes in his breast.

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR

OF THE BEAUTIFUL NEW PIECE, CALLED 'PAMELA.'

BLESS'D be thy powerful pen, whoe'er thou art,
 Thou skill'd great moulder of the master'd heart !
 Where hast thou lain conceal'd ? or why thought fit,
 At this dire period, to unveil thy wit ?
 O ! late befriended isle ! had this broad blaze
 With earlier beamings bless'd our fathers' days,
 The pilot radiance pointing out the source,
 Whence public wealth derives its vital course ;
 Each timely draught some healing pow'r had shown,
 Ere general gangrene blacken'd to the bone.
 But fest'ring now, beyond all sense of pain,
 'Tis hopeless, and the helper's hand is vain.
 Sweet Pamela ! for ever blooming maid !
 Thou dear enlivening (yet immortal) shade !

Why are thy virtues scatter'd to the wind?
Why are thy beauties flash'd upon the blind?
What though thy fluttering sex might learn from
That merit forms a rank above degree? [thee,
That pride, too conscious, falls from ev'ry claim,
While humble sweetness climbs beyond its aim.
What though religion, smiling from thy eyes,
Shows her plain power, and charms without disguise?
What though thy warmly pleasing moral scheme,
Gives livelier rapture than the loose can dream?
What though thou build'st, by thy persuasive life,
Maid, child, friend, mistress, mother, neighbour, wife?
Though taste like thine each void of time can fill,
Unsink by spleen, unquicken'd by quadrille?
What though 'tis thine, to bless the lengthen'd hour,
Give permanence to joy, and use to pow'r?
Lend late-felt blushes to the vain and smart,
And squeeze cramp'd pity from the miser's heart?
What though 'tis thine, to hush the marriage breeze,
Teach liberty to tire, and chains to please?
Thine though from stiffness to divest restraint,
And to the charmer reconcile the saint?
Though smiles and tears obey thy moving skill,
And passion's ruffled empire waits thy will?
Though thine the fancy'd fields of flowery wit,
Thine art's whole power in nature's language writ?
Thine to convey strong thought with modest ease,
And, copying converse, teach its style to please?
Though thine each virtue that a God could lend?
Thine every help that every heart can mend?
'Tis thine in vain; thou wak'st a dying land,
And lift'st departed hope with fruitless hand.
Death has no cure—thou hast mistim'd thy aim :
Rome had her Goths—and all beyond was shame.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF MR. DENNIS.

ADIEU! unsocial excellence! at last
Thy foes are vanquish'd, and thy fears are pass'd :
Want, the grim recompense of truth like thine,
Shall now no longer dim thy destin'd shine.
The' impatient envy, the disdainful air!
The front malignant, and the captious stare!
The furious petulance, the jealous start,
The mist of frailties that obscur'd thy heart,
Veil'd in thy grave shall unremember'd lie,
For these were parts of Dennis, born to die!

But, there's a nobler Seity behind,
His reason dies not—and has friends to find!
Though here, revenge and pride withheld his praise,
No wrongs shall reach him through his future days :
The rising ages shall redeem his name ;
And nations read him into lasting fame!
In his defects nntaught! his labour'd page
Shall the slow gratitude of time engage.
Perhaps some story of his pitied woe,
Mix'd in faint shades, may with his memory go,
To touch futurity with generous shame,
And backward cast an unavailing blame,
On times too cold to taste his strength of art :
Yet warm contemners of too weak a heart!

Rest in thy dust, contented with thy lot,
Thy good remember'd, and thy bad forgot :
'Tis more than Cæsar and his world could give!
Spread o'er his virtues his few errors live :

Till reasoning brutes, whose speck of soul wants
room,
To lodge the just conception of his doom,
Dare with lewd licence noise his question'd fame,
And blot the sacred reverence of his name.

VERSES

MADE FOR MR. SAVAGE;

And sent to Lady Macclesfield, his Mother.

HOPELESS, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,
Lost to delight, and every way distress'd :
Cross his cold bed, in wild disorder thrown,
Thus sigh'd Alexis, friendless, and alone.

‘ Why do I breathe? what joy can being give,
When she who gave me life, forgets I live !
Feels not these wintry blasts—nor heeds my smart ;
But shuts me from the shelter of her heart ?
Saw me expos'd to want! to shame! to scorn!
To ills!—which make it misery to be born !
Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild,
And bad me be a wretch, while yet a child!

‘ Where can he hope for pity, peace, or rest,
Who moves no softness—in a mother's breast ?
Custom, law, reason, all! my cause forsake ;
And nature sleeps, to keep my woes awake!
Crimes, which the cruel scarce believe can be,
The kind are guilty of, to ruin me !
Ev'n she who bore me, blasts me with her hate,
And, meant my fortune, makes herself my fate !

‘ Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes,
The softest, tenderest breast, that pity knows!

Her eyes shed mercy wheresoe'er they shine,
 And her soul melts at every woe—but mine.
 Sure, then, some secret fate for guilt unwill'd,
 Some sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd,
 Plung'd me thus deep in sorrow's searching flood,
 And wash'd me from the memory of her blood.

‘ But, oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,
 Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;
 The God within, perhaps, may touch her breast;
 And when she pities, who can be distress'd?’

ON

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUES

BRINGING WITH HER, OUT OF TURKEY, THE ART
 OF INOCULATING THE SMALL-POX.

WHEN Greece, reviving into short delight,
 Felt pride and comfort at our muse's sight,
 The rival'd Nine no sooner saw her face,
 But ev'n their envy gave their wonder place:
 Charm'd into love of what eclips'd their fame,
 They wak'd Apollo with her powerful name.

‘ See, god of Grecian wit! (Urania cries)
 How sweet a muse the western world supplies!
 Say, should she ask some favour from your throne,
 What could you bid her take, that's not her own?
 Sparkling in charms, the heavenly stranger view,
 So grac'd, she scarce can owe a beam to you.
 Beauty with love her power to your's prefers;
 And wit and learning are already her's.

Rous'd at her name, receding from her eyes,
The gazing god rose slow in soft surprise !
' Fair miracle ! ' (he said)—and paus'd a while :
Then thus—' Sweet glory of your envied isle !
Charm'd and oblig'd, lest we ungrateful seem,
Bear hence at least one mark of our esteem.
One of my three great claims your wish may fit ;
Whose voice is music, and whose thoughts are wit.
Physic alone remains to grant you here—
A skill ! your godlike pity will endear.
Form'd to give wounds, which must no ease procure,
Atone your influence by new arts to cure.
Beauty's chief foe, a fear'd and fierce disease !
Bows at my back, and knows its god's decrees.
Breath'd in this kiss, take power to tame its rage,
And from its rancour free the rescued age :
High o'er each sex in double empire sit ;
Protecting beauty, and inspiring wit.

THE CHOICE.

TO A FRIEND.

O H, greatly bless'd ! who can, as fate requires,
By ductile wisdom temper your desires !
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And, marking both extremes, pass clear between.
Oh, could your lov'd example teach your skill !
And as it moves my wonder, mend my will !
Calm would my passions grow, my lot might please,
And my sick soul should think itself to ease,
But to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips undistinguish'd by :

Still what I would, contends with what I can;
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.

If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope;
This were my choice—oh! friend, pronounce me
poor,

For I have wants which wealth can never cure.

Mean is that soul which its own good can fill;

A prosperous world alone could feast my will.

He's poor at best, who others' misery sees,

And wants the wish'd-for power to give it ease:

He's rich, who, sole supreme and unconfined,

Can with unbounded influence bless mankind.

A glory this, unreach'd—but on a throne!

All were enough—but less than all is none.

This my first wish—but since 'twere wild and vain,

To grasp at glittering clouds with fruitless pain,

More safely low let my next prospect be;

And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.

Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a state,

Whose little greatness is a pride I hate!

On some lone wild should my strong house be plac'd,

Surrounded by a vast and healthy waste:

Sterile and coarse the untried soil should be;

But forc'd to flourish, and subdued by me:

Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams,

and skies,

Should with a changeful grandeur charm my eyes,

Still where I mov'd, new marks of my past pains

Should plume the mountain-tops, and paint the plains:

Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name,

Widely befriended, but escaping fame,

Peaceful in studious quiet would I live;

Lie hid for leisure, and grow rich to give.

TO THE
AUTHOR OF CLARISSA.

PAINTERS to poets owe their noblest praise ;
Mute are their tints, till voic'd by living lays :
Passive the semblant forms but seem to breathe ;
Delusive surface holds no depth beneath.

Far other lines Clarissa's painter drew ;
Far other force his pensive colours knew ▶
There in round fulness active pictures glow,
Turgid with speaking life, and thinking woe.
His the soul's pencil, whose warm strokes impart
Mind to the form, and passion to the heart :
A delegate creator, calm he lies,
And sees the worlds he calls for round him rise.

Oh, might he live till his Clarissa's death !
But life immortal suits not mortal breath.
Let him but live till all who read are taught,
What aided influence beauty draws from thought.
Then would his lengthening years all bounds defy,
And nature and her friend together die.
So would he charm whole time—yet vainly too,
Reach every conscious heart—to change—how few !
Let him not hope too much—nor Heaven nor he
Set human minds from human frailties free :
Though each can own where all the rest are hit,
And every flaw, remote from self, admit :
Though marks external catch the visual ray,
All in-shut objects shun the search of day.
Each ugliest likeness for another shown,
Strikes all ; but none find eyes to note their own.

Yet his—whate'er stage, press, or pulpit can ;
 Whate'er the heart's touch'd feelings lend to man :
 All that from all is learn'd, one genius gives,
 And in collective right of virtue lives.

Whence was his more than magic powers supplied,
 So skill'd to start life's game on every side?
 Where could his line the' unmeasur'd vastness find,
 To fathom all the depths of all mankind?
 Piercing as light from heaven, to earth he flows,
 And every stain and every beauty shows.

The three great powers that shake the human
 Are music, eloquence, and paintive art : [heart,
 Picture and eloquence already charm,
 In every tearful page divinely warm :
 Oh, let tun'd numbers fill the' illustrious trine!
 In some new work let added music shine ;
 Let his next wreath the poet's ivy claim,
 And his own verse immortalize his name.
 Verse so inspir'd, inspiring, and combin'd,
 Would pour the' enrapturing virtues o'er the mind,
 Rouse, from their roots in earth, hearts hard as steel ;
 And teach once more the trees and beasts to feel !

SENT TO A LADY,

WITH A POCKET LOOKING-GLASS.

SEE, my soul's serene invader,
 See the face I first ador'd :
 Heaven for love and pity made her,
 And with angel's graces stor'd,

Mark her forehead's awful rising,
See her soul-subduing eyes,
Every look and air surprising,
Modest, lively, soft, and wise.

Next to you I own I love her ;
But your sweet discerning eye
Must not now be jealous of her :
She's ne'er seen but you are by

THE ACTOR'S EPITOME.

If comprehension best can power express,
And that's still greatest which contains the less ;
No rank's high claim can make the player's small,
Since, acting each, he comprehends them all.

Off, to due distance, half the stalking train !
Blots of a title your low tastes profane :
No dull cold mother shares the actor's plea ;
Rightly to seem, is transiently to be.

Arduous the task, and asks a climbing brain ;
A head for judgment, and a heart for pain :
Ere sense impress'd reflects adopted forms,
A changeful nature shakes with borrow'd storms.
'Then strong-mark'd passions signs external bear,
And stamp assum'd distinctions on the player ;
Joy, grief, fear, anger, pity, scorn, and hate,
Wonder, shame, jealousy, and love's soft weight.

These, when he paints, did he but first conceive,
Each on his fancy would its image leave ;
'Thence ductile fibres catch the' expressive spring,
And the eyes dart it, and the accents ring.

You who would joy's triumphant pride express,
What most you wish, imagine you possess.
Straight flames the' idea to the kindling eye,
And every nerve in concord braces high :
Treading on air, each joint a soul displays ;
The looks all lighten—and the limbs all blaze.

But you who act unhoping grief's distress,
Touch fancy with some home-felt wretchedness.
Then slackening nerves the loose impression take ;
Each sad look sickens : the shock'd spirits break :
Dim falls the faded eye ;—the steps drag slow,
And every heedless gesture heaves with woe.

Fear is but active grief, avoiding pain,
Yet flies too faintly, and avoids in vain :
While stagnate spirits, thickening as they spread,
O'er the cold heart, crawls slow, the living lead.
What though the eye's prompt ray keen lightning
dart ;

'Tis fruitless :—loosening fibres lame the heart.

Anger is pride provok'd beyond control,
When some felt insult fires the smarting soul :
Then the will's warmth, repelling fancied shame,
Strings the nerves hard, and bids the eye-balls flame ;
Then marks of menace, air, and face deform ;
And short thick breathings paint the infelt storm.

Pity is active sense of alien grief ;
Think some dear dying sufferer begs relief :
Aidful idea springs to succour woe,
And every quivering sinew learns to glow,
While mild as sighing saints, the saddening face
Clouds into anguish with relenting grace.

Scorn is cold anger, careless and at ease,
Calm sense of wrongs too harmless to displease ;

Bold in undoubted safety, 'twould disclaim
Defiance—and with proud remissness flame :
Now smiles, now frowns,—yet both with eye serene ;
And lets the nerves play loose with painless spleen.

Hatred is sullen fury long retain'd ;
'Tis willing mischief warily restrain'd :
This to paint strong, the back-brac'd nerves should
toil

In fetter'd strain, and heave in curv'd recoil ;
While, with impatient frown, the' averted eye
Shuns the loath'd object it disdains too nigh.

Pain-seeking jealousy feels doubtful rage,
Which trustful pity struggles to assuage ;
Thence frets uncertain pain, with pensive glow,
And look and action share divided woe.
Sad in the face the heart's felt softness reigns,
While each tugg'd sinew angry vengeance strains.

Wonder is curious fear—Suppose by night,
Some pale met spectre cross'd the moon's dim light.
Sudden the backening blood, retreating swift,
Swells the press'd heart :—each fibre fails to lift ;
Lost in short pause arrested motion lies,
And sense climbs doubtful to the straining eyes.

Love is, at once, intense and slack desire ;
There hope inflames, while reverence cools the fire :
Fear of repulse, bold sense of joy withdraws ;
Sighs in each accent ; every movement awes.
Soft, earnest looks blush o'er the' inclining face,
And sinewy transport borrows shade from grace.

THE
LORD'S PRAYER IN VERSE.

ALMIGHTY Father! of high heaven possess'd :
Be thy name hallow'd, and thy power confess'd !
Teach us, on earth, to know and do thy will ;
As heaven's bright train thy great commands fulfil.
Gracious our daily bread of life bestow ;
And show us mercy, as we mercy show :
Guard us from strong temptation's powerful call ;
Nor, when we meet with evil, let us fall.

TO MR. GARRICK,

ON HIS UNITED IDEAS OF ACTOR AND WRITER.

FORM'D for each other's aid, these powers but meet,
As nature's self shows light combin'd with heat :
Oh ! born to grace their union, let 'em share
Thy thoughts exertion, and reward thy care.
The willing arts bid all their praise be thine,
For thee, tun'd discords into music join ;
What others, labouring hopeless, hardly gain,
'Twas thine at once to start for, and obtain.
To instant growth without gradation drawn,
High-noon leapt backward to embrace the dawn ;
Time and experience sunk to speed thy way,
And genius grasp'd creation in a day.

Nor let malignant envy blast thy claim,
Since wit and virtue triumph in thy fame.

Oh! let no rogue of damn'd Iago's race,
 To wile-tried torture rack that honest face:
 Seem what thou art, brave, faithful, amorous, gay,
 The noblest passions please the noblest way.
 Heart humaniz'd, head clear, hands clean, soul great,
 Sharp sense, mild manners, ease adorning weight,
 Sun of our stage, shine on! we feel thy light:
 Thy warmth how fruitful, and thy beam how bright!
 Each guilt thou paint'st by borrow'd art is shown;
 But every goodness native, and thy own.

ON

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

O'ER nature's laws God cast the veil of night,
 Out-blaz'd a Newton's soul—and all was light.

TO CLIO¹,

ON HER PRAISING MR. DYER, AND SHEWING ME
 SOME OF HIS VERSES.

MATCHLESS inspirer of my muse and me,
 Thou heaven of blended smiles and majesty!
 Thou, by whose light all others' worth is shown,
 While thou art dark as midnight to thy own,
 Praising desert, like his, you charm me too,
 And for your blessing him, my thanks are due.

¹ The poetical name of Mrs. Sansom.


Mean are the minds, who but their own possess,
And reap no joy from other's happiness.
I groan beneath their pains, whom sorrow wrings,
And when their hope is rising, mine has wings.

O Clio! to deserve such praise from thee,
Points out thy friend, a bosom-one for me :
My sympathetic soul reveres his name,
And my warm heart beats anxious for his fame.
Sweet are his thoughts, and soft as evening air ;
Joy gilds his smiles—his sighs invite despair :
Strong is his sense, and his reflection deep,
Wide as his prospects—as his mountains steep :
Oh, may he still be bless'd with thy esteem !
Oh, may thy charms for ever be his theme !


Vast is my wonder at his fancy's flight,
Till I remember whence his store was drawn ;
Clio, the' inspirer Clio ! lent him light,
And spread soft influence o'er his widening dawn.
Warm'd by the enlivening lustre of her beams,
His ripening reason burnt with conscious glow ;
Blaz'd in the radiant charmer's starry streams,
And shed diffusive heaven on all below.
Oh ! thou soft sun of wit, and love's gay clime,
Point but one ray of thy broad shine on me ;
Then shall my kindled soul flame out sublime,
And glitter proudly with thy friend and thee.

**VERSES WRITTEN ON WINDOWS,
IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE KINGDOM, IN A JOURNEY
TO SCOTLAND.**

LETTERS from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near :
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways :
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were
mean,
For minds could then meet minds, with heaven
between.




ORDER ! thou eye of action ! wanting thee,
Wisdom works hoodwink'd in perplexity ;
Entangled reason trips at every pace,
And truth bespotted, puts on error's face.



TENDER-HANDED stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it, like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures,
Use 'em kindly, they rebel ;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.



How is the world deceiv'd by noise and show !
Alas ! how different to pretend and know !
Like a poor high-way brook, pretence runs loud
Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud :
While, like some nobler stream, true knowledge
glides,
Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

WHIG and Tory scratch and bite,
Just as hungry dogs we see :
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight ;
Throw a couple, they agree.

WOMEN talk of love, for fashion,
So they do of spirits walking :
But no more they feel the passion,
Than they see the ghost of which they're talking.

As in a journey just begun,
We think the distance vast,
Yet while we travel gaily on,
Insensibly 'tis past ;
So in our youth we measure slow
Long views of promis'd breath :
Till like a shadow out we go,
And vanish into death.

WERE women wise, their names on glass,
Light froth of empty fashion !
Would to their lovers' sorrow pass,
For proofs of brittle passion.

Love should in secret, like the sun,
Burn, though a world should shade it ;
But shows its source of heat to none,
Except that God who made it.

SCOTLAND! thy weather's like a modish wife;
Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife :
So Termagant a-while her thunder tries,
And, when she can no longer scold—she cries.

THE

DISTINCTION OF AGES.

THE seven first years of life, (man's break of day)
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display ;
When fourteen springs have bloom'd his downy
cheek,
His soft and blushful meanings learn to speak ;
From twenty-one proud manhood takes its date,
Yet is not strength complete till twenty-eight ;
Thence to his five-and-thirtieth, life's gay fire
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire :
As forty-two, his eyes grave wisdom wear,
And the dark future dims him o'er with care ;
On to the nine-and-fortieth, toils increase,
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace ;
At fifty-six, cool reason reigns entire,
Then life burns steady, and with temperate fire ;
But sixty-three unbinds the body's strength,
Ere the' unwearied mind has run her length ;
And when from seventy, age surveys her last,
'Tir'd she stops short—and wishes all were past.

THE
MUSE TO THE WRITER.

(A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF DU BARTAS.)

SCARCE was the April of my life begun,
When, anxious to immortalize my name,
Pleasure and soft repose I learn'd to shun,
And lab'ring upward, sought the mounts of fame.

But as a traveller, in viewless plains,
Stops amid crossing roads, and doubts his way ;
Pensively searchful, and unsure remains,
Eager to journey on, yet loth to stray.

So stop'd, and so unfix'd, I mark'd around
The flowery paths that led to groves of bays ;
But pausing, doubtful, long confusion found,
Which best to choose of all those tempting ways.

One while, my genius plan'd the glowing scene,
And from the Grecian source example drew ;
Taught pride to pity, ignorance to mean,
And form'd the many, by the suffering few.

Anon, domestic discord snatch'd my pen,
My country's woes I now aspir'd to feel ;
Historic truths, and wrongs of injur'd men,
Impell'd my justice, and inflam'd my zeal.

Then sinking sudden, from the glorious height,
Low mercenary praises quench'd my fire ;
Poorly a flatterer, I for profit write,
And to my fortune tune my tortur'd lyre.

At length grown lazy, I by love was caught,
And finding age, and taste, and will to fit,
In warm light sallies, wanton lessons taught,
And to the size of Cupid crop'd my wit.

While roving thus, uncenter'd and unstaid,
I lik'd by turns, and did by turns refuse;
Sudden before me a descending maid
Confess'd the shape of a celestial muse.

All that we dream of angels form'd her air;
Sweet was her gesture, and her step divine:
But when she spoke, she would have charm'd despair,
And taught the gloom of wither'd age to shine.

High from her head aspir'd a starry crown,
Immensely beaming its effulgence round;
An azure mantle flow'd obliquely down,
And bright with lamps of silver swept the ground.

' Mortal! (she cried) Urania's face behold!
Urania—muse of all the heavenly Nine;
Best skill'd the paths of glory to unfold,
And make the poet (like his art) divine.

' I through the dancing numbers breathe a soul,
And to the sound of reason tune mankind;
I teach true pleasures, false ones to control,
And warm the yielding heart, to stamp the mind.

' Mark me, and keep my image long in sight,
And when departed to my starry sphere,
Strike this new harp, and from it draw delight,
By sounds that listening angels love to hear.

- ‘ Long have I mourn’d my sister’s sullied fame,
By friendless mirth or cheerless malice stain’d ;
Cramp’d by cold flatteries that blight their name,
Or by wild warmths of loose desire profan’d.
- ‘ But most I grieve that rebel waste of wit,
Which, boldly pushing its infernal claim,
With darkness for such blind presumption fit,
Turns its own arms on Heaven with impious aim.
- ‘ Learnt are the vulgar arts—but poets draw
From Heaven alone the gift that wings their fire :
Not the best lights that ever learning saw,
Could living verse by studied strength inspire.
- ‘ Thence ’tis that Homer, powerless, poor, and blind,
Beggard himself, has taught e’en kings to shine :
Buoy’d sinking heroes by fresh floods of mind,
And stretch’d the human grasp with reach divine.
- ‘ Thence ’tis that Ovid could not speak in prose,
But wept in measure, and expir’d in verse :
Thence the Jessæan lyre to music rose,
Which seraphs in their Maker’s ear rehearse.
- ‘ Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain ;
Try every help ; force fire from every spark ;
Yet, shall you ne’er the poet’s power attain,
If Heaven ne’er stamp’d you with the muses’ mark.
- ‘ Man must be out of man sublimely swell’d,
Whose wreckless verse would swim the storms of
By force, not fury, meaningly impell’d, [time,
To scorn the puny prostitutes of rhyme.

‘ The warmth of fury but compassion moves,
And less than man makes man to man appear :
But warmth of genius, man from man removes,
And lifts his widening soul to Heaven’s high sphere.

‘ Mark this soft flute—when void of vocal wind,
In tuneless silence rests the sleeping sound :
Yet, when thus breath’d in, hark! what power ’twill
To waft the modulated raptures round ! [find

So, till the whispering Godhead bids—begin,
The poet’s silent spirit stands unbent :
But when he feels the’ inspiring power within,
Tuneful he spreads the transports Heaven has lent.

‘ Since, therefore, all that makes his genius shine,
Is Heaven’s own gift,—how dares he subjects
Base and unworthy of that warmth divine, [choose,
And poorly noxious to the passive muse?

‘ Why is his pen employ’d on idle themes?
Why is his fancy light? his purpose low?
Why does he waste his fire in fruitless dreams?
And with a tide of wanton wishes flow?

‘ Why does he stoop to praise unletter’d pride?
Why celebrate defects in those who rule?
Why does his wit soft amorous trains provide,
And bid love’s wild-fire catch from fool to fool?

‘ Ah! ’tis too much that he himself has crimes,
Which, unrepented, ne’er unpunish’d go :
Why would he lend his guilt to distant times,
And teach an unborn race to merit woe?

‘ As on the yielding wax the seal we find,
Left in strong likeness with imprinted glow ;
So does the reader steal the poet’s mind,
And to the bias lent inclining go.

‘ Shame on your pens, ye flexible of heart !
Whose poorness does not hurt yourselves alone,
But teaches blockheads to despise your art ;
Judg’d by false patterns you have lightly shown.

‘ Conscious of this, would you but turn at last,
And bid true genius with true lustre shine ;
All would, admiring, lose the’ impression past,
And feel and own you of a stamp divine.

‘ Then as my Moses his Jehovah sung,
And Israel wafted by the guardian rod :
Poets, from every kindling country sprung,
Shall in a thousand tongues uncover God,

‘ O you, who would the deathless laurel win,
No king’s vile badge, but time’s all-reverend crown !
High as the fountain of your verse begin,
And with the god you write for, share renown,

‘ This is a subject, that, outstretching thought,
Through depths unsounded, wit’s long plummet
draws :
There by immense effects immensely taught,
Pour out your straining souls, and claim applause.

‘ There, and there only, find the road to fame ;
The hardest themes the noblest glory yield :
On low light subjects scorn to build a name ;
But, entering boldly, plough the’ untrodden field.

‘ Vainly shall envy blast your budding praise ;
Malice and hatred vainly press you down ;
Slow shall you rise indeed, but sure to blaze,
And, hourly broadening, reach decreed renown.

‘ Envy’s a cur, that at all strangers barks ;
But on the known and licens’d creeps to fawn :
Its hovering smoke hangs hard on kindling sparks,
But when the fire burns up, ’tis straight withdrawn.

‘ On then, be mine—Urania hears your pray’r ;
Glow in your breast, and fans its generous flame :
Write to be read—be times to come your care,
And bloom, for ever fragrant, still the same.’

She said ; and breath’d ambrosial o’er my face :
The circling sweetness swell’d my ravish’d mind ;
She rose, and left me in an empty space ;
But left her powerful influence still behind.

FINIS.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.

1877

1877

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WILLIAM BROOME, LL. D.

TO *BELINDA*,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please :
Thus burning incense sheds perfumes,
Still fragrant as it still consumes.

Nor can ev'n sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms ;
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair.

But see! the pain begins to fly ;
Though Venus bled, she could not die :
See! the new phoenix point her eyes,
And lovelier from her ashes rise :
Thus roses, when the storm is o'er,
Draw beauties from the' inclement shower.

Welcome, ye hours, which thus repay
What envious sickness stole away !
Welcome, as those which kindly bring,
And usher in the joyous spring ;

That to the smiling earth restore
The beauteous herb, and blooming flower,
And give her all the charms she lost
By wintry storms, and hoary frost!

And yet how well did she sustain,
And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
So flowers, when blasting winds invade,
Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks, and radiant eyes,
New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
Behold a thousand charms succeed,
For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
Brighter from her disease she shines,
As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
Pregnant with life, as fruitful wombs;
When the wide seas, and spacious earth,
Resign us to our second birth:
Our moulder'd frame rebuilt assumes
New beauty, and for ever blooms;
And, crown'd with youth's immortal pride,
We angels rise, who mortals died.

TO BELINDA,

ON HER APRON EMBROIDERED WITH ARM
AND FLOWERS.

THE lovely Flora paints the earth;
And calls the morning flowers to birth:
But you display a power more great;
She calls forth flowers, but you create.

Behold your own creation rise,
And smile beneath your radiant eyes ;
'Tis beauteous all—and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming flowers, what mean these arms ?
So round the fragrance of the rose,
The pointed thorn, to guard it, grows.

But cruel you, who thus employ
Both arms and beauty to destroy !
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour, formidably gay.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight !
The flowers attract, the arms affright ;
The flowers with lively beauty bloom,
The arms denounce an instant doom.

Thus, when the Britons in array
Their ensigns to the sun display,
In the same flag are lilies shown,
And angry lions sternly frown ;
On high the glittering standard flies,
And conquers all things—like your eyes.

MELANCHOLY:

AN ODE.

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter. 1723.

ADIEU, vain mirth, and noisy joys !
Ye gay desires, deluding toys !
Thou, thoughtful melancholy, deign
To hide me in thy pensive train !

If by the fall of murmuring floods,
Where awful shades embrown the woods,
Or if, where winds in caverns groan,
Thou wanderest silent and alone ;

Come, blissful mourner, wisely sad,
In sorrow's garb, in sable clad ;
Henceforth, thou, care, my hours employ !
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my joy !

By tombs where sullen spirits stalk,
Familiar with the dead I walk ;
While to my sighs and groans, by turns,
From graves the midnight echo mourns.

Open thy marble jaws, O tomb,
Thou earth conceal me in thy womb !
And you, ye worms, this frame confound ;
Ye brother reptiles of the ground !

O life, frail offspring of a day !
'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away !
Swift as the short-liv'd flower it flies,
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath :
While round, stern ministers of fate,
Pain, and disease, and sorrow wait.

While childhood reigns, the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy ;
And while he roves from play to play,
The wanton trifles life away.

When to the noon of life we rise,
The man grows elegant in vice ;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

When youth and strength in age are lost,
Man seems already half a ghost ;
Wither'd and wan, to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes.

O happiness, thou empty name !
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame ?
What art thou, gold, but shining earth ?
Thou, common fame, but common breath ?

If virtue contradict the voice
Of public fame, applause is noise ;
Ev'n victors are by conquest curs'd,
The bravest warrior is the worst.

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls great, and all is show !
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toy-shop of the earth.

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow :
Lo ! sad and serious, I pursue
Thy steps--adieu, vain world, adieu !

AN EPISTLE

TO MY FRIEND MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

Author of Mariamne, a Tragedy. 1726.

WHY art thou slow to strike the' harmonious shell,
 Averse to sing, who know'st to sing so well?
 If thy proud muse the tragic buskin wears,
 Great Sophocles revives and re-appears;
 While, regularly bold, she nobly sings
 Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings:
 If by thy hand the' Homeric lyre be strung,
 The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.
 The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
 And, though reluctant, swell the lofty lay;
 Then listening groves once more shall catch the
 sound,

While Grecian muses sing on British ground.

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus roves
 Through pearly mazes, and through coral groves;
 But when, emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands the' unwilling God constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetic fires,
 And his tonguespeakssublime, what heaven inspires.

Envy, 'tis true, with barbarous rage invades
 What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
 And critics, biass'd by mistaken rules,
 Like Turkish zealots, reverence none but fools.
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame:
 Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
 And rises amid monsters into day.

Oh, vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime, and danger to excel!
 While noble scorn, my friend, such insult sees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees.

Free from the lust of wealth, and glittering snares,
 That make the' unhappy great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness, and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, Heaven, but goodness grant!
 A king is less illustrious than a saint;

Hail, holy virtue! come, thou heavenly guest,
 Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!

Thou know'st her influence, friend! thy cheerful
 Proclaims the innocence and peace within; [mien
 Such joys as none but sons of virtue know,
 Shine in thy face, and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,
 And talk'd familiar, as a friend, with God!
 Celestial radiance every feature shed,
 And ambient glories dawn'd around his head.

Sure what the' unthinking great mistaken call
 Their happiness, is folly, folly all!

Like lofty mountains in the clouds they hide
 Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride;
 And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
 Heave their proud naked summits to the sky.
 In honour, as in place, ye great, transcend!

An angel fall'n, degenerates to a fiend:

The' all-cheering sun is honour'd with his shrines:
 Not that he moves aloft, but that he shines.

Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast?

Not that he's highest, but because he's best;

Fond to oblige; in blessing others, bless'd.

How wondrous few, by avarice uncontrol'd,
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold?
The shining dirt the sordid wretch ensnares
To buy, with mighty treasures, mighty cares;
Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
A specious good, and meets a real ill :
So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main ;
When now in view appear'd his native reign,
His wayward mates the' Æolian bag unbind,
Expecting treasures, but out-rush'd a wind ;
The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O Heaven ! by what vain passions man is sway'd,
Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd !
Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
And hates confinement, though in Paradise :
Doom'd, when enlarg'd, instead of Eden's bowers,
To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers ;
Between the' extremes, direct he sees the way,
Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray !

Whilst niggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
Rich without bounty, with abundance curs'd ;
The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
And buys dishonour at a mighty price ;
On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
While starving merit unregarded weeps :
His ill-plac'd bounty, while scorn'd virtue grieves,
A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives ;
And cringing knaves, or haughty strumpets, share
What would make sorrow smile, and cheer despair.

Then would'st thou steer where fortune spreads
the sails?

Go, flatter vice ! for seldom flattery fails ;

Soft through the ear the pleasing bane distils :
Delicious poison ! in perfumes it kills !
Be all but virtuous ; Oh ! unwise to live
Unfashionably good, and hope to thrive !
Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise,
Root hell-ward, and thence flourish to the skies.

O happier thou, my friend, with ease content,
Bless'd with the conscience of a life well spent !
Nor would'st be great ; but guide thy gather'd sails
Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales ;
For sure, of all that feel the wound of fate,
None are completely wretched but the great :
Superior woes, superior stations bring :
A peasant sleeps, while cares awake a king :
Who reigns, must suffer ! crowns with gems inlaid
At once adorn and load the royal head :
Change but the scene, and kings in dust decay,
Swept from the earth, the pageants of a day !
There no distinctions on the dead await,
But pompous graves, and rottenness in state.
Such now are all that shone on earth before :
Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more !
Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead ;
And all the glorious aims that can employ
The soul of mortals, must with Hamlet die :
O Compton, when this breath we once resign,
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine !

Till that last hour which calls me hence away
To pay that great arrear, which all must pay ;
Oh ! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before the' all-seeing God !
Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,
Who mock at vice, while grieving angels weep.

Come, taste, my friend! the joys retirement brings,
 Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.
 More happy! laid where trees with trees entwin'd
 In bowery arches tremble to the wind,
 With innocence and shade like Adam bless'd,
 While a new Eden opens in the breast!
 Such were the scenes descending angels trod
 In guiltless days, when man convers'd with God,
 Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,
 Inspir'd by Homer, or what thou hast sung:
 My muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray;
 As clouds are brighten'd by the god of day.

So trees unapt to bear, by art refin'd,
 With shoots ennobled of a generous kind,
 High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

BARON OF EYRE,

*Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre of all His
 Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks, and Warrens, on the
 South Side of Trent.*

δωρον τοι τετο διδωμι
 Μνημα

ODYSSEY, Lib. 15.

O THOU whose virtues sanctify thy state!
 O great, without the vices of the great!
 Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
 To think, to act, with elegance and ease!

Firm to thy king, and to thy country brave ;
Loyal, yet free ; a subject, not a slave ;
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee, who gav'st me ease to sing¹ ?
Unskill'd in verse, I haunt the silent grove ;
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove ;
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows.
And, gracious, what his suppliants ask, bestows :
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground ;
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

Thus, guarded by the tree of Jove, a flower
Shoots from the earth, nor fears the' inclement
And when the fury of the storm is laid, [shower ;
Repay with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot, who, when they long endure
The wounds of fortune, late receive a cure !
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost ;
But you with speed forbid distress to grieve :
He gives by halves, who hesitates to give.

Thus, when an angel views mankind distress'd,
He feels compassion pleading in his breast ;
Instant the heavenly guardian cleaves the skies,
And, pleas'd to save, on wings of lightning flies.

Some the vain promises of courts betray ;
And, gaily straying, they are pleas'd to stray ;
The flattering nothing still deludes their eyes,
Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies :
As perspectives present the object nigh,
'Though far remov'd from the mistaking eye ;

¹ The Lord Cornwallis, in a most obliging manner, recommended the author to the rectory of Pulham.

Against our reason fondly we believe,
Assist the fraud, and teach it to deceive.
As the faint traveller, when night invades,
Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
But the false guide shines only to betray ;
Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
O'er dangerous marshes, or through thorny brakes ;
Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray,
With many a weary stride, o'er many a painful way.
So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
And buys his disappointment with his pain :
At length when years invidiously destroy
The power to taste the long-expected joy,
Then fortune envious sheds her golden showers,
Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores.

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep ;
Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
And scatter useless roses on the dead :
And when no more avail the world's delights,
The spicy odours, and the solemn rites,
With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
And waste, profusely, floods of vain perfumes.

THE ROSE-BUD.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY JANE
WHARTON.

QUEEN of fragrance, lovely rose,
The beauties of thy leaves disclose !
The winter's past, the tempests fly,
Soft gales breathe gently through the sky ;

The lark, sweet warbling on the wing,
Salutes the gay return of spring :
The silver dews, the vernal showers,
Call forth a bloomy waste of flowers ;
The joyous fields, the shady woods,
Are cloth'd with green, or swell with buds ;
Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

Thou beauteous flower, a welcome guest,
Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast ;
Shalt grace her hand, or deck her hair,
The flower most sweet, the nymph most fair.
Breathe soft, ye winds ! be calm, ye skies !
Arise, ye flowery race, arise !
And haste thy beauties to disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose !

But thou, fair nymph, thyself survey
In this sweet offspring of a day :
That miracle of face must fail ;
Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail :
Swift as the short-liv'd flower they fly,
At morn they bloom, at evening die :
Though sickness yet a while forbears,
Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
Now Helen lives alone in fame,
And Cleopatra's but a name :
Time must indent that heavenly brow !
And thou must be, what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
Queen of fragrance, lovely rose.

THE COY.

AN ODE.

LOVE is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste ;
When the kind fair no more restrains,
The glutton surfeits and disdains.

To move the nymph, he tears bestows,
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows :
The tears deceive, the vows betray ;
He conquers, and contemns the prey.

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
Smil'd at the terrors of the fight :
The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes,
He conquer'd, and he wept the prize.

Love, like a prospect, with delight
Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
Where the tir'd travellers survey,
O'er hanging rocks, a dangerous way.

Ye fair that would victorious prove,
Seem but half kind when most you love :
Damon pursues, if Celia flies ;
But when her love is born, his dies.

Had Danæe the young, the fair,
Been free and unconfined as air,
Free from the guards and brazen tower,
She'd ne'er been worth a golden shower.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS. 1726.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
 And speaking marble, to record their praise ;
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to fame unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone ;
 Mere mortals, subject to death's total sway,
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day !
 'Tis thine, on every heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise ;
 Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust ;
 Nor till the volumes of the' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame shalt thou and Homer die ;
 When sink together in the world's last fires
 What heaven created, and what heaven inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead ;
 Shakspeare, rejoice ! his hand thy page refines,
 Now every scene with native brightness shines ;
 Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought,
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ;
 Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael ! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades ;
 A rival hand recalls from every part
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
 Transported, we survey the dubious strife,
 While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jar'd grating discord, all extinct his fire !

This you beheld ; and, taught by heaven to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.
Now, wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Towers o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns ;
His plume nods horrible, his helm on high
With cheeks of iron glares against the sky ;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, he meets the god in fight :
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends the' infernal shores ;
Tremble the towers of heaven ; earth rocks her
coasts ;

And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To every theme responds thy various lay ;
Here pours a torrent, there meanders play :
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away, and die.
How twangs the bow, when with a jarring spring
The whizzing arrows vanish from the string !
When giants strain, some rock's vast weight to shove,
The slow verse heaves, and the clog'd words scarce
move :

But when from high it rolls, with many a bound,
Jumping it thundering whirls, and rushes to the
ground :

Swift flows the verse, when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzled view, and flash along the sky :
Thus, like the radiant god who sheds the day,
The vale you paint, or gild the azure way ;

And, while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without grovelling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great bard, awake the' harmonious string;
Be ours all Homer, still Ulysses sing !
Ev'n I, the meanest of the muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain,
Adventrous waken the Mæonian ¹ lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire :
So, arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might.
Like theirs our friendship ! and I boast my name
To thine united ; for thy friendship's fame.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand ², and all the hero lost ;
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head ;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind :
But you, like Pallas, every limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold ;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With air divine, and like a God he moves.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hovering angels listen on the wing ;
To hear from earth such heartfelt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies :
Or, nobly rising in fair virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe the' unerring laws ;

¹ The author translated eight books of the Odyssey

² See the 16th Odyssey, ver. 186, and 476.

Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend,
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce! When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends, relenting, hear their rage away.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

'Twas sung of old how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a lion,
And, by his strange enchanting tunes,
Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons ;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town ;
But it is plain that in these times
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes ;
They for themselves can only rear
A few wild castles—in the air ;
Poor are the brethren of the bays,
Down from high strains, to ekes and ayes :
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doating rhymers dream,
And sing of Helicon's bright streams ;
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields only uninspiring water ;
Yet ev'n athirst, he sweetly sings
Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
Ye bards, his influence on your heads ?
Lawyers by endless controversies
Consume unthinking clients' purses,

As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.

The grave physician who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade ;
Though patients die, the doctor's paid :
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the muses stray,
And love in flowery meads to play ;
An idle crew ! whose only trade is
To shine in trifles, like our ladies ;
In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning :
Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
Their votaries, but a laurel wreath.

But love rewards the bard ! the fair
Attend his song, and ease his care :
Alas ! fond youth, your plea you urge ill
Without a jointure, though a Virgil.
Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
You nobly swell the lofty strain ;
Coy Daphne flies, and you will find as
Hard hearts as hers, in your Belinda's.

But then some say you purchase fame,
And gain that envied prize, a name ;
Great recompense ! like his who sells
A diamond for beads and bells.
Will fame be thought sufficient bail
To keep the poet from the jail?—

Thus the brave soldier, in the wars,
Gets empty praise and aching scars :
Is paid with fame and wooden legs ;
And starv'd, the glorious vagrant begs.

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth in beauty boast,
S——n at thirty reigns a toast ;
And like the sun as he declines,
More mildly, but more sweetly shines.

The hand of time alone disarms
Her face of its superfluous charms ;
But adds, for every grace resign'd,
A thousand to adorn her mind.

Youth was her too inflaming time ;
This her more habitable clime :
How must she then each heart engage,
Who blooms like youth, is wise like age !

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
At once both ornament and use ;
Here opening blossoms we behold,
There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold.

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT TREFUSIS,

BEING THREE YEARS OLD, MARCH 22, 1710-11.

AWAKE, sweet babe ! the sun's emerging ray,
That gave you birth, renews the happy day !
Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair beauty's bud ! when time shall stretch thy
Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man, [span,
What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
And yield not barren ornament, but use !
Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
To crown thy riper growth and manly years.
Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise,
In miniature a little orchard lies ;
The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
Stretch their swoll'n cells, replete with future trees ;
By time evolv'd, the spreading branches rise,
Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely babe, what lustre shall adorn
Thy noon of beauty, when so bright thy morn !
Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day !
With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow,
Than those gay trifles, titles, wealth, and show :
May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days !
Those fools admire—these heaven and angels praise !

With riches bless'd, to heaven those riches lend,
The poor man's guardian, and the good man's friend :
Bid virtuous sorrow smile, scorn'd merit cheer,
And o'er affliction pour the generous tear.
Some, wildly liberal, squander, not bestow,
And give unprais'd, because they give for show :
To sanctify thy wealth, on worth employ
Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy :
Thus offerings from the' unjust pollute the skies,
The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

As when an artist plans a favourite draught,
The structures rise responsive to the thought ;
A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
Or worthy of a God a temple stands :

Such is thy rising frame ! by heaven design'd
A temple, worthy of a godlike mind ;
Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
A fuller beam of heaven's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increase, O lovely boy !
Spare them, ye pains, and age alone destroy !
So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, the god might boast to look like thee !
When young Iulus' form he deign'd to wear,
Such were his smiles, and such his winning air :
Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son ;
Thence all the lightning of thy mother's flies,
A Cupid grac'd with Cytheræa's eyes !

Yet ah ! how short a date the powers decree
To that bright frame of beauties, and to thee !
Pass a few days, and all those beauties fly !
Pass a few years, and thou, alas ! shalt die !
Then all thy kindred, all thy friends shall see
With tears, what now thou art, and they must be ;
A pale, cold, lifeless lump of earth deplore !
Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more !

But oh ! when, ripe for death, fate calls thee hence,
Sure lot of every mortal excellence !
When pregnant as the womb the teeming earth
Resigns thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
Rise cloth'd with beauties that shall never die !
A saint on earth ! an angel in the sky !

TO MRS. ELIZ. M——T,

ON HER PICTURE. 1716.

O! wondrous art, that grace to shadows gives!
By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye instils
A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!
Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face,
And the new charmer grace returns for grace.

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appears
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years;
By age uninjur'd, future times adorn,
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn,
Who, gazing on the portrait with a sigh,
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die:
How would they grieve, if to such beauties join'd
The paint could show the wonders of thy mind!

O virgin! born the' admiring world to grace!
Transmit thy excellence to latest days;
Yield to thy lover's vows! and then shall rise
A race of beauties conquering with thine eyes;
Who, reigning in thy charms, from death shall save
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave.

Thus, when through age the rose-tree's charms
When all her fading beauties die away [decay,
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place
With equal fragrance, and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on earth is given
To the most lovely workmanship of heaven!
Too soon that cheek must every charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine!
While thousands weeping round, with sighs survey
What once was you—now only beauteous clay!

Ev'n from the canvass shall thy image fade,
 And thou re-perish in thy perish'd shade :
 Then may this verse to future ages show
 One perfect beauty—such as thou art now !
 May it the graces of thy'soul display,
 Till this world sinks, and suns themselves decay ;
 When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise,
 To shine the loveliest angel in the skies.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY,
 MARIAMNE.

WHEN breathing statues mouldering waste away,
 And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay ;
 The muse rewards the suffering good with fame,
 Or wakes the prosperous villain into shame ;
 To the stern tyrant gives fictitious power
 To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call, this night appears
 Great Herod rising from a length of years ;
 A name ! enlarg'd with titles not his own,
 Servile to mount, and savage on a throne :
 Yet oft a throne is dire misfortune's seat,
 A pompous wretchedness, and woe in state !
 But such the curse that from ambition springs,
 For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings !
 But now, reviving in the British scene,
 He looks majestic with a milder mien,
 His features soften'd with the deep distress
 Of love, made greatly wretched by excess :
 From lust of power to jealous fury tost,
 We see the tyrant in the lover lost,

O! love, thou source of mighty joy or woe!
 Thou softest friend, or man's most dangerous foe!
 Fantastic power! what rage thy darts inspire,
 When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
 Those darts, to jealous rage stern Herod drove;
 It was a crime, but crime of too much love!
 Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
 Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!
 No fancy'd tale! our opening scenes disclose
 Historic truth, and swell with real woes.
 Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears;
 By woes ennobled, with majestic pace,
 She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of beauty, when it flies
 Fair honour's laws, at best but lovely vice;
 Charms it like Venus with celestial air?
 Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair;
 But when strict honour with fair features joins,
 Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines.

Then let her fate your kind attention raise,
 Whose perfect charms were but her second praise:
 Beauty and virtue your protection claim;
 Give tears to beauty, give to virtue fame.

TO MR. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

IF e'er my humble muse melodious sings,
 'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
 If e'er she mounts, 'tis when you prune her wings.
 You, like the sun, your glorious beams display,
 Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
 And clothe it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought,
The colours faint, irregular the draught ;
But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
Rais'd every stroke, and brighten'd every part.
So, when Luke drew the rudiments of man,
An angel finish'd what the saint began ;
His wondrous pencil, dipt in heavenly dyes,
Gave beauty to the face, and lightning to the eyes.

Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass ;
You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass :
Hence ev'n deformity a beauty grew ;
She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd
by you ;

Though like Prometheus I the image frame,
You give the life, and bring the heavenly flame.

Thus when the Nile diffus'd his watery train
In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain ;
Unshapen forms, the refuse of the flood,
Issued imperfect from the teeming mud ;
But the great source and parent of the day
Fashion'd the creature, and inform'd the clay.

To nobler themes thy muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and Heaven ex-
plores.

Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire ?
For sure such sounds exalt the' immortal string,
As Heaven approves, and raptur'd angels sing.
Ah ! how I listen, while the mortal lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way !
Ah ! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws,
By just gradations, to the sovereign cause !

Pleas'd I survey how varying schemes unite,
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies :
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heaven unfolding to the throne of God.
Be this thy praise ! I haunt the lovely bower,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flower ;
Nor dares the muse attempt the arduous flight,
Viewing her lowness, and Parnassus' height ;
But when you aid her song, and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god.

So the Cumean prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come ;
But when Apollo in her breast abode,
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god :
Then accents more than mortal from her broke ;
And what the god inspir'd, the priestess spoke.

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

FROM peace, and social joy, Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise ;
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA, with uncontested sway,
Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns ;
Beholds adoring crowds obey,
And heroes proud to wear her chains :
Yet stoops, like him, to every prize,
Busy to murder beaux and flies.

She aims at every trifling heart,
Attends each flatterer's vows ;
And, like a picture drawn with art,
A look on all that gaze bestows.
O ! may the power who lovers rules,
Grant rather scorn, than hope with fools !

Mistaken nymph ! the crowds that gaze
Adore thee into shame ;
Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
And coxcombs, when they praise, defame.
O ! fly such brutes in human shapes,
Nor, like the' Egyptians, worship apes.

ON THE
DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND
MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

———— Calentem
Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

HOR.

As when the King of Peace, and Lord of Love,
Sends down some brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heavenly guest,
Awhile we view him in full glory dress'd;
But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy way;
So did'st thou vanish, eager to appear,
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet had'st thou all that virtue can bestow,
All, the good practise, and the learned know,
Such holy rapture, as not warms, but fires,
While the soul seems retiring, or retires;
Such transports as those saints in vision share,
Who know not whether they are rapt through air, }
Or bring down heaven to meet them in a prayer. }

Oh! early lost! yet stedfast to survey
Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
Serene, the sting of pain¹ thy thoughts beguile,
And make afflictions, objects of a smile.
So the fam'd patriarch, on his couch of stone,
Enjoy'd bright visions from the' eternal throne.

¹ The gout.

Thus wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce
can please,

Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heaven and peace :
As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.

Oh! may these lays a lasting lustre shed
O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grace the dead !
Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway ;
Humble, yet learn'd ; though innocent, yet gay ;
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe :

Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great ;
Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
Thou deemest mean the pageantry of kings,
Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
A painted ribbon or a glittering stone,
Uselessly bright! 'Twas thine the soul to raise
To nobler objects, such as angels praise !
To live, to mortals' empty fame a foe ;
And pity human joy, and human woe !
To view ev'n splendid vice with generous hate ;
In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate !
Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
Dawn'd o'er the soul, and promis'd endless day.
So from the setting orb of Phœbus fly
Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, oh ! where shall I true friendship
find

Among the treacherous race of base mankind ?
Whom, whom consult in all the' uncertain ways
Of various life, sincere to blame, or praise ?
O friend ! O falling in thy strength of years !
Warm from the melting soul receive these tears !

O woods! O wilds! O every bowery shade!
 So often vocal by his music made,
 Now other sounds—far other sounds return,
 And o'er his herse with all your echoes mourn!—
 Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
 To heaven, and left vain man for saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
 A thousand wonders glorious to behold;
 And here or there, as the machine extends,
 A hero rises, or a god descends:
 But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
 Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.

Where were ye, muses, by what fountain side,
 What river sporting, when your favourite died?
 He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
 Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;
 Nor deign'd but to high themes² to tune the string,
 To such as Heaven might hear, and angels sing;
 Unlike those bards, who, uninform'd to play,
 Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay:
 Each line display'd united strength and ease,
 Form'd like his manners to instruct and please.
 So herbs of balmy excellence produce
 A blooming flower and salutary juice:
 And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
 Usefully gay! at once it charms and heals.

Transcend ev'n after death, ye great, in show;
 Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
 Hire substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
 And bribe unwilling drops from venal eyes;
 While here sincerity of grief appears,
 Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears!

² Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

While, tir'd of life, we but consent to live
To show the world how really we grieve !
As some fond sire, whose only son lies dead,
All lost to comfort, makes the dust his bed,
Hangs o'er his urn, with frantic grief deplores,
And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious showers :
Such heartfelt pangs on thy sad bier attend ;
Companion ! brother ! all in one—my friend !
Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
Sighs are but air ; but common water, tears :
The proud, relentless, weep in state, and show,
Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

Thus in the fountain, from the sculptor's hands,
With imitated life, an image stands ;
From rocky entrails, through his stony eyes,
The mimic tears in streams incessant rise :
Unconscious ! while aloft the waters flow,
The gazers' wonder, and a public show.

Ye hallow'd domes, his frequent visits tell ;
Thou court, where God himself delights to dwell ;
Thou mystic table, and thou holy feast,
How often have ye seen the sacred guest !
How oft his soul with heavenly manna fed !
His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead !
While listening angels heard such raptures rise,
As, when they hymn the' Almighty, charm the skies !
But where, now where, without the body's aid,
New to the heavens, subsists thy gentle shade ?
Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
Pleas'd, high o'er stars, from world to world to fly !
And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze,
While monarchs quake, and trembling nations gaze ?
Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled ?

Or joins in concert with angelic choirs,
 Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
 Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns inwreath,
 Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin, and death?
 O! may the thought his friend's devotion raise!
 O! may he imitate, as well as praise!
 Awake, my heavy soul! and upward fly,
 Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
 And ask the certain way to rise as high.

TO THOMAS MARRIOT, ESQ.

I PREFIX your name to the following poem, as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you: I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them: May these verses on death long survive my own! and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

ΤΙΣ ΟΙΙΔΕΥ ΕΙ ΤΟ ΖΗΤ ΜΕΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΚΑΤΘΑΥΕΙ,
 ΤΟ ΚΑΤΘΑΥΕΙ ΔΕ ΖΗΤ;

EURIP.

OH! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day!
 A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread.

See! in the horrors of yon house of woes;
Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose !
High on a trophy, rais'd of human bones,
Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
In horrid state she reigns ! attendant ill
Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills :
Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming
burns,

O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mouldering urns ;
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons
spread

An idle pomp around the silent dead :
Unaw'd by power, in common heap she flings
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings :
Here gales of sighs, instead of breezes, blow,
And streams of tears for ever murmuring flow :
The mournful yew with solemn horror waves
His baleful branches, saddening even the graves :
Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky :
The ground perverse, though bare and barren,
breeds

All poisons, foes to life, and noxious weeds ;
But, blasted frequent by the' unwholesome sky,
Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die.

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors,
Old-age, half vanish'd to a ghost, deplores :
Prop'd on his crutch, he drags with many a groan
The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.

There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
Intemperance and Disease walk hand in hand :
These, Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantic Anger, prone to wild extremes,
Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heaven blasphemes

There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
Writhes his convulsive limbs, and wrings his hands.
There Sorrow droops his ever pensive head,
And Care still tosses on his iron bed :
Or, musing, fastens on the ground his eye
With folded arms : with every breath a sigh.
Hydrops unwieldy wallows in a flood ;
And Murder rages, red with human blood,
With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain,
Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train !
These and a thousand more the fiend surround,
Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
O heavens ! is this the passage to the skies
That man must tread, when man your favourite dies?
Oh ! for Elijah's car, to wing my way
O'er the dark gulf of death to endless day !

Confounded at the sight, my spirits fled,
My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead !
I wail'd the lot of man, that all would shun,
And all must bear, that breathe beneath the sun.

When lo ! an heavenly form, divinely fair,
Shoots from the starry vault through fields of air ;
And swifter than on wings of lightning driven,
At once seems here and there, in earth and heaven !
A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams
Flows from his locks inwreath'd with sunny beams :
His roseate cheeks the bloom of heaven display,
And from his eyes dart glories more than day :
A robe of light condens'd around him shone,
And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone ;
And while the listening winds lay hush'd to hear,
Thus spoke the vision, amiably severe :

' Vain man ! would'st thou escape the common lot,
To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot ?

Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
All, all are past ! a mighty void appears !
Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name !
The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just,
Mix with the meanest in congenial dust !
Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
Ambassadors of heaven, and friends of God !
And thou, wouldst thou the general sentence fly ?
Moses is dead ! thy Saviour deign'd to die !
Mortal, in all thy acts regard thy end ;
Live well the time thou liv'st, and death's thy friend :
Then curb each rebel thought against the sky,
And die resign'd, O man ordain'd to die !

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, asham'd, I cry, ' Eternal Power !
I yield ! I wait, resign'd, the' appointed hour !
Man, foolish man, no more thy soul deceive ;
To die, is but the surest way to live !
When age we ask, we ask it in our wrong,
And pray our time of suffering may be long ;
The nauseous draught, and dregs of life to drain,
And feel infirmity and length of pain.
What art thou, life, that we should court thy stay ?
A breath, one single gasp must puff away !
A short-liv'd flower, that with the day must fade !
A fleeting vapour, and an empty shade !
A stream that silently, but swiftly, glides
To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides !
A being, lost alike by pain or joy ;
A fly can kill it, or a worm destroy !
Impair'd by labour, and by ease undone,
Commenc'd in tears, and ended in a groan !

Ev'n while I write, the transient NOW is past,
And death more near this sentence than the last !
As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
Beat by rude waves, and sap'd by rushing tides,
Torn from its base, no more their fury bears,
At once they close, at once it disappears :
Such, such is life ! the mark of misery plac'd
Between two worlds, the future and the past ;
To time, to sickness, and to death a prey,
It sinks, the frail possession of a day !

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore
Builds from the sands a fabric of an hour ;
Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms,
He styles the mimic cells imperial domes ;
The little monarch swells with fancied sway,
Till some wind, rising, puffs the dome away :
So the poor reptile, man ! an heir of woe,
The lord of earth and ocean, swells in show ;
He plants, he builds, aloft the walls arise !
The noble plan he finishes, and——dies.
Swept from the earth, he shares the common fate ;
His sole distinction now, to rot in state !
Thus busy to no end, till, out of breath,
Tir'd we lie down, and close up all in death. [led

Then bless'd the man whom gracious Heaven has
Through life's blind mazes to the' immortal dead !
Who, safely landed on the blissful shore,
Nor human folly feels, nor frailty, more !
O death ! thou cure of all our idle strife ;
End of the gay or serious farce of life :
Wish of the just, and refuge of the' oppress'd ;
Where poverty, and where ev'n kings find rest !
Safe from the frowns of power, calm thoughtful hate,
And the rude insults of the scornful great.

The grave is sacred ! wrath and malice dread
To violate its peace, and wrong the dead ;
But life, thy name is woe ! to death we fly
To grow immortal——into life we die !
Then wisely Heaven in silence has confin'd
The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
What though the path be dark that must be trod,
Though man be blotted from the works of God,
Though the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes through all the' expanse of air ;
Yet, bursting glorious from the silent clay,
He mounts triumphant to eternal day.

So when the sun rolls down the' ethereal plain,
Extinct his splendors in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heaven invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades;
But soon emerging with a fresher ray,
He starts exultant, and renews the day.

SELECT POEMS

OF

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

1000

1000

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

AN

EPISTLE TO DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

AT EASTBURY IN DORSETSHIRE,

On the Review at Sarum, 1722.

WHILE with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit;
By turns relieving, with the circling draught,
Each pause of chat, and interval of thought;
Or through the well-glaz'd tube, from business freed,
Draw the rich spirit of the Indian weed;
Or bid your eyes o'er Vanbrugh's models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome,
(While busy fancy with her imag'd power
Builds up the work of ages in an hour);
Or, lost in thought, contemplative you rove
Through opening vistas, and the shady grove;
Where a new Eden in the wilds is found,
And all the seasons in a spot of ground:
There, if you exercise your tragic rage,
To bring some hero on the British stage;
Whose cause the audience with applause will crown,
And make his triumphs or his tears their own:
Throw by the bold design; and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs, and monarchs of an hour;

From fabled worthies, call thy Muse to sing
Of real wonders, and Britannia's king.

Oh! hadst thou seen him, when the gathering
train

Fill'd up proud Sarum's wide-extended plain!
Then, when he stoop'd from awful majesty,
Put on the man, and laid the sovereign by;
When the glad nations saw their king appear,
Begirt with armies, and the pride of war;
More pleas'd his people's longing eyes to bless,
He look'd, and breath'd benevolence and peace:
When in his hand Britannia's awful lord
Held forth the olive, while he grasp'd the sword.
So Jove, though arm'd to blast the Titan's pride,
With all his burning thunders at his side,
Fram'd, while he terrified the distant foe,
His scheme of blessings for the world below.
This hadst thou seen, thy willing Muse would raise
Her strongest wing, to reach her sovereign's praise.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb!
The theme so great! the poet so sublime!
I saw him, Young, and to these ravish'd eyes
Ev'n now his godlike figure seems to rise:
Mild, yet majestic, was the monarch's mien,
Lovely, though great, and awful, though serene.
(More than a coin or picture can unfold:
Too faint the colours, and too base the gold!)
At the bless'd sight, transported and amaz'd,
One universal shout the thousands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd. }
His foes (if any) own'd the monarch's cause,
And chang'd their groundless clamours to applause;
Ev'n giddy Faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wondering Envy look'd her rage away.

As Ceres o'er the globe her chariot drew,
 And harvests ripen'd where the goddess flew;
 So, where his gracious footsteps he inclin'd,
 Peace flew before, and plenty march'd behind.
 Where wild affliction rages, he appears
 To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears:
 The sons of misery before him bow,
 And for their merit only plead their woe.
 So well he loves the public liberty,
 His mercy sets the private captive free.
 Soon as our royal angel came in view,
 The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;
 The dungeons open'd, and resign'd their prey,
 To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
 The chains drop off; the grateful captives rear
 Their hands unmanacled in praise and prayer.
 Had thus victorious Cæsar sought to please,
 And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like these;
 The generous Brutus had not scorn'd to bend,
 But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
 Nor to that bold excess of virtue ran,
 To stab the monarch, where he lov'd the man.
 And Cato, reconcil'd, had ne'er disdain'd
 To live a subject where a Brunswick reign'd.
 But I detain your nobler muse too long
 From the great theme that mocks my humble
 song,
 A theme that asks a Virgil, or a Young.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

'Tis true, what fam'd Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd :
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of godlike Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires ;
But now a British Poet she inspires.

To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends,
To you the' hereditary Muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and naturaliz'd the bard ;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.

See, too, the poet a majestic shade !
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head,
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbes and Ogilby ;
Who vex'd his venerable ashes more,
Than his ungrateful Greece, the living bard before.

While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are
shown,
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our own ;
Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail,
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale ;
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a sight in every dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And every little bosom beats for fame.

Thus shall they learn (as future times will see)
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.

In every hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of every tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And Whig and Tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their fends; and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries' interests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot
How Somer's counsel'd, and how Marlborough
fought;

But, o'er their settling coffee, gravely tell
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire
With Glaucus' courage, and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn
before.

Nay ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.

Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dulness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn;
Back on themselves their arrows will return;
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortaliz'd to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate,
Which would, if Homer liv'd, on Homer wait.

And lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war.
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious fronds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engag'd the world in arms.

Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bards shall thus record thy praise :
' In those bless'd times, when smiling heaven and fate
Had rais'd Britannia to her happiest state ;
When wide around she saw the world submit,
And own her sons supreme in arts and wit ;
Then Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome ;
To the great task each bold translator came,
With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame ;
Here the pleas'd Mantuan swan was taught to soar
Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before :
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Though her seven rival cities claim'd his birth ;
On her seven cities he look'd down with scorn,
And own'd, with pride, he was in Britain born.'

ON THE APPROACHING
DELIVERY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,
IN THE YEAR 1721.

AN ODE.

YE angels, come without delay ;
Britannia's genius, come away.
Descend, ye spirits of the sky ;
Stand all ye winged guardians by ;
Your golden pinions kindly spread,
And watch round Carolina's bed :
Here fix your residence on earth,
To hasten on the glorious birth ;
Her fainting spirits to supply,
Catch all the zephyrs as they fly.

Oh! succour nature in the strife,
And gently hold her up in life;
Nor let her hence too soon remove,
To join your sacred choirs above:
But live, Britannia to adorn
With kings and princes yet unborn.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away,
Assuage her pains, and Albion's fears;
For Albion's life depends on her's.
Oh then! to save her from despair,
Lean down, and listen to her prayer.
Crown all her tortures with delight,
And call the' auspicious babe to light.
We hope from your propitious care,
All that is brave, or all that's fair.
A youth to match his sire in arms;
Or nymph to match her mother's charms:
A youth, who over kings shall reign,
Or nymph, whom kings shall court in vain.
From far the royal slaves shall come,
And wait from him or her their doom;
To each their different suits shall move,
And pay their homage, or their love.

Ye angels, come without delay;
Britannia's genius, come away.
When the soft powers of sleep subdue
Those eyes, that shine as bright as you;
With scenes of bliss, transporting themes!
Prompt and inspire her golden dreams;
Let visionary blessings rise,
And swim before her closing eyes.
The sense of torture to subdue,
Set Britain's happiness to view:

That sight her spirits will sustain,
And give her pleasure from her pain.

Ye angels, come without delay ;

Britannia's genius, come away.

Come, and rejoice ; th' important hour

Is past, and all our fears are o'er :

See ! every trace of anguish flies,

While in her lap the infant lies,

Her pain by sudden joy beguil'd,

She hangs in rapture o'er the child,

Her eyes o'er every feature run,

The father's beauties and her own.

There, pleas'd her image to survey,

She melts in tenderness away ;

Smiles o'er the babe, nor smiles in vain,

The babe returns the' auspicious smile again.

Ye angels, come without delay ;

Britannia's genius, come away.

Turn heaven's eternal volume o'er,

And look for this distinguish'd hour ;

Consult the page of Britain's state,

Before you close the books of fate ;

Then tell us what you there have seen,

What eras from this birth begin.

What years from this bless'd hour must run,

As bright and lasting as the sun.

Far from the ken of mortal sight,

These secrets are involv'd in night :

The blessings which this birth pursue,

Are only known to heaven and you.

ON THE

DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

WITH joy, bless'd youth, we saw thee reach the
goal ;

Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy soul ;

The Graces and the Muses came combin'd,

These to adorn the body, those the mind ;

'Twas there we saw the softest manners meet,

Truth, sweetness, judgment, innocence, and wit.

So form'd, he flew his race ; 'twas quickly won,

'Twas but a step, and finish'd when begun.

Nature herself, surpris'd, would add no more,

His life complete in all its parts before ;

But his few years with pleasing wonder told,

By virtues, not by days ; and thought him old.

So far beyond his age those virtues ran,

That in a boy she found him more than man.

For years let wretches importune the skies,

Till, at the long expense of anguish wise,

They live, to count their days by miseries.

Those win the prize, who soonest run the race,

And life burns brightest in the shortest space.

So to the convex-glass embodied run,

Drawn to a point, the glories of the sun ;

At once the gathering beams intensely glow,

And through the streighten'd circle fiercely flow ;

In one strong flame conspire the blended rays,

Run to a fire, and crowd into a blaze.

EPITAPH ON DR. KEIL,

THE LATE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

BENEATH this stone the world's just wonder lies,
 Who, while on earth, had rang'd the spacious skies;
 Around the stars his active soul had flown,
 And seen their courses finish'd, ere his own :
 Now he enjoys those realms he could explore,
 And finds that Heaven he knew so well before.
 He through more worlds his victory pursued
 Than the brave Greek could wish to have subdued;
 In triumph ran one vast creation o'er,
 Then stopp'd,—for nature could afford no more.
 With Cæsar's speed, young Ammon's noble pride,
 He came, saw, vanquish'd, wept, return'd, and died.

ON THE MASQUERADES.

Si Natura negant, facit indignatio versum.*

WELL—we have reach'd the precipice at last;
 The present age of vice obscures the past.
 Our dull forefathers were content to stay,
 Nor sinn'd, till nature pointed out the way :
 No arts they practis'd to forestal delight,
 But stopp'd to wait the calls of appetite,
 Their top-debauches were at best precise,
 An unimprov'd simplicity of vice.

But this bless'd age has found a fairer road,
 And left the paths their ancestors had trod.

Nay, we could wear (our taste so very nice is)
Their old cast-fashions sooner than their vices.
Whoring till now a common trade has been,
But masquerades refine upon the sin ;
An higher taste to wickedness impart,
And second nature with the helps of art.
New ways and means to pleasures we devise,
Since pleasure looks the lovelier in disguise.
The stealth and frolic give a smarter gust,
Add wit to vice, and eloquence to lust.

In vain the modish evil to redress,
At once conspire the pulpit and the press ;
Our priests and poets preach and write in vain ;
All satire's lost, both sacred and profane.
So many various changes to impart,
Would tire an Ovid or a Proteus' art ;
Where, lost in one promiscuous whim, we see
Sex, age, condition, quality, degree ;
Where the facetious crowd themselves lay down,
And take up every person but their own.
Fools, dukes, rakes, cardinals, fops, Indian queens,
Belles in tie-wigs, and lords in harlequins ;
Troops of right honourable porters come,
And garter'd small-coal merchants crowd the room :
Valets adorn'd with coronets appear,
Lacqueys of state, and footmen with a star ;
Sailors of quality with judges mix,
And chimney-sweepers drive their coach and six,
Statesmen so us'd at court the mask to wear,
With less disguise assume the vizard here.
Officious Heydegger deceives our eyes,
For his own person is his best disguise :
And half the reigning toasts of equal grace,
Trust to the natural vizard of the face.

Idiots turn conjurers ; and courtiers clowns ;
And sultans drop their handkerchiefs to nuns.
Starch'd quakers glare in furbelows and silk ;
Beaux deal in sprats, and duchesses cry milk.

But guard thy fancy, muse, nor stain thy pen
With the lewd joys of this fantastic scene ;
Where sexes blend in one confus'd intrigue,
Where the girls ravish, and the men grow big :
Nor credit what the idle world has said,
Of lawyers forc'd, and judges brought to bed :
Or that to helles their brothers breathe their vows,
Or husbands through mistake gallant a spouse.
Such dire disasters, and a numerous throng
Of like enormities, require the song :
But the chaste muse, with blushes cover'd o'er,
Retires confus'd, and will reveal no more.

A

PROLOGUE FOR THE STROLLERS.

GENTEELS, of old pert prologues led the way,
To guide, defend, and usher in the play,
As powder'd footmen run before the coach,
And thunder at the door my lord's approach.
But though they speak your entertainment near,
Most prologues speed like other bills of fare ;
Seldom the languid stomach they excite,
And oftener pall, than raise the appetite.

As for the play—'tis hardly worth our care,
The prologue craves your mercy for the player ;
That is, your money—for by Jove I swear,
White gloves and lodging are confounded dear.

Since here are none but friends, the truth to own,
Hasp'd in a coach our company came down,
But I most shrewdly fear we shall depart,
Ev'n in our old original—a cart.

With pride inverted, and fantastic power,
We strut the fancied monarchs of an hour ;
While duns our emperors and heroes fear,
And Cleomenes ¹ starves in earnest here :
The mightiest kings and queens we keep in pay,
Support their pomp on eighteen-pence a day.
Great Cyrus for a dram has pawn'd his coat,
And all our Cæsars can't command a groat ;
Our Scipios, Hannibals, and Pompeys break,
And Cleopatra shifts but once a week.

To aggravate the case, we have not one,
Of all the new refinements of the town :
No moving statnes, no lewd harlequins,
No pasteboard players, no heroes in machines ;
No rosin to flash lightning—'twould exhaust us,
To buy a devil and a Doctor Faustus.
No windmills, dragons, millers, conjurers,
To exercise your eyes, and spare your ears ;
No paper seas, no thunder from the skies,
No witches to descend, no stage to rise ;
Scarce one for us the actors—we can set
Nothing before you but mere sense and wit.
A bare downright old-fashion'd English feast,
Such as true Britons only can digest ;
Such as your homely fathers us'd to love,
Who only came to hear and to improve ;
Humbly content and pleas'd with what was dress'd,
When Otway, Lee, and Shakspeare rang'd the feast.

¹ The Spartan Hero, a tragedy, by Dryden.

TO CÆLIA,

PLAYING ON A LUTE.

WHILE Cælia's hands fly swiftly o'er,
And strike this soft machine,
Her touch awakes the springs and life
Of harmony within.

Sweetly they sink into the strings,
The quivering strings rebound,
Each stroke obsequiously obey,
And tremble into sound.

Oh ! had you bless'd the years of old ;
His lute had Ovid strung,
And dwelt on yours, the charming theme
Of his immortal song.

Yours, with Arion's wondrous harp,
The bard had hung on high ;
And on the new-born star bestow'd
The honours of the sky.

The radiant spheres had ceas'd their tunes,
And danc'd in silence on,
Pleas'd the new harmony to hear,
More heavenly than their own.

Of old to raise one shade from hell,
To Orpheus was it given :
But every tune of your's calls down
An angel from his heaven.

TO THE
UNKNOWN ¹ AUTHOR

OF THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

THE theme in other works, for every part,
Supplies materials to the builder's art :
To build from matter, is sublimely great,
But gods and poets only can create ;
And such are you ; their privilege you claim,
To show your wonders, but conceal your name,
Like some establish'd king, without control,
You take a general progress through the soul ;
Survey each part, examine every side,
Where she's secure, and where unfortified.
In faithful lines her history declare,
And trace the causes of her civil war ;
Your pen no partial prejudices sway,
But truth decides, and virtue wins the day.

Through what gay fields and flowery scenes we
pass,
Where fancy sports, and fiction leads the chase?
Where life, as through her various acts she tends,
Like other comedies, in marriage ends.

What muse but yours so justly could display
The' embattled passions, marshall'd in array?
Bid the rang'd appetites in order move,
Give lust a figure, and a shape to love?
To airy notions solid forms dispense,
And make our thoughts the images of sense?
Discover all the rational machine,
And show the movements, springs, and wheels within?

¹ It afterwards appeared to be Samuel Wesley, an usher in Westminster School, and brother of the two celebrated Methodist Preachers, John and Charles Wesley.

But Hymen waves his torch, all discords cease :
 All parley, drop their arms, and sue for peace.
 Soon as the signal flames, they quit the fight,
 For all at first but differ'd to unite :
 From every part the lines in order move,
 And sweetly centre in the point of love.

Let blockheads to the musty schools repair,
 And poach for morals and the passions there,
 Where virtue, like a dwarf in giant's arms,
 Cumber'd with words, and manacled in terms,
 Serves to amuse the philosophic fool,
 By method dry, and regularly dull.
 Who sees thy lines so visibly express
 The soul herself in such a pleasing dress,
 May from thy labours be convinc'd and taught,
 How Spenser would have sung, and Plato thought.

ODE TO JOHN PITT, ESQ.

ADVISING HIM TO BUILD A BANQUETTING-HOUSE
 ON A HILL THAT OVERLOOKS THE SEA.

O'ER curious models as you rove
 The vales with piles to crown,
 And great Palladio's plans improve
 With nobler of your own ;

O ! bid a structure o'er the floods
 From this high mountain rise,
 Where we may sit enthron'd like gods,
 And revel in the skies.

The' ascending breeze, at each repast,
 Shall breathe an air divine,
 Give a new brightness to the taste,
 New spirit to the wine.

Or these low pleasures we may quit
For banquets more refin'd,
The works of each immortal wit,
The luxury of the mind.

Plato, or Boyle's, or Newton's page,
Our towering thoughts shall raise,
Or Homer's fire, or Pindar's rage,
Or Virgil's lofty lays.

Or with amusive thoughts, the sea
Shall entertain the mind,
While we the rolling scene survey,
An emblem of mankind.

Where, like sworn foes, successive all,
The furious surges run,
To urge their predecessor's fall,
Though follow'd by their own.

Where, like our moderns so profound,
Engag'd in dark dispute,
The skuttles¹ cast their ink around,
To puzzle the dispute.

Where sharks, like shrewd directors, thrive;
Like lawyers, rob at will;
Where flying-fish, like trimmers live;
Like soldiers, sword-fish kill.

Where on the less the greater feed,
The tyrants of an hour,
Till the huge royal-whale succeed,
And all at once devour.

¹ Skuttle-fish.

Thus in the mortal world we now
Too truly understand,
Each monster of the sea below
Is match'd by one at land.

VERSES

ON

A FLOWERED CARPET WORKED BY YOUNG LADIES.

ON this fair ground, with ravish'd eyes,
We see a second Eden rise,
As gay and glorious as the first,
Before the' offending world was curs'd.
While these bright nymphs the needle guide,
To paint the rose in all her pride,
Nature, like her, may blush to own
Herself so far by art outdone.
These flowers she rais'd with all her care,
So blooming, so divinely fair!
The glorious children of the sun,
That David's regal heir outshone,
Were scarce like one of these array'd;
They died, but these shall never fade.

ON THE
ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

(In Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry.)

— Pedent opera interrupta —

SHOULD some fam'd hand, in this fantastic age,
 Draw Rich, as Rich appears upon the stage,
 With all his postures in one motley plan,
 The god, the hound, the monkey, and the man;
 Here o'er his head high brandishing a leg,
 And there just hatch'd, and breaking from his egg;
 While monster crowds on monster through the piece;
 Who could help laughing at a sight like this?—
 Or, as a drunkard's dream together brings
 'A court of coblers, or a mob of kings';
 Such is a sermon, where, confus'dly dark,
 Join Sharp, South, Sherlock, Barrow, Wake, and
 Clarke;

So eggs of different parishes will run
 To batter, when you beat six yolks to one:
 So six bright chemic liquors when you mix,
 In one dark shadow vanish all the six.

Full licence priests and painters ever had
 To run bold lengths, but never to run mad;
 For these can't reconcile God's grace to sin,
 Nor those paint tigers in an ass's skin.

¹ Dryden.

No common dauber in one piece would join
The fox and goose—unless upon a sign.
Some steal a page of sense from Tillotson,
And then conclude, divinely, with their own :
Like oil on water, mounts the prelate up ;
His Grace is always sure to be at top :
That vein of mercury its beams will spread,
And shine more strongly through a mine of lead.
With such low arts your audience never bilk ;
For who can bear a fustian lin'd with silk ?
Sooner than preach such stuff, I'd walk the town,
Without my scarf, in Whiston's draggled gown ;
Ply at the Chapter, and at Child's, to read
For pence, and bury for a groat a head.

Some easy subject choose, within your power,
Or you can never hold out half an hour.
One rule observe : this Sunday split your text :
Preach one part now, and t'other half the next.
Speak, look, and move, with dignity and ease,
Like mitred Secker, you'll be sure to please.
But, if you whine like boys at country schools,
Can you be said to study Cambray's rules ?
Begin with care, nor, like that curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing stumbling style :
' Whoever with a piercing eye can see
Through the past records of futurity—'
All gape—no meaning—the puff'd orator
Talks much, and says just nothing, for an hour.
Trnth and the text he labours to display,
Till both are quite interpreted away :
So frugal dames insipid water pour,
Till green, bohea, and coffee, are no more.
His arguments in silly circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun :

So the poor turn-spit, as the wheel runs round,
 The more he gains, the more he loses ground.
 Surpris'd with solitary self-applause,
 He sees the motley mingled scene he draws :
 Dutch painters thus at their own figures start,
 Drawn with their utinost uncreating art.
 Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
 Of limbs, form, figure, features, head, or tail ;
 Nay though she licks her cubs, her tender cares
 At best can bring the bruins but to bears.
 Still to your hearers all your sermons sort ;
 Who'd preach against corruption at the court ?
 Against church-power at visitations bawl,
 Or talk about damnation at Whitehall ?
 Harangue the horse-guards on a cure of souls,
 Condemn the quirks of chancery at the Rolls,
 Or rail at hoods and organs at St. Paul's ?
 Or be, like David Jones, so indiscreet,
 To rave at usurers in Lombard-street ?
 Ye country-vicars, when you preach in town
 A turn at Paul's, to pay your journey down,
 If you would shun the sneer of every prig,
 Lay by the little band and rusty wig ;
 But yet, be sure your proper language know,
 Nor talk as born within the sound of Bow ;
 Speak not the phrase that Drury-lane affords,
 Nor from 'Change-alley steal a cant of words :
 Coachmen will criticise your style ; nay, further,
 Porters will bring it in for wilful murder :
 The dregs of the Canaille will look askew,
 To hear the language of the town from you :
 Nay, my Lord-mayor, with merriment possess'd,
 Will break his nap, and laugh among the rest,
 And jog the aldermen, to hear the jest.

* * * * *

INVITATION TO MR. DODINGTON¹.

(IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, BOOK I. EP. V.)

IF Dodington will condescend
 To visit a poetic friend,
 And leave a numerous bill of fare;
 For four or five plain dishes here;
 No costly welcome, but a kind,
 He and his friends will always find :
 A plain, but clean and spacious room,
 The master and his heart at home,
 A cellar open as his face,
 A dinner shorter than his grace ;
 Your mutton comes from Pimperm-down²;
 Your fish, (if any) from the town ;
 Our rogues, indeed, of late, o'eraw'd,
 By human laws, not those of God,
 No venison steal, or none they bring,
 Or send it all to master King³;
 And yet, perhaps, some ventrous spark
 May bring it, now the nights are dark.
 Punch I have store, and beer beside,
 And port that's good, though Frenchified.
 Then, if you come, I'm sure to get
 From Eastbery⁴—a dessert—of wit.
 One line, good sir, to name the day,
 And your petitioner will pray, &c.

¹ Created Lord Melcombe in 1761.

² In Dorsetshire.

³ The Blandford carrier.

⁴ Mr. Dodington's seat at that time.

WRITTEN IN THE
FOLDS OF A PIN-PAPER.

OF old, a hundred Cyclops strove
To forge the thunder-bolt for Jove;
I too employ a hundred hands,
And travel through as many lands.
A head I have, though very small,
But then I have no brains at all.
The miser locks me up with care,
Close as his money, all the year.
When John and Joan are both at strife,
'Tis I find money for the wife.
At court I make the ladies shine,
I grace ev'n gracious Caroline:
And, though I often take my way
Through town and country, land and sea,
I'm neither fish, flesh, nor herring,
And now I live with Goody Verring¹.

AN EPITAPH,

INSCRIBED ON A STONE THAT COVERS HIS FATHER,
MOTHER, AND BROTHER².

YE sacred spirits! while your friends distress'd
Weep o'er your ashes, and lament the bless'd;
O let the pensive muse inscribe that stone,
And with the general sorrows mix her own:

¹ A seller of pins at Blandford.

² Robert Pitt, A. M. his eldest brother.

The pensive muse!—who, from this mournful hour,
Shall raise her voice, and wake the string no more!
Of love, of duty, this last pledge receive;
'Tis all a brother, all a son can give.

TO MR. SPENCE.

PREFIXED TO THE ESSAY ON POPE'S ODYSSEY.

'Tis done—Restor'd by thy immortal pen,
The critic's noble name revives again;
Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
Shine forth alike in Addison and thee.

Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
And feed on scraps refus'd by every guest;
From the old Thracian dog¹ they learn'd the way
To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
As though they grudg'd themselves the joys they
feel,

Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
Such their inverted taste, that we expect,
For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
So the fell snake rejects the fragrant flowers,
But every poison of the field devours.

Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
You read your poet with a poet's flame;
With his your generous raptures still aspire;
The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
But when some lame, some limping line demands
The friendly succour of your healing hands;

¹ Zoilus, so called by the ancients.

The feather of your pen drops balm around,
And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.

While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
We stand all dazzled with excess of day,
Blind with the glorious blaze ;—to vulgar sight
'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light ;
But, like the towering eagle, you alone
Discern'd the spots and splendours of the sun.

To point out faults, yet never to offend ;
To play the critic, yet preserve the friend ;
A life well spent, that never lost a day ;
An easy spirit, innocently gay ;
A strict integrity, devoid of art ;
The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart ;
A soul where depth of sense and fancy meet ;
A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit,
Were ever yours ;—be what you were before,
Be still yourself ; the world can ask no more.

EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE.

(IN IMITATION OF HORACE, EPIST. X. BOOK I.)

HEALTH from the bard who loves the rural sport,
To the more noble bard that haunts the court :
In every other point of life we chime,
Like two soft lines when coupled into rhyme.
I praise a spacious villa to the sky,
You a close garret full five stories high ;
I revel here in nature's varied sweets,
You in the nobler scents of London streets.
I left the court, and here, at ease reclin'd,
Am happier than the king who staid behind :

'Twelve stifling dishes I could scarce live o'er,
At home I dine with luxury on four.
Where would a man of judgment choose a seat,
But in a wholesome, rural, soft retreat?
Where hills adorn the mansion they defend?
Where could he better answer nature's end?
Here from the sea the melting breezes rise,
Unbind the snow, and warm the wintry skies :
Here gentle gales the dog-star's heat allay,
And softly breathing cool the sultry day.
How free from cares, from dangers, and affright
In pleasing dreams I pass the silent night !
Does not the variegated marble yield
To the gay colours of the flowery field?
Can the New River's artificial streams,
Or the thick waters of the troubled Thames,
In many a winding rusty pipe convey'd,
Or dash'd and broken down a deep cascade,
With our clear sylvan streams in sweetness vie,
That in eternal rills run bubbling by ;
In dimples o'er the polish'd pebbles pass,
Glide o'er the sands, or glitter through the grass?
And yet in town the country prospects please,
Where stately colonades are flank'd with trees :
On a whole country looks the master down
With pride, where scarce five acres are his own.
Yet nature, though repell'd, maintains her part,
And in her turn she triumphs over art ;
The handmaid now may prejudice our taste,
But the fair mistress will prevail at last.
That man must smart at last whose puzzled sight
Mistakes in life false colours for the right ;
As the poor dupe is sure his loss to rue,
Who takes a pinchbeck guinea for a true.

The wretch, whose frantic pride kind fortune crowns,
Grows twice as abject when the goddess frowns ;
As he, who rises when his head turns round,
Must tumble twice as heavy to the ground.
Then love not grandeur, 'tis a splendid curse ;
The more the love, the harder the divorce.
We live far happier by these gurgling springs,
Than statesmen, courtiers, counsellors, or kings.
The stag expell'd the courser from the plain ;
What can he do?—he begs the aid of man ;
He takes the bit, and proudly bears away
His new ally ; he fights and wins the day ;
But, ruin'd by success, he strives in vain
To quit his master and the curb again.
So from the fear of want most wretches fly,
But lose their noblest wealth, their liberty ;
To their imperious passions they submit,
Who mount, ride, spur, but never draw the bit.
'Tis with your fortune, Spence, as with your shoe,
A large may wrench, a small one wring your toe.
Then bear your fortune in the golden mean,
Not every man is born to be a dean.
I'll bear your jeers, if ever I am known
To seek two cures, when scarce I merit one.
Riches, 'tis true, some service may afford,
But oft'ner play the tyrant o'er their lord.
Money I scorn, but keep a little still,
To pay my doctor's or my lawyer's bill.
From Encombe's ¹ soft romantic scenes I write,
Deep sunk in ease, in pleasure, and delight ;
Yet, though her generous lord himself is here,
'Twould be one pleasure more, could you appear.

¹ Encombe, in Dorsetshire, was the seat of John Pitt, Esq.

*EPISTLE TO MR. SPENCE,**WHEN TUTOR TO LORD MIDDLESEX.**In Imitation of Horace, Book 1. Epist. xviii.*

SPENCE, with a friend you pass the hours away
In pointed jokes, yet innocently gay :
You ever differ'd from a flatterer more,
Than a chaste lady from a flaunting whore.

'Tis true, you rallied every fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the wound :
Unlike the paltry poets of the town,
Rogues who expose themselves for half a crown :
And still impose on every soul they meet
Rudeness for sense, and ribaldry for wit :
Who, though half-starv'd, in spite of time and place,
Repeat their rhymes, though dinner stays for grace :
And as their poverty their dresses fit,
They think of course a sloven is a wit ;
But sense (a truth these coxcombs ne'er suspect)
Lies just 'twixt affectation and neglect.

One step still lower, if you can, descend
To the mean wretch, the great man's humble friend ;
That moving shade, that pendent at his ear,
That two-legg'd dog, still pawing on the peer.
Studying his looks, and watching at the board,
He gapes to catch the droppings of my lord ;
And, tickled to the soul at every joke,
Like a press'd watch, repeats what t'other spoke :
Echo to nonsense ! such a scene to hear !
'Tis just like Punch and his interpreter.

On trifles some are earnestly absurd,
You'll think the world depends on every word.
What, is not every mortal free to speak?
I'll give my reasons, though I break my neck.
And what's the question?—if it shines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen miles to Staines.

The wretch reduc'd to rags by every vice,
Pride, projects, races, mistresses, and dice,
The rich rogue shuns, though full as bad as he,
And knows a quarrel is good husbandry.

' 'Tis strange,' cries Peter, 'you are out of pelf,
I'm sure I thought you wiser than myself;'
Yet gives him nothing—but advice too late:
'Retrench, or rather mortgage your estate,
I can advance the sum,—'tis best for both;
But henceforth cut your coat to match your cloth.'

A minister, in mere revenge and sport,
Shall give his foe a paltry place at court.
The dupe for every royal birth-day buys
New horses, coaches, clothes, and liveries;
Plies at the levee, and distinguish'd there
Lives on the royal whisper for a year;
His wenches shine in Brussels and Brocade!
And now the wretch, ridiculously mad,
Draws on his banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the country runs away from jails:
'There ruin'd by the court he sells a vote
To the next burgess, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the steeds which once his chariot bore,
Or sweeps the town, which once he serv'd before.

But, by this roving meteor led, I tend
Beyond my theme, forgetful of my friend.
Then take advice; I preach not out of time,
When good Lord Middlesex is bent on rhyme.

Their humour check'd, or inclination cross'd,
Sometimes the friendship of the great is lost.
Unless call'd out to wench, be sure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the fathers by:
For your reward you gain his love, and dine
On the best venison and the best French wine.
Nor to Lord ***** make the observation,
How the twelve peers have answer'd their creation;
Nor in your wine or wrath betray your trust,
Be silent still, and obstinately just:
Explore no secrets, draw no characters,
For echo will repeat, and walls have ears:
Nor let a busy fool a secret know,
A secret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like bullets, and we wish, in vain,
When once discharg'd, to call them back again.

Defend, dear Spence, the honest and the civil,
But to cry up a rascal—that's the devil.
Who guards a good man's character, 'tis known,
At the same time protects and guards his own.
For as with houses 'tis with people's names,
A shed may set a palace all on flames;
The fire neglected on the cottage preys,
But mounts at last into a general blaze.

'Tis a fine thing, some think, a lord to know;
I wish his tradesmen could but think so too.
He gives his word—then all your hopes are gone:
He gives his honour—then you're quite undone.
His and some women's love the same are found;
You rashly board a fire-ship, and are drown'd.

Most folks so partial to themselves are grown,
They hate a temper differing from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the sad,
And formalists pronounce the witty mad:

The sot, who drinks six bottles in a place,
 Swears at the flinchers who refuse their glass.
 Would you not pass for an ill-natur'd man,
 Comply with every humour that you can.

Pope will instruct you how to pass away
 Your time like him, and never lose a day;
 From hopes or fears your quiet to defend,
 To all mankind, as to yourself, a friend,
 And, sacred from the world, retir'd, unknown,
 To lead a life with mortals like his own.

When to delicious Pimperm I retire,
 What greater bliss, my Spence, can I desire?
 Contented there my easy hours I spend
 With maps, globes, books, my bottle, and a friend.
 There can I live upon my income still,
 E'en though the house should pass the Quakers-hill;
 Yet to my share should some good prebend fall,
 I think myself of size to fill a stall.
 For life or wealth let Heaven my lot assign,
 A firm and even soul shall still be mine.

PSALM VIII.

TRANSLATED.

O KING eternal and divine!
 The world is thine alone :
 Above the stars thy glories shine,
 Above the heavens thy throne.

How far extends thy mighty name?
 Where'er the sun can roll,
 That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
 Thy deeds from pole to pole.

The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws ;
The tongue that never spoke before
Shall labour in thy cause.

For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd :

Who in their dance attend the moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light :

Lord ! what is mortal man, that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his son, who claims from thee
And challenges thy care?—

Next to the bless'd angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd,
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign,
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power ;
In fear of his superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name?
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

PSALM XXIV.

PARAPHRASED.

FAR as the world can stretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unsullied soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed,
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways,
Is this the chosen race ;
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise,
Ye everlasting doors, that guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of glory comes
Along the' ethereal road :
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King ?
Oh ! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise,
Ye everlasting doors, that guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away;
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of glory comes
Along the' ethereal road :
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.

CHRIST'S PASSION,

FROM A GREEK ODE BY MR. MARTIN, FORMERLY
OF NEW-COLLEGE.

AN ODE.

No more of earthly subjects sing,
To Heaven, my muse, aspire ;
To raise the song, charge every string,
And strike the living lyre.
Begin ; in lofty numbers show
The' Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
Who reigns the sovereign God above,
And suffers on the cross below,
Prodigious pile of wonders ! rais'd too high
For the dim ken of frail mortality.
What numbers shall I bring along !
From whence shall I begin the song ?
The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd,
Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
How by the rage of man his God expir'd !

I'll make the trackless depths of mercy known,
How to redeem his foe God render'd up his Son ;
I'll raise my voice to tell mankind
The victor's conquest o'er his doom,
How in the grave he lay confin'd,
To seal more sure the ravenous tomb.
Three days the' infernal empire to subdue,
He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe ;
With his own dart the tyrant death he slew,
And led hell captive through her realms below.

A mingled sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumults thicken on my ear,
The shouts of murderers that insult the slain,
The voice of torment and the shrieks of pain.
I cast my eyes with horror up
To the curs'd mountain's guilty top ;
See there ! whom hanging in the midst I view !
Ah ! how unlike the other two !
I see him high above his foes,
And gently bending to the wood
His head in pity down to those,
Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
His wide-extended arms I see,
Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.

Man ! senseless man ! canst thou look on ?
Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own.
The rage of all thy pain exert,
Rend thy garments and thy heart :
Beat thy breast, and grovel low,
Beneath the burden of thy woe :
Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.

Behold thy King with purple cover'd round,
Not in the Tyrian tincture dy'd,
Nor dip'd in poison of Sidonian pride,
But in his own rich blood, that streams from every
wound.

Dost thou not see the thorny circle red?
The guilty wreath that blushes round his head?
And with what rage the bloody scourge applied,
Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side?

At such a sight let all thy anguish rise,
Break up, break up, the fountains of thy eyes.
Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.

Weep, from thy soul, till earth be drown'd,
Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
Canst thou, ungrateful man! his torment see,
Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood for
thee?

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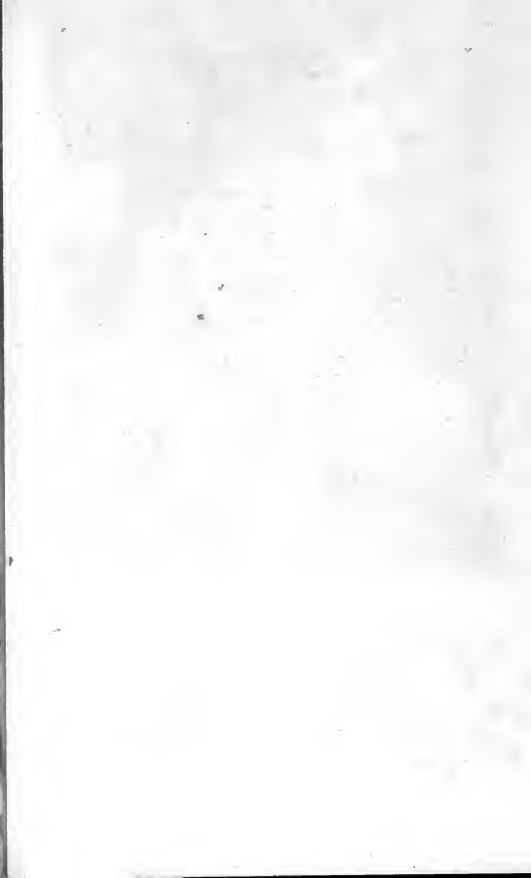
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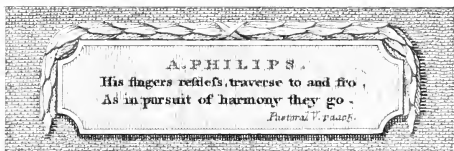
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Drawn by J. Stothard R.S.A.

Engraved by J. Anderson.

*Paraphrase March 8 1860 by John Sharpe
 Presumably*

SELECT POEMS
OF
AMBROSE PHILIPS.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILIP H. KATZ

PASTORAL POEMS.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

IF we, O Dorset, quit the city throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present; and, O bring
The muse along! The muse to you shall sing:
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian swain.

Begin—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
'Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art:
And little did he hope, while night by night
His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.

' Ah, well-a-day! how long must I endure
This pining pain, or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:

And now the moon begins in clouds to rise ;
The brightening stars increase within the skies ;
The winds are hush ; the dews distil ; and sleep
Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep :
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
All night to wake : with hunger he is pain'd,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame ;
But who can quench, O cruel love, thy flame ?
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief of wanton game :
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts !
How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
Wont they, upon the green to shift their feet ?
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devised tale from me to learn ?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky :
But, ah ! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
Oh ! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair !
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair,
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more
kind.

O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime !
Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay :

The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring ;
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind ! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads ;
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase !
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear ;
'Tis only love ; and love why should'st thou fear ?
What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm !
Stay, simple girl : a lover cannot harm.
Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear ;
Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear :
A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
And teach the fondling from my hand to feed :
Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
Of every dewy sweet the morning yields :
From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow :
And when—But, why these unavailing pains ?
The gifts alike and giver she disdains :
And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem :
Yet, was she born, like me, of shepherd-sire ;
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
O ! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
How would I wander, every day, to find
The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind !
For glossy plumbs how lightsome climb the tree,
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee !

Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin, shalt possess :
And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they
grow ?

O ! come, my love; nor think the' employment
mean,

The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
Ere the warm sun drink up the cool dew,
While, with my pipe, and with my voice, I cheer
Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.
How would the crook beseem thy lily-hand !
How would my younglings round thee gazing stand !
Ah, witless younglings ! gaze not on her eye :
Thence all my sorrow ; thence the death I die.
O, killing beauty ! and O, sore desire !
Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire ?
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn :
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock ; for happy ye may take
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake.'

Now to the waning moon, the nightingale,
In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale,
The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief,
Till by degrees her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.**THENOT, COLINET.****THENOT.**

Is it not Colinet I lonesome see,
Leaning with folded arms against the tree?
Or is it age, of late, bedims my sight?—
'Tis Colinet, indeed, in woeful plight.
Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears!
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the spring?

COLINET.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate;
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.
Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born,
As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
My tears oft mingling with the falling dew.

THENOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain:
Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load presseth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit, in autumn bend;
Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,
My mind a cheerful temper still retains:

And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
 Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
 But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,
 To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 'twill waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,
 Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
 Thine ewes will wander; and the heedless lambs,
 In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

THENOT.

See Lightfoot, he shall tend them close: and I,
 'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end,
 Doth there one smiling hour my youth attend?
 Though few my days, as well my follies show,
 Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe:
 No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
 My louring sky, and wintery months, to cheer.
 My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
 Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see:
 Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
 The mark of storms, and sport of every wind:
 The riven trunk feels not the' approach of spring;
 Nor birds among the leafless branches sing:
 No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng,
 With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
 Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
 From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
 When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn,
 Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
 To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass,
 Or when the moon, by wizard charm'd, fore-shows,
 Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.
 Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill!

THENOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rot among our sheep,
 From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep :
 Against ill-luck, alas! all forecast fails ;
 Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

Ah me, the while ! ah me, the luckless day !
 Ah, luckless lad ! befits me more to say.
 Unhappy hour ! when, fresh in youthful bud,
 I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
 Ah, silly I ! more silly than my sheep,
 Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.
 Sweet are thy banks ! Oh, when shall I, once more,
 With ravish'd eyes review thine amell'd shore ?
 When in the crystal of thy water, scan
 Each feature faded, and my colour wan ?
 When shall I see my hut, the small abode
 Myself did raise, and cover o'er with sod !
 Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
 Yet is there room for peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray?

COLINET.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know :
Ah, God ! that ever I should covet woe !
With wandering feet unblest'd, and fond of fame,
I sought I know not what besides a name.

THENOT.

Or sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
In search of gains more plenty than at home ?
A rolling-stone is, ever, bare of moss ;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe !
My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp, cold greensward, for my nightly bed,
And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain ;
And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain :
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd !
Unkind as hail it falls ; the pelting shower
Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

THENOT.

Slander, we shepherds count the vilest wrong :
And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue ?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms every vale, and gladdens every hill;
In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
In the cool shade to sing the pains of love :
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail ;
And every elf hath skill enough to rail.
But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain :
And while that he delighteth in my song,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease ;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns :
For him our yearly wakes and feasts we hold,
And choose the fairest firstling from the fold :
He, good to all who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live ;
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First, then, shall lightsome birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT.

This night thy care with me forget ; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward the' injurious cold.

New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's board,
Shall be our evening fare; and for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite;
And now behold the sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from plough;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, lowe.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

WHEN Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantnan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song;
And Spenser, when amid the rural throng
He caroll'd sweet, and graz'd along the flood
Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on every tree was found:
Since then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms;
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
Meantime, on oaten pipe a lowly lay,
As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:
Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.

Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship mutual, and united long,

Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind :
Revolving now, the solemn day they find,
When young Albino died. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear :
To tears they add the tribute of their verse ;
These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return ;
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas ! how short thy stay :
How sweet the rose ! how speedy to decay !
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-sounding wide from every village bell ?
Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boast of this fair island, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every shepherd boy ?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove outstretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay ;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And o'er his lips the deadly blue display'd :
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come, in crowds, to weep.
Young Buckhurst comes : and, is there no redress ?
As if the grave regarded our distress !

The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress'd :
Ye trees, and conscious fountains, can attest
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and importun'd the skies,
And every star upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasp'd her son : nor did the nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.
As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou, to thine, an ornament was born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
The' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat,
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield ;
And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning dew !
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view,
Who now should teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar ?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
And add new glories to the British name :
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest !
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast ;

Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

PALIN.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain :
Albino lives ; and all our tears are vain :
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mix'd, who never know to grieve ;
Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
Ever to mourn his absence with a tear,
Where cold nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy :
And now the royal nymph, who bore him, deigns
The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down :
For this, the welkin does no longer frown.
Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
And we renew our pastimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound :
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino bless'd : the valleys ring
Albino bless'd ! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip, which in meadow grows,
The fountain-violet, and the garden-rose,
Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood, or verdant hill,
Whether in open sun or shade they blow,
More early some, and some unfolding slow ;
Bring, in heap'd canisters, of every kind,
As if the summer had with spring combin'd,
And nature, forward to assist your care,
Did not profusion for Albino spare.

Your hamlets strew, and every public way ;
 And consecrate to mirth Albino's day ;
 Myself will lavish all my little store,
 And deal about the goblet flowing o'er :
 Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
 And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
 And Hobbinol his antic gambols play :
 To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay :
 Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
 And teach our children the remembrance dear,
 When we our shearing-feast or harvest keep,
 To speed the plough, and bless our thriving sheep.
 While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
 While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew,
 While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
 Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

THIS place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
 So close these elms inweave their lofty shade ;
 The twining woodbine, how it climbs ; to breathe
 Refreshing sweets around on all beneath ;
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
 Through which the springing flower up-rears the
 head :
 Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
 Medled with daisies white and endive blue,
 And honeysuckles of a purple dye,
 Confusion gay ! bright waving to the eye.

Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for skill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill :
In sprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various songs to join :
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding try :
And since our ewes have graz'd, what harm if they
Lie round and listen, while the lambkins play ?

ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express
Fair nature's bounties in the fairest dress :
'Tis rapture all ! the place, the birds, the sky ;
And rapture works the singer's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees :
Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the music thou canst play.

MYCO.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain :
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my sheep and me ;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah, Myco ! half my flock would I bestow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning show :

So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,
Now give us, once, a sample of his strain :
For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay !
The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse ;
And ask what boon thou wilt for thy verse.

MYCO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I choose :
A mournful song relieves a mournful muse.
Fast by the river on a bank he sate,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,
Fair Stella hight : a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept ; a faithful shepherd he.
Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

O woeful day ! O, day of woe to me !
That ever I should live such day to see !
That ever she could die ! O, most unkind,
To go and leave thy Colinet behind !
From blameless love, and plighted troth to go,
And leave to Colinet a life of woe !

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

And yet, why blame I her ? Full fain would she
With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me :
I clasp'd her too, but death prov'd over-strong ;
Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong :
Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain ?
And why should vows, alas ! and tears be vain ?

Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep,
Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep ;
Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die.
Me flock nor stream, nor winds nor woes relieve ;
She lov'd through life, and I through life will grieve.
Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
With downcast look, and with dishevell'd hair,
All beat the breast, and wring your hands and moan :
Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own :
Her hour, untimely, help me to lament ;
And let your hearts at Stella's name relent.
Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

In vain the' endearing lustre of your eyes
We doat upon, and you as vainly prize.
What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,
And in the' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign ;
Yet in their prime does death the fairest kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill.
Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Such Stella was ; yet Stella might not live ;
And what could Colinet in ransom give ?
Oh ! if or music's voice, or beauty's charm,
Could milden death, and stay his lifted arm,
My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,
Redeeming each the other from the grave.
Awake, my pipe ; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Ah, fruitless wish! fell death's uplifted arm
Nor beauty can arrest, nor music charm.
Behold! oh, baleful sight! see where she lies!
The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies:
Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,
Will she again to life and me return.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
To weave fresh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
No girlond ever more may Stella wear,
Nor see the flowery season of the year,
Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,
And every toil of Colinet beguile.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose;
Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, dress'd,
Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest,
If aught can witness: O, ye shepherds, tell,
When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well!

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

Alack, my sheep! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
My whole employment, and my whole relief!
Stray where ye list, some happier master try;
Yet once, my flock, was none so bless'd as I.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death, and Colinet's distress.

My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing ; and ravens croak :
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night ;
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
Alike to Stella, and alike to me.

No more, my pipe ; here cease we to express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring :
And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one more costly shalt thou have,
Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year ;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.
O, Colinet ! how sweet thy grief to hear !
How does thy verse subdue the listening ear !
Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,
To slake the drought, and herbage to renew :
Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
Nor valley brook, that, hid by alders, speeds
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering reeds,
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
And welly grots with tinkling echoes fill.
Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve !
And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerless song so well :

But see ! the hills increasing shadows cast ;
The sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste :
His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
And bluey mists arise from yonder flood.

MYCO.

Bid, then, our dogs to gather in the sheep, [sleep.
Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should
Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies,
While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleet in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

IN rural strains we first our music try,
And, bashful, into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill ; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray ;
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the shade
A venerable oak wide-spreading made :
What should they do to pass the loitering time ?
As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme :
And some the joys, and some the pains of love,
And some to set out strange adventures, strove ;
The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

‘ When shepherds flourish’d in Eliza’s reign,
There liv’d in high repute a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout ; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his notes invite the lagging spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In woodland bower, without a rival play’d,
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain’d by music, hovering on in air :
Drawn by the magic of the’ enticing sound,
What troops of mute admirers flock’d around !
The steerlings left their food ; and creatures wild
By nature form’d, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring branches with his song.
There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came :
She turn’d her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,
Like echo to the shepherd’s pipe replied.
The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew’d his various strain :
To all the various strain she plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.
If Colin, in complaining accent grieve,
Or brisker motion to his measure give,
If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the song :
But so repeats, that Colin half-despis’d
His pipe and skill, around the country priz’d ;
“ And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks, (said he) what praises, shall I find
To equal thy melodious voice ? In thee
The rudeness of my rural life I see ;

From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill."
Aloft in air she sate, provoking still
The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he strove
To show the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
How art, exerting, might with nature vie ;
For vie could none with either in their part,
With her in nature, nor with him in art.
He draws in breath, his rising breath to fill :
Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly ;
Still more and more the numbers multiply :
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain :
But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
Through every changing cadence runs at length,
And adds in sweetness what she wants in strength.
Then Colin threw his fife disgrac'd aside,
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild nnimitable note,
To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple ware he bore :
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
" Now take, delightful bird, my last farewell,
(He said) and learn from hence thou dost excel
No trivial artist?" and anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound ;
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends ;

His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above :
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go :
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds which gently brush the plying grass,
While melting airs arise at their command :
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the cords with solemn pace,
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace ;
And now the left, and now by turns the right,
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight :
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
Till the sweet tumult through the harp rebounds.
Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex ;
The mingling notes, alas ! her ear perplex :
She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there,
And fain would utter forth some double tone,
When soon she falters, and can utter none :
Again she tries, and yet again she fails ;
For still the harp's united power prevails :
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung :
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain : her heart begins to swell :
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell
Her bitter anguish : he still singing plies
His limber joints : her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
No equal through the grove in music bore ?
She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
Oppress'd with grief at last too great to quell,
Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.

Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill ;
And best to make atonement for the ill,
If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
And makes a fence of winding osiers round.
" A verse and tomb is all I now can give ;
And here thy name, at least, (he said) shall live".
Thus ended Cuddy with the setting sun,
And, by his tale, unenvied praises won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

How still the sea, behold ! how calm the sky !
And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly !
My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed :
And here below, the banky shore along,
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin ;
And Lanquet's rival verse, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill :
For praise we sing, nor wager aught beside ;
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide,

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys ; and vary well your song :
Begin ; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted ; and the kindly rain
Descends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky ;
The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love ;
The turtle's moan is heard in every grove ;
The pastures change ; the warbling linnets sing :
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

HOBBINOL.

When locusts in the ferny bushes cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,
Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack ! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him ; while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air.

LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees :
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cot the wintry blast defies.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O bless'd Eliza ! would I praise
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days :
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend :
Eternal blessings on his shade attend !

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
While Anna reigns : O, ever may she reign !
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid ;
This coming night she plights her troth to me :
Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love :
How we in secret love, I shall not say :
Divine her name, and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
Together lay ; a brook ran murmuring by :
A thousand tender things to me she said ;
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay,
What kind endearing words did she not say !
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters, gently flow ;
Shield her, ye trees ; ye flowers, around her grow :
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by ;
She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye :
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she tried
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay :
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft she stopt, and oft she turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw (would I had never seen !)
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch ! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.
Come, Rosalind, O come ! my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come ! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers :
Come, Rosalind ! Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the season of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow :
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts and goblins order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day ?

HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never yet had peer;
Who sung through all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
To free the' eclipsing moon at midnight hour:
And, as he sung, the fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

HOBBINOL.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
And see their dance? And I can show the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

LANQUET.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
And azure sceptre, pointed with a star?

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
And see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains :
Saw ye Delia cross the plains ?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love :
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth she live ?

White her skin as mountain-snow ;
In her cheek the roses blow ;
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning-star.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'Tis a berry moist with dew :
And her breath, oh ! 'tis a gale
Passing o'er a fragrant vale,
Passing, when a friendly shower
Freshens every herb and flower.
Wide her bosom opens, gay
As the primrose-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn tresses twine,
Glossy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn she bounds
Light, as hind before the hounds :
And the youthful ring she fires,
Hopeless in their fond desires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.

Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen
My delight, my love, my queen ?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, some purple ray
Gives a sample of the day ;
When, anon, the lark on wing
Strives to soar, and strains to sing?

Have ye seen the' ethereal blue
Gently shedding silvery dew,
Spangling o'er the silent green,
While the nightingale, unseen,
To the moon and stars, full bright,
Lonesome chants the hymn of night?

Have ye seen the broider'd May
All her scented bloom display,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This and that expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?

Have ye seen the damask-rose
Her unsullied blush disclose,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her glossy white, excel,
Or a garden varied o'er
With a thousand glories more?

By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight !
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Rosalind was kind,
Since she did herself resign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE ON THE DEATH OF
KING WILLIAM. APRIL 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show
What sorrow I, what sorrow all men owe
To Nassau's fate ; or could I hope to raise
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise ;
Could I his merits, or my grief express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress,
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
'The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe ;
But, rather than profane his sacred herse
With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep.

Let Halifax's muse (he knew him well)
His virtues to succeeding ages tell.
Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join)
And show'd the hero more than man before,
Let him the' illustrious mortal's fate deplore ;
A mournful theme ; while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attempts to fly ;
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like some lovesick fopling rhyme,
To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,
And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport.

Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains :
To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose ;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn ;
And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow.
'Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.

The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud,
Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost :
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boast,
When harmony herself from heaven descends,
And on the artist's moving bow attends ?

Why then, in making verses, should I strain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Why study Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dulness, and in torment write?
Let me transgress by nature, not by rule,
An artless idiot, not a studied fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, since I aim
At nothing less, in writing, than a name.

FROM HOLLAND,

TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND,

In the Year 1703.

FROM Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire ;
The sun advances, and the fogs retire :

The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping Chloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars:
'The Belgic lion in full fury roars.

Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast;
O, Marlborough, come! fresh laurels for thee rise!
One conquest more, and Gallia will grow wise.

Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant: [haunt,
The smooth canals, alas! too lifeless show,
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life:
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.
Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myself, accountable to none;
I sleep, I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;
I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,
When, and where'er, I please: thus, every hour
Gives some new proof of my despotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reason bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.

But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
And silver stars, your towering genius please:

Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.

Go on, and prosper, sir : but first from me
Learn your own temper ; for I know you free.
You can be honest ; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow :
You cannot fawn ; your stubborn soul recoils
At baseness ; and your blood too highly boils.
From nature some submissive tempers have ;
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
Go on, and prosper, sir ; but learn to hide
Your upright spirit ; 't will be construed pride.
The splendour of a court is all a cheat ;
You must be servile, ere you can be great.
Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur
You may perhaps retire in discontent, [blasted,
And curse your patron, for no strange event :
The patron will his innocence protest,
And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest.

Man, only for himself, can suffer wrong ;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong :
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to every rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound :
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground,
Or, wide of land, a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues,
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships unmov'd, the boistrous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.

Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field,
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
'The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends :
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad, beneath the dropping trees :
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads [meads,
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

SONG.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know :
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 'tis in me to grieve :
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live ?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries :
Ask not me the reason why ?
Seek the riddle in the skies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI

MAY 25, 1724.

LITTLE syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age ;
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeeblers of the heart !
O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again ;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell ;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY,

IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

MAY 1, 1724.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:

Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
'This picture, once, resembled thee.

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET,

IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme !
Thou the poets hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy seat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh ! preserve this innocence,
Yet unconscious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to nature owing.

Thou, who giv'st angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell disease not blight
What thou mad'st for man's delight :
O'er her features let it pass
Like the breeze o'er springing grass.
Gentle as refreshing showers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O ! let years alone diminish
Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish.

To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live :

Turn to blessings all their care,
Save their fondness from despair.
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins ;
Softener every throb of anguish,
Suffer not her strength to languish :
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO LORD CARTERET,

AUGUST 10, 1725.

LITTLE charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a scanty nine,
Stealing hearts without design,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain,
Still caressing, still caress'd,
Thou and all thy lovers bless'd,
Never teas'd and never teasing,
O, for ever pleas'd and pleasing !
Hither, British muse of mine,
Hither all the Grecian nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your promis'd nurseling see :
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd ;

Make it, as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought display,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture shall appear,
Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
All to human sense surprising,
Is the silken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lily and the rose
Such unsullied hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the stars, in wintry sky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding sweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.

From thy pastime and thy toys,
From thy harmless cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou shalt attain thy prime,
And thy bosom feel desire,
Love the likeness of thy sire,
One ordain'd, through life, to prove
Still thy glory, still thy love.
Like thy sister, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern set before thee,
Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy sister heard my strain:
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minstrel echoes sing their names,

Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence sweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the vessel calmly glides
O'er the level glassy tides,
While the summer flowers are springing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are singing.

UPON THE

TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

THE reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,
Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.

While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,
The rash pretender's hopes we may despise,
And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's heaven or his hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON CATO.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,
 And the true poet is a public good :
 This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
 Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
 In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
 Inflam'd the senate and upheld her laws,
 Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
 And given the just success to Cato's sword ;
 O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
 And the Muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

 ON THE DEATH OF

WILLIAM EARL COWPER.

STROPHE I.

WAKE the British harp again, =
 To a sad melodious strain ;
 Wake the harp, whose every string,
 When Halifax resign'd his breath,
 Accurs'd inexorable death ;
 For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
 One song of sorrow more bestow,
 The burden of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe :
 Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
 Full many grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
 The pious verse that Cowper does deplore, [store.
 Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot re-

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her his fondest care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn :
With her, with them, does Britain mourn :
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear ;
And, intermingling sighs with praise,
All good men wish the number of his days
Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
To mortal man, whatever things befall,
Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recal :

EPODE I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
Where every grief, and every joy,
Every pleasure, every pain,
Each bitter, and each sweet alloy,
To us uncertain though they flow,
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above,
Too wretched state, did man foreknow
Those ills, which man cannot remove !
Vain is wisdom for preventing
What the wisest live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
When he shall be call'd away ?
Various is the term assign'd :
An hour, a day, some months, or years,
The breathing soul on earth appears ;
But through the swift succession of mankind,

Swarm after swarm ! a busy race,
The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,
Or who in camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
Of them, though many here long lingering dwell,
And see their children's children, yet, how few
excel !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
Shadows passing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten soon :
But thou, to fair distinction born,
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the steep decline,
Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,
Thou singled out the fosterling of fame,
Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame,
Shalt be remember'd with a fond applause,
So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
Cowper's hand applied the seal,
And levell'd the partition-wall.
The chosen seeds of great events
Are thinly sown, and slowly rise :
And time the harvest-scythe presents,
In season, to the good and wise :
Hymning to the harp my story,
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
 Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,
 Like the hallow'd bard of yore,
 We chanted in authentic rhymes
 The worthies of the good old times,
 Ere living vice in verse was varnish'd o'er,
 And virtue died without a song.
 Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong
 A check, behold him in the judgment seat!
 Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness complete:
 In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
 With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe,

ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
 Reason tuneful to the ear!
 Lips with thymy language sweet,
 Distilling on the hearer's mind
 The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd;
 Celestial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
 When next, thou sea-surrounded land,
 Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command:
 In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire!
 In vain those lips of eloquence require!
 That mild conviction which the soul assails
 By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

To such persuasion, willing yields
 The liberal mind, in freedom train'd,
 Freedom, which in crimson'd fields,
 By hardy toil, our fathers gain'd,

Inheritance of long descent !
The sacred pledge so dearly priz'd
By that bless'd spirit we lament :
Grief-easing lays, by grief devis'd,
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
Soothe the sorrows to him owing !

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir,
Stamp what time may not impair
As he grows ; that coming years,
Or youthful pleasures, or the vain
Gigantic phantom of the brain,
Ambition ! breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares, to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood ! flower of life full-blown,
May never wear the bosom-image faint :
O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
The lively lovely semblance of his sire,
A model to his son ! that ages may admire !

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleasing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now ;
No fuller bliss does Heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope
With burning stars thick-luster'd o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store
Of treasur'd fame, by blameless deeds acquir'd,
By all unenvied, and by all desir'd,
Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will !
Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

EPODE IV.

The fulness of content remains
Above the yet unfathom'd skies,
Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
Where wishes cease; and pleasures rise
Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
For dying friends are never shed;
Where, sighing, none desire pass'd years
Recal'd, or wish the future fled.
Mournful measures, O, relieve me!
Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of justice wore
Sullied not, as heretofore,
When the magistrate was sought
With yearly gifts. Of what avail
Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.
By him forewarn'd, thou frantic isle,
How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!
Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
By him, alas! forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
Where shall his like, on earth, be found? oh, when
Shall I, once more, behold the most belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Enabled to instruct, or please,
Uniting dignity with ease.
By nature form'd for every purpose fit;

Endearing excellence!—O, why
Is such perfection born, and born to die?
Or do such rare endowments still survive,
As plants remov'd to milder regions thrive,
In one eternal spring? and we bewail
The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail.

EPODE V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
Parental joys, unmix'd with care,
Through perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathless blessed share
Sublimar raptures, unreveal'd,
Beyond or weak conception pure?
But, while those glories lie conceal'd,
The righteous count the promise sure,
Trials to the last enduring,
To the last their hope securing.

ON WIT AND WISDOM.

IN search of wisdom far from wit I fly :
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime :
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

AN HYMN TO VENUS:

FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O VENUS! beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gayly false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress prefer'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend thou bright, immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confess'd.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above :
The car thy wanton sparrows drew ;
Hovering in air they lightly flew ;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty car again :
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What frenzy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?

Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me who?
Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLESS'D as the' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport toss'd,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd: the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

SELECT POEMS

OF

GILBERT WEST.

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GILBERT WEST.

EDUCATION.

A POEM.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND
MANNER OF SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

*Inscribed to Lady Langham, Widow of Sir John
Langham, Bart.*

Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc
sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, magnanimum : cæ-
tera pusilla et puerilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quam sit
satis intemperantiæ genus est. Quid, quod ista liberalium
artium consecratio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi
placentes facit, et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia su-
pervacua didicerunt. SEN. Ep. 88

O GOODLY Discipline ! from heaven ysprong !
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd !
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong ;
O ! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind,
O ! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspect, direct, and moralize the strain,
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain !

And thou whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense ;
With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of truth and innocence :
Where happiness heart-felt, contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat.

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd !
Accept this verse, to thy large merit due :
And blame me not, if, by each tie endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture ¹ o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view ;
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love bestow'd ;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuse the' important good,
Till this great truth by all be understood,
'That all the pious duties which we owe,
Our parents, friends, our country, and our God ;
The seeds of every virtue here below,
From discipline alone, and early culture, grow.'

¹ *Nurture, education.*

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to Pædia's ¹ home
 He his young son conveys,
 Is staid by Custom ; with him fights,
 And his vain pride disdays.

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble deeds
 O'er fairy land by Fame were blazon'd round :
 For warlike enterprise, and sage areeds ²
 Among the chief alike was he renown'd ;
 Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
 By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
 That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
 He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
 Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

There in domestic virtue rich and great,
 As erst in public, mid his wide domain,
 Long in primæval patriarchal state,
 The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
 He dwelt ; and with him, in the golden chain
 Of wedded faith ylink'd, a matron sage
 Aye dwelt ; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
 Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
 Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

¹ *Pædia* is a Greek word, signifying education.

² *Areeds*, counsels.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
 But merit similar and mutual love,
 (True source of lineal virtue) sprung a train
 Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
 Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,
 Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree,
 The sacred olive³; whence old Elis wove
 Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
 The guerdons⁴ of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
 Those generous scyons: they with watchful care
 Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
 The buds of future virtues, did prepare
 With prudent culture the young shoots to rear:
 And aye in this endearing pious toil
 They by a palmer⁵ sage instructed were,
 Who from deep thought and studious search
 erewhile
 Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

For by celestial wisdom whilom led
 Through all the 'apartments of the 'immortal mind,
 He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted⁶
 To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;

³ *Parent tree, the sacred olive.* This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

⁴ *Guerdons, rewards.*

⁵ *Palmer, pilgrim.* The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.

⁶ *Sted, place, station.*

And how sensation and reflection join'd
 To fill with images her darksome grotte,
 Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
 As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
 Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pen-
 sive thought.

Else ⁷ through the fields of science had he stray'd
 With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
 Through each learn'd school, each philosophic
 shade,
 Where truth and virtue erst were deem'd to lie :
 If haply the fair vagrants he mote ⁸ spy,
 Or hear the music of their charming lore :
 But all unable there to satisfy
 His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
 The sacred writ of faith ; to learn, believe, adore !

Thence, foe profess'd of falsehood and deceit,
 Those sly artificers of tyranny,
 Aye ⁹ holding up before uncertain feet
 His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,
 Mankind he led to civil policy,
 And mild religion's charitable law ;
 That, fram'd by mercy and benignity,
 The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
 And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne ¹⁰ with the glorious gifts elate and vain
 Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride ;
 But, stooping from his height, would even deign
 The feeble steps of infancy to guide,

⁷ *Else*, also, further.

⁸ *Mote*, might.

⁹ *Aye*, ever.

¹⁰ *Ne*, nor.

Eternal glory him therefore betide!

Let every generous youth his praise proclaim :

Who, wandering through the world's rude forest
wide,

By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
To virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring fame !

For this the fairy knight with anxious thought,

And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd ;

And him of gentlest courtesy besought

His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid ;

The while his tender offspring he convey'd

Through devious paths to that secure retreat ;

Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,

On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,

Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth pacing with his blooming heir,

And that same virtuous palmer them to guide ;

Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair

Y-mounted high in military pride,

His little train before he slow did ride.

Him eke behind a gentle squire ensues ¹¹,

With his young lord aye marching side by side,

His counsellour and guard, in goodly thews ¹²,

Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,

With cheerful argument beguiling pain :

Ere long descending from an hill they view'd

Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,

¹¹ *Ensues*, follows.

¹² *Thews*, manners.

That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,
 For pastures, vines, and flowers; while nature fair
 Sweet-smiling all around, with countenance fain¹³
 Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
 Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,
 Aye wont in happy season to repay
 With tenfold usury the peasant's toil:
 But now 'twas ruin all, and wild decay;
 Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
 The sheep shorne down with barren brakes¹⁴
 o'er-grown

The whiles the merry peasants sport and play.
 All as the public evil were unknown,
 Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
 And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
 At man's neglect, and nature's bounty rare,
 In studious thought a while the fairy knight
 Bent on that goodly lond¹⁵ his eager sight:
 Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
 What towns and castles there-in were empight¹⁶;
 For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
 As to the' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming
 eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
 To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
 Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame.
 Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er

¹³ *Fain*, earnest, eager.

¹⁴ *Brakes*, briars.

¹⁵ *Lond*, land.

¹⁶ *Empight*, placed.

With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
 Thereto along the' unlovely margin stood
 A birchen grove, that waving from the shore,
 Aye cast upon the tide its falling bnd,
 And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the centre of the vale empight,
 Not distant far, a forked mountain rose :
 In outward form presenting to the sight
 That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
 The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose ;
 Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
 Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring
 flows,
 But this to that compar'd more justly seem
 Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

For this nor sounded deep, nor spreaden wide,
 Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
 By toiling art through tedious years applied,
 From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
 Was erst up-thrown¹⁷ ; if so it mote attain,
 Like that poetic mountain, to be hight¹⁸
 The noble seat of learning's goodly train.
 Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
 It like a garden fair most curiously was dight¹⁹.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
 By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd ;
 With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
 That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade ;

¹⁷ *Erst*, formerly.

¹⁸ *Hight*, called, named.

¹⁹ *Dight*, dressed.

Each correspondent twain alike array'd
 With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
 Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd,
 Through shells of Tritons their ascending showers,
 And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven-bowers.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
 The yew obedient to the planter's will,
 And shapely box of all their branching pride
 Ungently shorne, and with preposterous skill
 To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
 Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size ;
 Huge as that giant race, who, hill on hill
 High-heaping, sought with impious vain emprise ²⁰,
 Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

Also other wonders of the sportive shears
 Fair nature mis-adorning there were found:
 Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers,
 With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd ;
 And horizontal dials on the ground
 In living box by cunning artists trac'd :
 And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
 But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast
 All ²¹ were their bellying sails out-spread to every
 blast.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
 With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown ;
 And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
 And vistas broad, the velvet slopes adown

²⁰ *Emprise*, enterprise, attempt.

²¹ *All*, used frequently by the old English Poets for although.

The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone,
 But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
 From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
 They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
 By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by
 winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
 On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
 In mimic majesty nine virgins sate,
 In features various as unlike in mind :
 Also boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
 And to the sweet Parnassian nymphs allied ;
 Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they
 twin'd,
 And matching with high names their apish pride,
 O'er everylearnedschool aye claim'd they to preside.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
 By Greek and Roman artists whilom ²² made,
 Of various woofs, and variously distain'd ;
 With tints of every hue, were they array'd ;
 And here and there ambitiously display'd
 A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
 Erst by the Muses o'er the Aonian maid,
 To deck great Tullius, or the Mantuan bard ;
 Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splen-
 dor glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
 The bent and habit of their inward mind,
 Affecting wisdom's antiquated dress,
 And usages by time cast far behind.

²² *Whilom*, formerly.

Thence, to the charms of younger science blind,
 The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase
 Of their own countries, they with scorn declin'd ;
 Ne sacred truth herself would they embrace,
 Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey ;
 To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn ;
 Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
 Stretch'd out beneath the mountain would they
 Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn
 Then, gathering up with superstitious care
 Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
 In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
 This Ennius, Varro : this the Stagyrte did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable sound, [rod ;
 While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
 Through all the provinces of learning own'd
 For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
 Also from each region to their drad²³ abode
 Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
 The streams of science : which united flow'd
 Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast ;
 And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
 One of those virgin-sisters did preside :
 Who, dignifying with her noble name
 Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
 The heady vapours of scholastic pride,

²³ *Drad*, dreadful.

Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide ;
Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn, and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread ;
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
By various sluices from one common head ;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
Hight of philology the lake ; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level
round.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings to the birch-crown'd shore,
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along ;
Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours²⁴ strong,
By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the
tide.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries,

²⁴ *Faitour*, doer, from faire, to do, and fait ; deed, commonly used by Speuser in a bad sense.

But far away the' unheeding father flies,
 Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress ;
 While close behind, assuming the disguise
 Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
 With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly faitours
 press.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
 When the young sun with flowery Maia rides :
 With innocent dismay a bleating flock
 Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides :
 The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
 Their seely ²⁵ fear ; at length impatient grown,
 With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides ;
 And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
 Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous teen ²⁶,
 Into the current plung'd that infant crowd :
 Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
 Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
 Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood ;
 And labouring to attain the distant shore,
 Where, holding forth the gown of manhood, stood
 The syren Liberty, and ever-more
 Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
 With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,
 By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd,
 Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill
 abide

²⁵ *Seely*, simple.

²⁶ *Teen*, pain, grief.

With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride,
 Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-past
 The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
 Again return'd astounded²⁷ and aghast ;
 Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
 Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued :
 And though with many a bruise and muchel²⁸
 blame,
 Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued,
 Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
 And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
 But in life's practic lear²⁹ unskill'd and rude,
 Forth in that forked hill they silent pac'd ;
 Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours
 they waste.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred, [strain'd,
 Though with the crowd to pass the flood con-
 Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
 By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,
 Skim'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
 Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
 And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
 Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
 Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

A few (alas, how few!) by Heaven's high will
 With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
 Albe³⁰ sore mated³¹ by the tempests shrill,
 That bellow'd firce and rise the rocks among,

²⁷ *Astounded*, astonished.

²⁸ *Muchel*, much.

²⁹ *Lear*, learning.

³⁰ *Albe*, although.

³¹ *Mated*, amazed, scared.

SELECT POEMS.

By their own native vigour borne along,
Cut briskly through the waves ; and forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
And to the true Parnasse ³² and heaven-throng'd
glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults ³³ sore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that while-ere ³⁴
On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works
confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathising teen,
On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which sore distress'd
Up to his sire he rais'd in mournful wise ;
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad
surmise ;

Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like the' united sound
Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground :

³² *Parnasse, Parnassus.*

³³ *Singults, sighs.*

³⁴ *While-ere formerly.*

The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
' Arrest, Sir Knight, (it cried) thy fond career,
Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
That awful majesty which all revere !
In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations
hear !'

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state ;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none ;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft-times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and kings his sov'ran ³⁵
sceptre own.

Custom he hight: and aye in every land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds: and to his high command
Constrains even stubborn nature to obey ;
Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd, nought feels
her foul disgrace.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
The docile sons of men, withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train

³⁵ *Sovran*, for sovereign.

Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
 Alse his behests or gentle or severe,
 Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
 He craftily persuades them to revere,
 As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
 And mighty patron of those Sisters nine,
 Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
 Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
 He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
 Like those ³⁶, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
 Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
 He doth constrain his vassals to adore [lore.
 Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred

And to the fairy knight now drawing near,
 With voice terrific and imperious mien,
 (All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
 When known and practis'd then at distance seen)
 And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
 Him he commandeth, 'upon threaten'd pain
 Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
 From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
 And all due honours pay to learning's reverend train.'

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
 His peremptory hand without delay,
 As one who little car'd to justify
 His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,

³⁶ The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And 'I myself (says Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.'

Upon the fairy youth with great dismay
 In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd :
 And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay ³⁷,
 Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
 With many his young compeers therein to be em-
 bay'd ³⁸.

The knight his tender son's distressful stour ³⁹
 Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew :
 Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
 Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
 For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
 Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defied
 With rash presumption ; and with courage true,
 Rather than step from virtue's paths aside,
 Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot
 He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful spear ;
 Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,
 That him perforce constrain'd to wend arrear ⁴⁰.
 Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
 Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
 Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan uprear ;
 For other warlike weapon he had none,
 Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest fone ⁴¹.

With that enormous mace the fairy knight
 So sore he bet ⁴², that all his armour bray'd ⁴³,
 To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
 Of so tempestuous strokes ; but he was stay'd,

³⁷ Lay, mead.

³⁸ Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

³⁹ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

⁴⁰ Wend arrear, move backwards.

⁴¹ Fone, foes.

⁴² Bet, beat.

⁴³ Bray'd, resounded.

And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
 The sudden changes of the doubtful fray;
 From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
 When force unequal did him hard assay:
 So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant blade ⁴⁴,
 High o'er his head he held his fenciful shield;
 And warily forecasting to evade
 The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
 With restless steps aye traversing the field.
 And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
 Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
 With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride ⁴⁵,
 That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were
 dy'd.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
 But far above his utmost reach were pight ⁴⁶
 The forts of life: ne never to confound
 With utter ruin, and abolish quite
 A power so puissant by his single might
 Did he presume to hope: himself alone
 From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
 He stood content to bow to custom's throne,
 So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
 His foe, that weary wax'd he of the fray;
 Yet nould he algates ⁴⁷ lower his haughty crest
 But masking in contempt his sore dismay,

⁴⁴ *Trenchant*, cutting.

⁴⁵ *Grice*, cut, hack.

⁴⁶ *Pight*, placed.

⁴⁷ *Nould he algates*, would not by any means.

Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike fay ⁴⁸
A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
'Gan blow the shrilling horn; the blast was heard afar.

Eftsoons astonish'd at the' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Conſus'dly trooping from all quarters round
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of every sex and order, old and young;
The vassals of great custom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by usage long,
His every summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold;
Whose venturous search of devious truth while-ere
Spread through the realms of learning horrors
 drear,
Y-seized were at first with terrors great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear,
Dissension factious, controversial hate,
And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

But when they saw the knight his fauchion sheathe,
And climbing to his steed march thence away,
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chas'd the gathering clouds of black affray.

⁴⁸ *Fay, fairy.*

Alse their great monarch, cheared with the view
 Of myriads, who confess his sovereign sway,
 His ruffled pride began to plume anew ;
 And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
 Sent up at once a universal roar
 Of boisterous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
 Like the explosion of a warlike store
 Of nitrous grain, the' afflicted welkin ⁴⁹ tore.
 Then turning towards the knight, with scoffings
 Heart-piercing insults, and revilings sore, [lewd,
 Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
 As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps
 pursued.

Alse from that forked hill, the boasted seat
 Of studious peace and mild philosophy,
 Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
 Mustering their rage ; eke baleful infamy,
 Rous'd from her den of base obscurity
 By those same maidens nine, began to sound
 Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy :
 While Satire, with dark clouds encompast round,
 Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to
 wound.

But the brave fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
 Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain ;
 With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
 Through the wide provinces of custom's reign,
 What mote afresh admonish him remain

⁴⁹ Welkin, sky.

Fast by his virtuous purpose ; all around
 So many objects mov'd his just disdain ;
 Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
 In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
 Each sex, each age, each order, and degree,
 To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
 Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
 Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee ;
 Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
 Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
 Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
 Nor heaven's tempestuous threats, nor earth's convulsive throes.

But chiefly they whom heaven's disposing hand
 Had seated high on fortune's upper stage ;
 And plac'd within their call the sacred band
 That waits on nurture and instruction sage,
 If happy their wise hests ⁵⁰ mote them engage
 To climb through knowledge to more noble praise ;
 And as they mount, enlighten every age
 With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays ;
 Which from the awful heights of grandeur brighter blaze.

They (O perverse and base ingratitude !)
 Despising the great ends of Providence,
 For which above their mates they were endued
 With wealth, authority, and eminence,
 To the low services of brutal sense

⁴⁰ *Hests*, behests, precepts, commands.

Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence ;
And, fettering on her throne the' immortal mind,
The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay ;
But or benumb'd with palsied idleness
In merely living loiter'd life away ;
Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For-ever wandering in the sensual bowers
Of feverish debauch, and lustful play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

Ev'n they to whom kind nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
Of beastly Comus, loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd ;
Like painted insects through the summer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd ;
And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day ;
And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
Whom nature prompts, and fortune calls to play ?
' Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may !'
So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind ;
The unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

Nor tedious was the search ; for every where,
As nigh great custom's royal towers the knight
Pass'd through the' adjoining hamlets, mote he
The merry voice of festival delight [hear
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended ; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers, [powers.
Offering her evening-vows to pleasure's joyous

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
To pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot stood open wide,
And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
The sly inchantress summoned all her train :
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
Who, when blind fortune throws directs the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain,
To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire ;
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.

The which avizing well, the cautious sire
 From that soft syren land of Pleasaunce vain,
 With timely haste was minded to retire,
 Or ere ⁵¹ the sweet contagion mote attain
 His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
 'Through many a devious path at length he pac'd,
 As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
 Till to a mountain hoare they came at last ;
 Whose high rais'd brows, with sylvan honours
 Majestically frown'd upon the plain, [grac'd,
 And over all an awful horreur cast ;
 Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
 Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

The hill ascended strait, ere-while they came
 To a tall grove, whose thick-embowering shade,
 Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
 Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made ;
 Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd
 Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
 Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
 Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
 Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-mus-
 ing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
 Of clustering oaks, a silvan colonnade,
 Aye listening to the native melody
 Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
 On to the centre of the grove they stray'd ;

⁵¹ Or-ere, before.

Which, in a spacious circle opening round,
 Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
 Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
 With nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties
 crown'd.

There on the basis of an ancient pile, [wood,
 Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the
 A venerable matron they ere-while
 Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
 Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
 Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
 She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood ;
 The which her changing chear by turns exprest,
 Now glowing with disdain, with grief now over-
 kest ⁵².

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
 When-as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew ;
 To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
 And whence the' occasion of her anguish grew.
 For that right noble matron well he knew ;
 And many perils huge, and labours sore,
 Had for her sake endur'd ; her vassal true,
 Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
 Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

' O dearest drad ! (he cried) fair island queen !
 Mother of heroes ! empress of the main !
 What means that stormy brow of troublous teen ?
 Sith ⁵³ heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling
 Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign [train
 With wealth and knowledge, splendour and re-
 nown ?

Each port how throng'd ! how fruitful every plain !

⁵² Overkest, for overcast.

⁵³ Sith, since.

How blithe the country ! and how gay the town !
While liberty secures and heightens every boon !

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head ;
And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,
' Mock'st thou my sorrows, fairy son ? (she said)
Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest ?
To deem them full of life and lustihead ⁵⁴,
Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dress'd,
And with joy's careless mien and dimpled smiles
impress'd ?

' Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
I know how sanguine in thy country's cause !
And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
The' assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From reason's lore the' ambitious and the vain
By the sweet lure of popular applause,
Against their bitter knowledge to maintain
The lawless throne of vice, or folly's childish reign.

' How vast his influence, how wide his sway !
'Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand ;
And saw'st as through his realms thou took'st thy
way,
How vice and folly had o'erspread the land.
And canst thou then, O fairy son, demand
The reason of my woe ? or hope to ease
The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
The once dear names of wealth, and liberty, and
peace ?

⁵⁴ *Lustihead*, strong health, vigour.

‘ Peace, wealth, and liberty, that noblest boon,
Are blessings only to the wise and good :
To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
And thence abus’d, but serve to furnish food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-spiced luxury ; whence strife, debate,
Ambition, envy, faction’s viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate,
The symptoms of a foul, diseas’d, and bloated state.

‘ Ev’n wit and genius, with their learned train
Of art and muses, though from heaven above
Descended, when their talents they profane
To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
Beyond celestial truth’s attractive sphere,
This moral system’s central sun, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curse severe,
And only make mankind more obstinately err.

‘ And stand my sons herein from censure clear ?
Have they considered well, and understood,
The use and import of those blessings dear,
Which the great Lord of nature hath bestow’d
As well to prove as to reward the good ?
Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
Of vice in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
And upon shipwreck’d faith and sinking virtue preys ?

‘ To you, ye noble, opulent, and great !
With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal :
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and sickness of the commonweal ;

The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
 In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 Will truth and reason make their just appeal ;
 In vain will sacred wisdom cry aloud,
 And justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in
 blood.

' With you must reformation first take place :
 You are the head, the intellectual mind
 Of this vast body politic, whose base
 And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
 All the rich stores of science have resign'd
 To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 You, for yourselves and them, may dress the men-
 tal soil.

' Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 In you repos'd : ne let your heaven-born mind
 Consume in pleasure, or unactive rust ;
 But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 The godlike task to teach and mend mankind :
 Learn, that ye may instruct : to virtue lead
 Yourselves the way : the herd will crowd behind,
 And gather precepts from each worthy deed :
 Example is a lesson, that all men can read.

' But if (to all or most I do not speak),
 In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
 The strong Circæan charm you cannot break,
 Nor reassume at will your native mould ⁵⁵,

⁵⁵ *Mould, shape, form.*

Yet envy not the state you could not hold ;
And take compassion on the rising age :
In them redeem your errours manifold ;
And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

‘ You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
The prevalence of custom lewd and vain ;
And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne
Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
To his behests, and act what you disdain,
Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
Of piety and truth ; no more restrain
The manly zeal ; but all your sinews move
The present to reclaim, the future race improve !

‘ Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
A sceptre by repute alone upheld ;
Who, where he cannot dictate, straight obeys.
Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

‘ Ne for the' atchievement of this great emprise
The want of means or counsel may he dread :
From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
In learning's various writ : by whom yled
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous
grove,
Where antique wisdom whilom wont to tread,

With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of know-
ledge prove.

‘ Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge
fraught

Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught ;
Join’d with whatever else of modern date
Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
Discover’d have of nature, man, and God ;
May by new laws reform the time-worn state
Of cell-bred discipline, and smooth the road
That leads through learning’s vale to wisdom’s
bright abode.

‘ By you invited to her secret bowers,
Then shall Pædia reascend her throne,
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers ;
While from their forked mount descending down
Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
“ To learning’s richest treasures to prefer
The knowledge of the world, and man’s great busi-
ness there.”

‘ On this prime science, as the final end
Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which vice and folly shall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare

With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainst pleasure's treacherous joys, and pain's embattled rage.

'Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praise,
With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted, by Religion's sacred rays ;
Whose soul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
And swell the' ennobled heart with bless'd benevolence.

'Then also shall this emblematic pile,
By magic whilom fram'd to sympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise, [skies
Grow with their growth, and to the' applauding
Its radiant cross uplift ; the while, to grace
The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
Aye following their sires in virtue's glorious race.'

Fir'd with the' idea of her future fame,
She rose majestic from her lowly sted ;
While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
That monumental pile ; and as her head
To every front she turn'd, discovered round
The venerable front of heroes dead ;
Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
Would often feast, and ever as she spied
Forth from the ground the lengthening structure
rise

With new-plac'd statues deck'd on every side,
Her parent-breast would swell with generous pride.
And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
The knight awhile constraining to abide,
She to the fairy youth with pleasure fain
Those sculptur'd chiefs did show, and their great
lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORELAND'S HERMITAGE.

NE gay attire, ne marble-hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
 Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord;
 Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes grant to Father Francis;
 Let me ne more myself deceive;
 Ne more regret the toys I leave:
 The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
 Corruption's and ambition's train;
 But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell;
 Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,
 And bless from fools this holy ground;
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton old, and homely youth:
 The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
 Oh! banish these, and, by my fay,
 Right well I ween that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

 AN
INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

BENEATH these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;
 Say, you who dare our hermitage disdain,
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

AN

INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

SWEET bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay ;
While I, beneath this breezy shade,
In peace repose my careless head ;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is bless'd.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

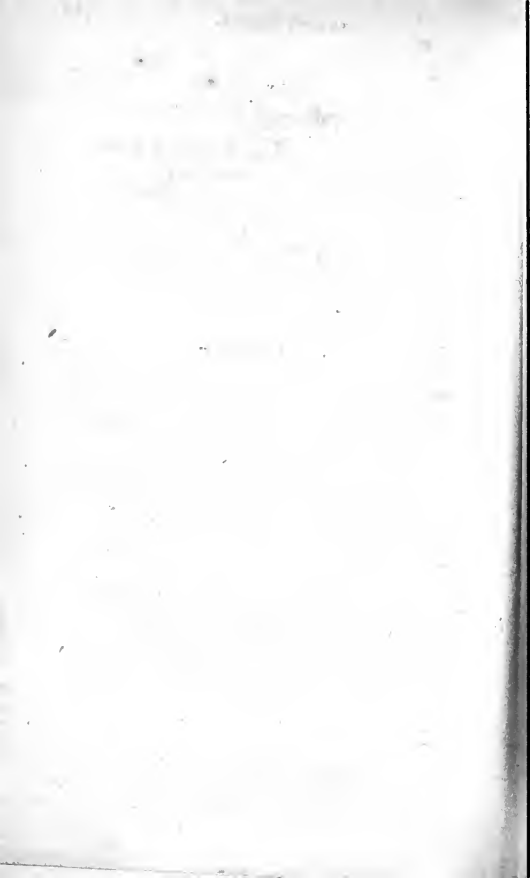
BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

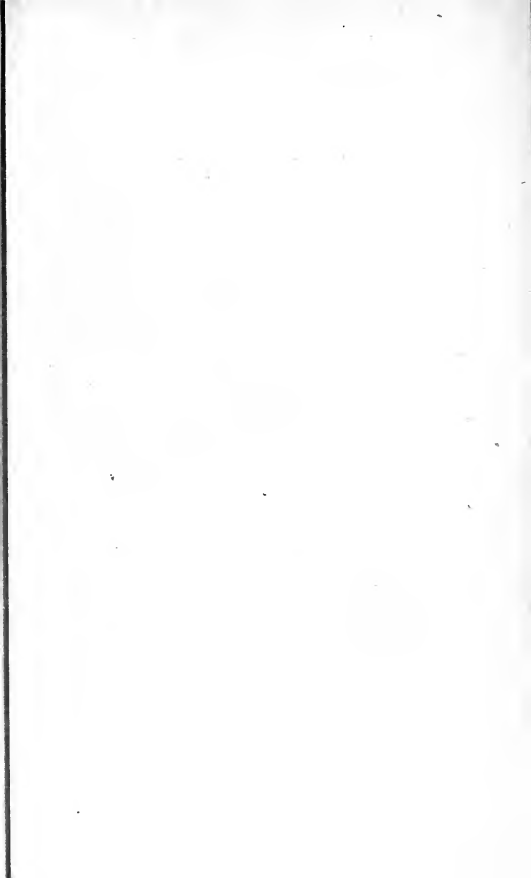
(An Imitation of Ausonius, 'Ad Villam.')

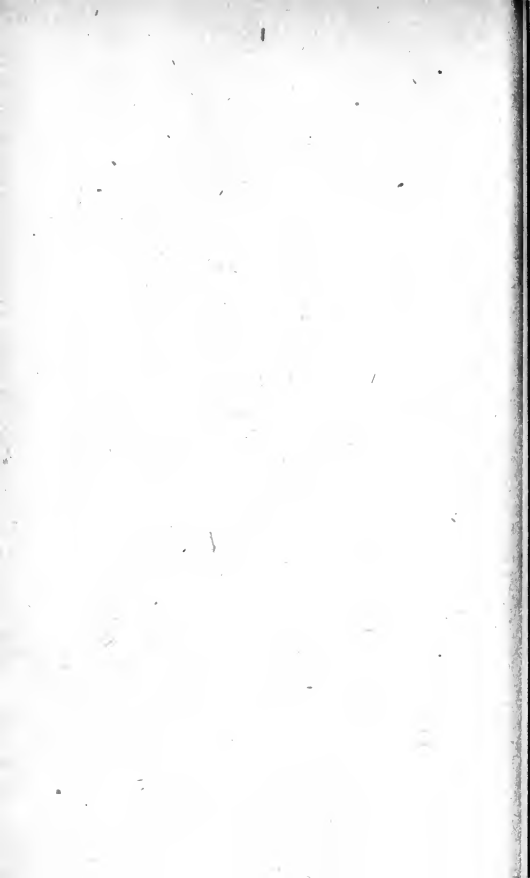
NOT wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot :
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

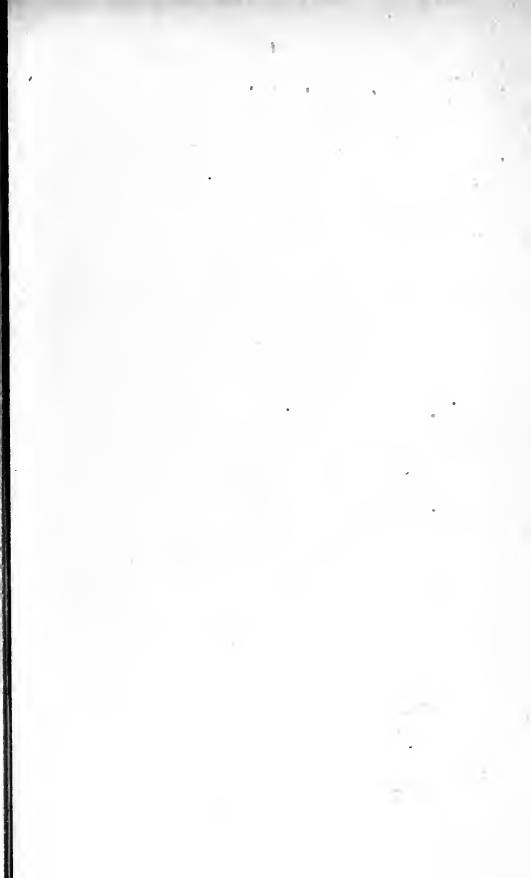
And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy ;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

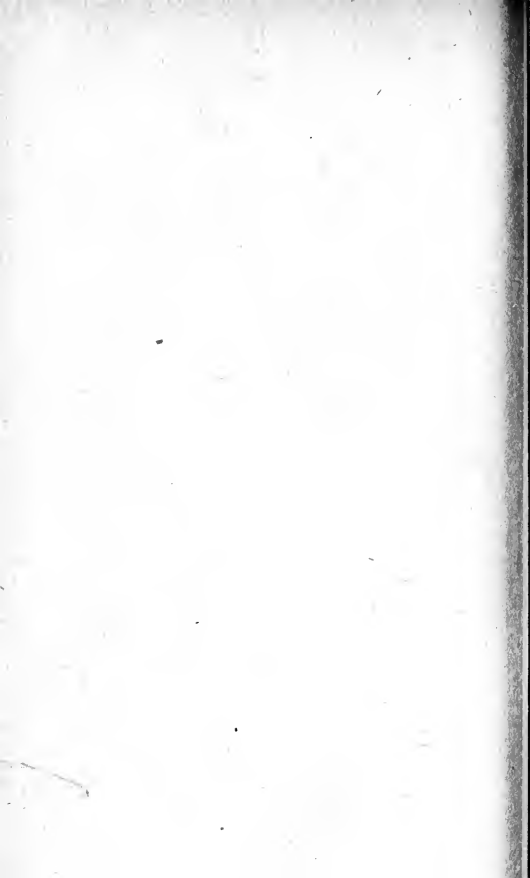
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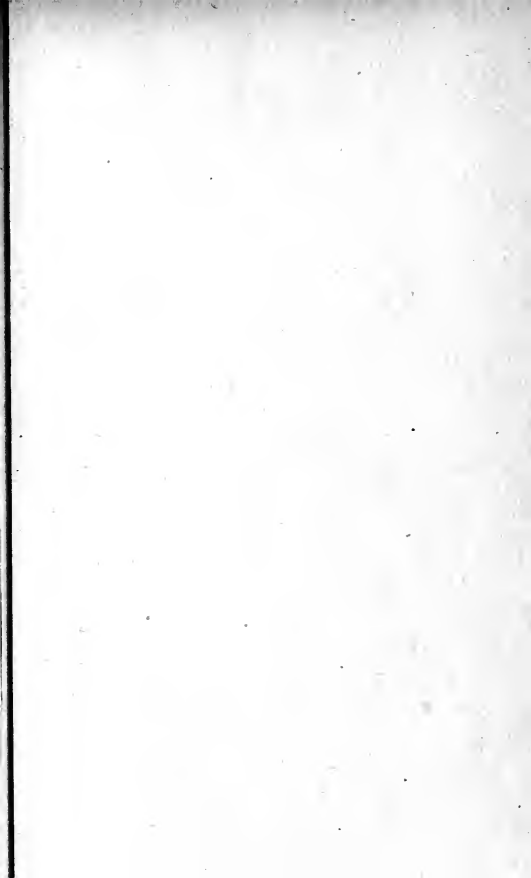














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